

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

September
1928

10¢



COMMENCING A TRULY GREAT MYSTERY STORY

“MEDUSA’S HEAD”

BY

Josephine Daskam Bacon



He remembered— That Schoolgirl Complexion

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

THE beauty that men admire—and remember—is *natural* beauty. And that may be yours whether you use powder and rouge—or not—if you observe one simple beauty rule.

Washing the face for beauty is the recommendation of all the leading skin specialists today. Make-up, grime—the greasy exudations of the pores—can be removed thoroughly only by careful warm water washing. Women whose charm is natural, know this.

*Soap and water daily—but not
just ANY soap*

The lather of Palmolive Soap, widely urged for proper care of the skin, is a blend of famous beauty oils—the oils of olive and palm.

These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

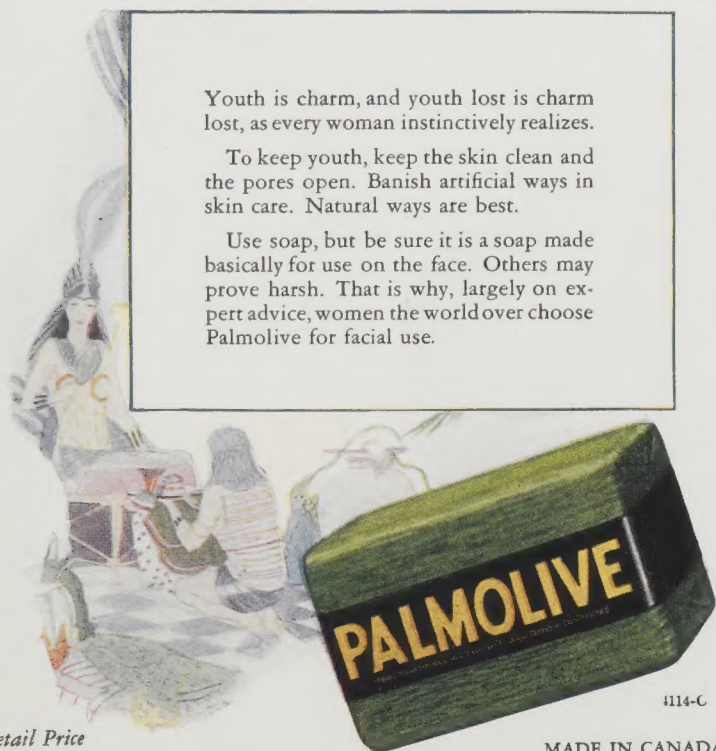
They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed *Nature's* way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily:

This simple beauty rule

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.



Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

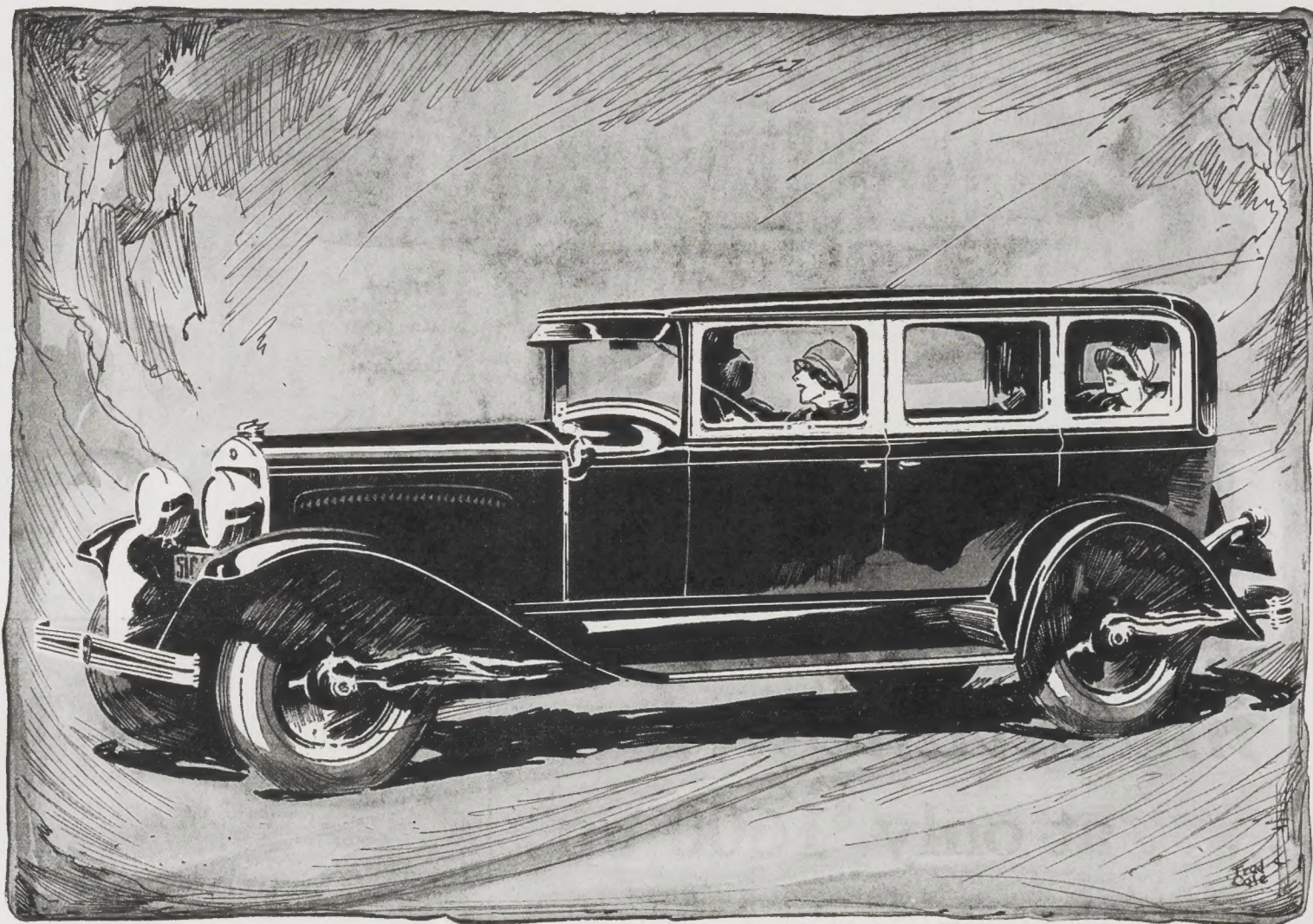
MADE IN CANADA

Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Wednesday night from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 P.M. central time over station WEA and 32 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



Chrysler '65'-75"



New Chrysler "65" 4-door Sedan, \$1460

Chrysler Originality Re-Styles All Motor Cars

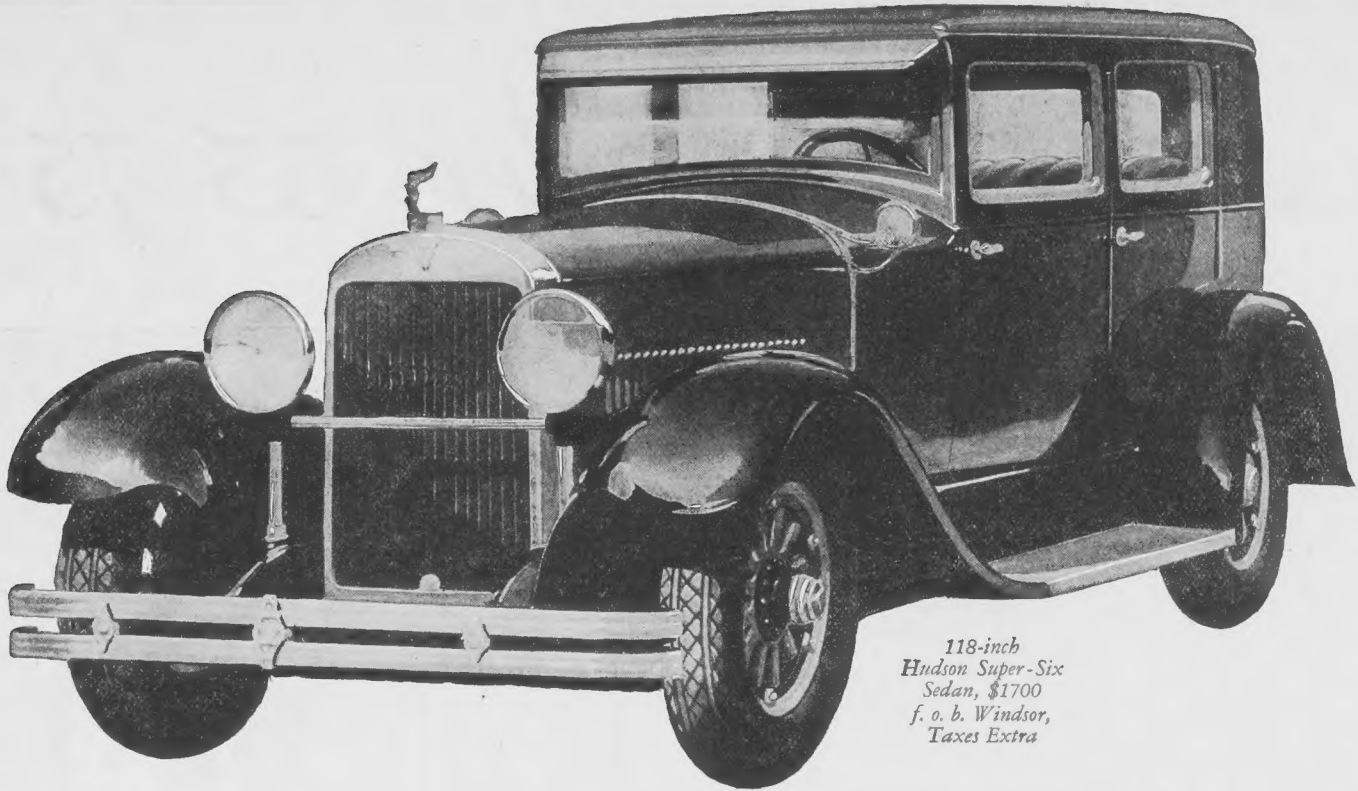


Entirely original in style conception—creations of Chrysler engineering and artistic genius—the new Chrysler "65" and "75" literally stamp as old-fashioned the earlier precedents in motor car beauty. . . . ♪ Through Chrysler originality, a new mode has come into being. . . . ♪ In a new revelation of dynamic symmetry, Chrysler has swept into the discard all former standards of artistic merit in automobiles. . . . ♪ Now, the mode is Chrysler—both abroad and at home. . . . ♪ The whole world pays tribute to the originality in the new styles created by Chrysler.

New Chrysler "65" Prices—Business Coupe, \$1325; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$1350; 2-Door Sedan, \$1360; Touring Car, \$1370; 4-Door Sedan (illustrated), \$1460; Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1460. Wire wheels extra.

New Chrysler "75" Prices—Royal Sedan, \$1985; 2-Passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1985; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$2010; Town Sedan, \$2140. Wire wheels extra. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

Chrysler



118-inch
Hudson Super-Six
Sedan, \$1700
f. o. b. Windsor,
Taxes Extra

PERFORMANCE

*That is Years
in Advance...*

..... at only \$1600 up

Hudson's exclusive fashion of line, color and appointment is adding thousands of beauty lovers to the hosts who want its supremely brilliant performance. In the new models a wider variety of colors are presented than ever before in history and performance is advanced to entirely new standards of motordom.

In the Super-Six you have the satisfaction of a chassis so advanced it will not find comparison in design or value, this year, or perhaps the next or next.

Through the Super-Six principle, Hudson has the greatest smoothness and efficiency in power transmission that we know. And through its companion invention the greatest efficiency in power generation ever attained to our knowledge.

With the development and increased capacity of the Super-Six principle came also the creation of a chassis engineered in every detail to provide safely, continuously and economically for the speed, power and safety of the motor.

These are advantages responsible for the most enthusiastic owners and buyers in Hudson history.

And all are delighted to find with all its other economies, a gasoline saving never established by a car of its weight and size.



HUDSON

SUPER SIX



The Olympics

CANADIANS are naturally very well pleased with their representatives at the Olympic games. For a comparatively small nation they have made a very fine showing. When professional sportsmen win honors in international contests people do not always show their elation; but when amateurs come to the front, it is a different matter. They belong to the people.

Winning the first place was not the great objective in the old Greek games. He was considered best who was most courteous, most refined in his bearing, most perfect in his style. We are not certain how Canadians qualified in this respect but from press reports we can judge that they were not the lowest in the scale. It is much better in every way to be in the highest rank as ladies and gentlemen than to be first as winners of contests. Better a thousand times that the world should know Canadians as a charming, generous people who show every consideration for others and who are honorable in all their actions and just in their decisions, than that they should be lacking in these qualities and yet first in the trials. So with all this in mind we join in congratulating the contestants who made a name for us at Amsterdam.

The Okanagan Fruit Trade

THERE is no occupation more attractive to men than fruit-raising, and there are few countries better suited to the venture than our own Dominion. The apples of Nova Scotia supply not only the home markets but the fruit centres of England and the United States; the peaches, plums, pears and grapes of the Niagara district are known for their quality and abundance throughout the world, while the product of the Okanagan Valley equally marvellous and equally appreciated by those who know it, rots on trees or covers the ground because of the restrictions of transportation, and the seeming indifference of some of those who should be fostering a great national industry.

That this is not idle talk is clear from a consideration of the rates charged by the railways. Vernon may be taken as the central shipping point and a study of rates from that point to prairie centres is very illuminating. To Vancouver the distance is 332 miles, and the rate for evaporated apples is .65, while in Nova Scotia, for similar distance, the rates are .35 to .42, and in Ontario .43 to .45. Indeed the rate from San Francisco to Seattle, a distance of 1107 miles, is only .42½, and from San Francisco to Vancouver, a distance of 1263 miles, is only .83½. Or, to take a longer haul the rate from Vernon to Winnipeg, a distance of 1177 miles, is 1.41, while in Eastern Canada, for similar distance, the rate is .54, and from Nova Scotia to Winnipeg, a distance of 2137 miles, the rate is only 1.27. It is needless to multiply figures. Any dealer in the Okanagan can give quotations, and, the more that are given, the worse it looks.

Of course the railway authorities and the Railway Commission in matters of this kind always assume that the ordinary individual is incapable of understanding the variations that exist. This is quite true. No sane man can understand the schedules nor give a reason for them beyond this: that it is the policy of the roads to charge all the traffic will bear, no matter how unjust it may be to the producers and consumers. The Railway Commission may get as far as this question in ten or twelve years if they move at normal rate. In the meantime one of the finest industries in Canada is being held up, and the fruit-growers have become hopelessly discouraged.

Okanagan district counts for little as yet in the matter of votes and so its voice is not heard in parliament. The point of this article is to make the whole West understand that this problem is theirs. Every consumer has to pay one-half more than he should for his fruit and often he has to take that which is inferior in quality. Still worse, he has to buy that grown in America while the home-grown product never reaches him at all. It is unfair to Okanagan, it is unfair to the West, it

is unfair to the Dominion to have things as they are. The settlers in the newer districts in the West must have a reasonable chance to make good. The Summerland residents have no such chance.

It will be granted at once that there is another reason why it is so difficult for the growers in Central British Columbia to dispose of their products. The California harvest is earlier than that of British Columbia, and people generally like to buy the first supplies that reach the markets. By the time the B.C. fruit reaches Winnipeg and Vancouver, and all the districts between, the housewives have laid in their supplies. All that is necessary to offset this is a little education and an appeal to patriotic feeling. In this a live government might lead the way. The great requirement, however, is a radical revision of the freight schedule, which will take into account not only mileage but minimum carload. There are just as great inequalities under the second heading as the first.

Bank Mergers

MONOPOLY is a hated word. It is the mother of unrest and when it has conceived it bringeth forth rebellion and hatred. It is not without reason that some have characterized it as the spirit of anti-Christ, for it has in it all that is ungodly and unholy. At times God is spoken of as the Great Monopolist, yet He delighted to share His glory with others for He made man in His own image. There was nothing of the self-seeking monopolist in that. The story of the race seems to be an attempt of human beings to grasp power and authority for selfish ends, with consequent overthrow when the masses awakened and claimed their own.

The first struggle was in the political field. One has but to review the story of the great heathen civilizations when might triumphed over right, when personal freedom was unknown, when authority reigned unquestioned. All through the ages there has been a struggle on the part of the many to regain their birthright. The Peasants' Revolt, the Rebellion of '37, the American War of Independence, the French Revolution, the Russian Revolution, the revolts in European countries today, all indicate that enforced monopoly of political power has an aftermath of resentment that does not stop short of extreme measures. The only way to permanent peace is freedom, not for the few, but for all.

The struggle in the religious field has been even more marked. The attempt of one man or group of men to rule the consciences, the beliefs and the practices of others has been common enough in history, but every such attempt has ended in failure. All persecutions in the name of religion have returned upon the aggressors. The attempt of Mediaeval ecclesiastical authorities to stifle scientific research was on a par with the action of the Tennessee legislature in prohibiting the teaching of Evolution. In religion and science every man must be conscience-free.

In the industrial and commercial world there have been outstanding cases of monopolistic control, followed by revolution and reorganization. There was never greater evidence of unrest than during the last century, and today in England, in the United States and Canada. Nor will there be peace until in a measure at least there is such a distribution of power and opportunity that it will not be permissible for one per cent. of the people to own fifty per cent. of the wealth. The world has travelled away from religious and political despotism, but has not yet ended the struggle against industrial and commercial autocracy. There are signs that there will be a settlement in a peaceful way. It is to be hoped that by this time the world will have learned wisdom.

It is needless to refer to the monopoly of production. The story of gas, coal, water-power, iron, petroleum, is a story of barons and dependents. Thank Heaven the air—in country places—is yet free.

There is, however, a monopoly that is even more threatening than any of those mentioned, because it interferes with the first law of life, the

law of self-preservation. Gradually the control of money is getting into the hands of a few favored people. Only four banks left in Canada, someone has said, and these are under the control of a small body of men who practically dictate the distribution of funds and therefore the activities of the people. "Whom they will they exalt, and whom they will they destroy." They can cripple the greatest industry, such as farming; they can end the career of an honest, hard-working storekeeper or craftsman; they can create great trusts, for manufacture, for distribution, for production. They are greater than politicians, for they can control them, they are greater than the press and the pulpit, for they can control these also. Their directorates are interlocking, and there is complete understanding with loan companies, and with big business generally. Though legally the rate of interest is supposed to be six per cent. and though private parties may lend on a profit of eight and even twelve, and though municipalities may charge as high as nine on arrears, there is no known limit to charges when power of lending is in the hands of a few. It is not without alarm, then, that the people hear of new mergers in the banking field. The only thing that one can hope for is that it is the beginning of the end. Sooner or later the people will assert themselves. In the end wealth power and opportunity will be available for all. We are in the age of democracy.

Let Us Be Thankful

ALL indications are that the harvest of 1928 in the Canadian West is bountiful beyond the expectations of most people. We should be lacking in gratitude did we not return thanks to the Giver. This we can do not merely in lip-service but in wholesome action. A part can be given to improve home conditions, but a fraction should go to relieve the miseries of the distressed, the helpless poor, and above all, provision should be made for the education of children. It will be of little avail to leave money and lands to young people if they lack the intellectual and moral equipment becoming to men and women. It is not what men have, but what they are, that determines their worth personally and socially. So it is no mistake when parents provide good schools, good libraries, tool equipment, and, above everything, a home influence that makes for culture and the nobler virtues. Let us be thankful, and show our gratitude by thinking of others.

Conditions That Must Be Met

SETTLERS, however, we must have, and it is gratifying to note that all political parties at Ottawa are interesting themselves in the question. The fact that there is disagreement as to policy serves to show how complex a problem has to be solved. Nor can there be agreement until questions such as these are settled: Do we wish settlers in country or city? Do we wish to throw the country open to all or do we believe in a test of physical, intellectual, moral and political worth? Are we prepared to accept into full citizenship all whom we encourage to come? Are we justified in admitting more than can be assimilated? In other words, can we afford to run the risk of losing our Canadianism? Are those who come prepared to play the part of Canadians or get out?

One thing incoming peoples should learn: that this is Canada and not a refuge for agitators of all kinds. Whoever offers himself for Canadian citizenship must be ready to pay the price—hard work, honest toil, loyal support of all our institutions.

There is another side to this whole question. The surplus population of Old World countries must find a home. A dog in the manger policy on our part will be resented and naturally so. Men have national feeling but they are also human beings. In extremity the law of self-preservation asserts itself. We are no more anxious to have settlers than they are anxious to come. We must make it easy for desirables and impossible for undesirables, but we cannot afford to go to sleep.



GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA

LIMITED

THE closed body you see on the lowest priced General Motors car is the equal in every fundamental factor to the body of the finest, costliest car ever built. For the body of that lowest priced car—like the closed bodies of *all* General Motors cars—is a *Body by Fisher*—and Fisher employs a *single standard of craftsmanship*. In the building of all Fisher Bodies only that construction and engineering recognized as the best are employed. Fisher always serves quality and value first

BODY BY FISHER

CADILLAC • LASALLE

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK • OAKLAND

OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET



The frontispiece was a reproduction in color of a famous portrait of the lady and you saw what no ordinary photographer could show you—the marvellous coloring of the original

Illustrated by N. Grandmaison

MEDUSA'S HEAD

By

Josephine Daskam Bacon

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Author of "Blind Cupid", "Open Market", "Square Peggy", Etc.

COMPLETE IN THREE INSTALMENTS

A SLENDER, dark, young man, with an amusing little twinkle in his eye, skipped nimbly out of the very luxurious French motor in which he had been carried from New York City to Southampton, Long Island, and preceded his luggage up the marble steps of that type of American palace called a summer cottage, into the vestibule.

This vestibule was constructed very simply (to carry out the cottage idea, presumably) of mottled old ivory marble, with bronze urns holding Venetian glass lights, and bronze doors carved in the simplest possible Greek key design. No gaudy efflorescence of *nouveau riche* detail interfered with the suave purity of the entrance, and the hall into which it opened might well have belonged to one of the simple old Italian merchants of the fifteenth century—much of it had, in fact. For this cottage was the summer home of Aaron Glaenzer, jeweller extraordinary and gem-cutter plenipotentiary to the royal families of London, Paris and New York.

Conducted to his room by the various humble retainers indigenous to such cottages, the young man prepared himself for the simple evening meal they may be counted upon to afford. Descending later, to a slight walnut-panelled library, which, in deference to the cottage idea, was no more than forty feet in length, he was warmly greeted by no more imposing person than the cottager himself—Mr. Glaenzer.

It was three full generations since Aaron Glaenzer's family had left Vienna, and he might perfectly well have been named James or Henry, if he had liked—but he hadn't liked. His wonderful brow, his deep-lidded eyes and his unmistakably modeled nose had not altered by a centimeter in those three

generations, and he was very glad they hadn't, for he was very proud of them. This made him, like any other aristocrat, very easy to deal with, and everybody liked and admired him, among the rest his young guest, whom one of the cottage helpers introduced in a pronounced English accent as Mister Motherwell.

"This is very good of you, Motherwell," said the older man, shaking hands warmly. "We could have met in town, of course, but—I had my reasons for dragging you out here."

"It was a very pleasant drag, sir," the young man replied. "I'd be glad to walk out, just to see this room!"

The cottager smiled, the quick, flashing smile of his race, evidently pleased, as all of his sort are likely to be, with the appreciation of his little shelter against the elements.

"I've got some new Dutch things," he said. "We'll have a look at them, later."

And the young man was delighted, because in cottages like these, while a "Dutch thing" may refer to a Dutch oven, it may, again, mean a Rembrandt, and he liked Rembrandts.

After their meal, which was perfectly digestible and calculated to sustain them till morning, they

went back to the library for their coffee and, in a way, Mr. Motherwell was relieved, because, much as he enjoyed eating from the cottage utensils placed before him, he had an uncomfortable feeling that they would be difficult to replace if he should happen to knock a piece out of the edge of any one of them.

When there was no one in the room but themselves, Mr. Glaenzer lit a pale and very fragrant cigar and moved to the fireplace where, since it was late October, a dull fire burned.

"And how is your young friend Mr.—Mr.—that married old Miss Wintham's niece—was it Reid?" he asked.

"Yes, Douglas Reid. She was only her god-daughter, I believe, sir. They're as happy as possible. He's working like a horse. She's going to have a baby very soon."

Again Mr. Glaenzer smiled his flashing smile.

"That's nice. Now isn't that nice?" he said warmly. "How happy they'll be! I've collected about everything there is to collect, Motherwell, but there's nothing like the babies! If they'd only stay so—like the other things one collects!"

Motherwell thought of the only two of Mr. Glaenzer's sons he had ever met, and said nothing.

"Ah, yes," said his host, "ah, yes . . ."

They both smoked.

"Tell me, Motherwell," the older man asked abruptly, "do you consider yourself a member of the police force?"

"Certainly not, sir," came the quick answer.

"You have a regular business then?"

"I have been a member of my grandfather's publishing firm for eight years.

"Not in Boston, surely?"

"Not for the last four years, sir. I am one of the managers of the New York branch."

"Ah, I see. But you have sufficient leisure to follow your various—er—hobbies?"

Motherwell's eyes twinkled gravely.

"Quite," he said. "The arrangement was made with both my uncles. Its fully understood."

"Very interesting, very interesting," said Mr. Glaenzer, eyeing him thoughtfully.

"I used to know your Uncle Sears rather well. When we were younger, we used to race neck-and-neck after first editions—Americana—I made him rather angry once or twice. They tell me you have a real gift—a sort of *flair*, Mr. Motherwell, for putting your finger on things—for jumping at the right conclusion," he branched off abruptly.

"The chief thinks I've done it once or twice," Motherwell answered simply. "But I'm bound to tell you, Mr. Glaenzer, that they have, mostly, suspected something, and asked me to follow it up. They had the case, really."

"Not in my case," said the jeweller.

"Oh!"

Motherwell waved his hand deprecatingly.

"That was different, sir. That was an accident."

"When a pair of queer people move into the house next but one to a great jeweller's and take great pains to get everybody out of both houses, and keep them under their eye; and even to remove an interesting party across the street; and when they spend most of their time in the cellar, knocking and hammering; and when their alleged business turns out to be an utter bluff—why, it doesn't take any vast amount of *flair*, as you put it—"

"Wait a moment," Glaenzer interrupted gently, "wait a moment. For any trained person, any professional, with a knowledge of these things, no. I quite agree with you. But the point is that everything was so cleverly managed and so apparently open and above board, that the average and unsuspecting persons concerned were completely hoodwinked. In fact, your friend Mr. Reid appears to me to be distinctly above the average."

"But he suspected something all along, Mr. Glaenzer. He felt that they were fishy, from the start. That was why he told me about them."

"Ah, yes," Glaenzer replied quickly, "but what did he suspect, my young friend? That's just the point. He suspected the wrong thing entirely—some design on the young lady. As soon as these suspicions were allayed, he became merely a little mystified, and treated the whole thing as rather a lark, as I recall it. Even if he had put the thing up to the police, I'm afraid it would have been too late. It was your quick action that saved us."

"I think you lay too much stress on it, sir."

"Well," said the jeweller slowly, "we shall see. That's what I want to find out. Have you ever done anything entirely by yourself, Mr. Motherwell?"

The young man's eyes lighted up. He could not restrain a slight flush.

"Not since I left college, sir," he answered. "I worked out a few odd things, there. And after that I carried a few ideas to headquarters, during the war, and the chief heard of them and sent for me, and after that he gave me things to do, now and then. But, of course, I never had any authority—"

"You can have some now," said Mr. Glaenzer, "and you are the only person I know, Motherwell, to whom I felt justified in appealing. I may be wrong, but you are the only person."

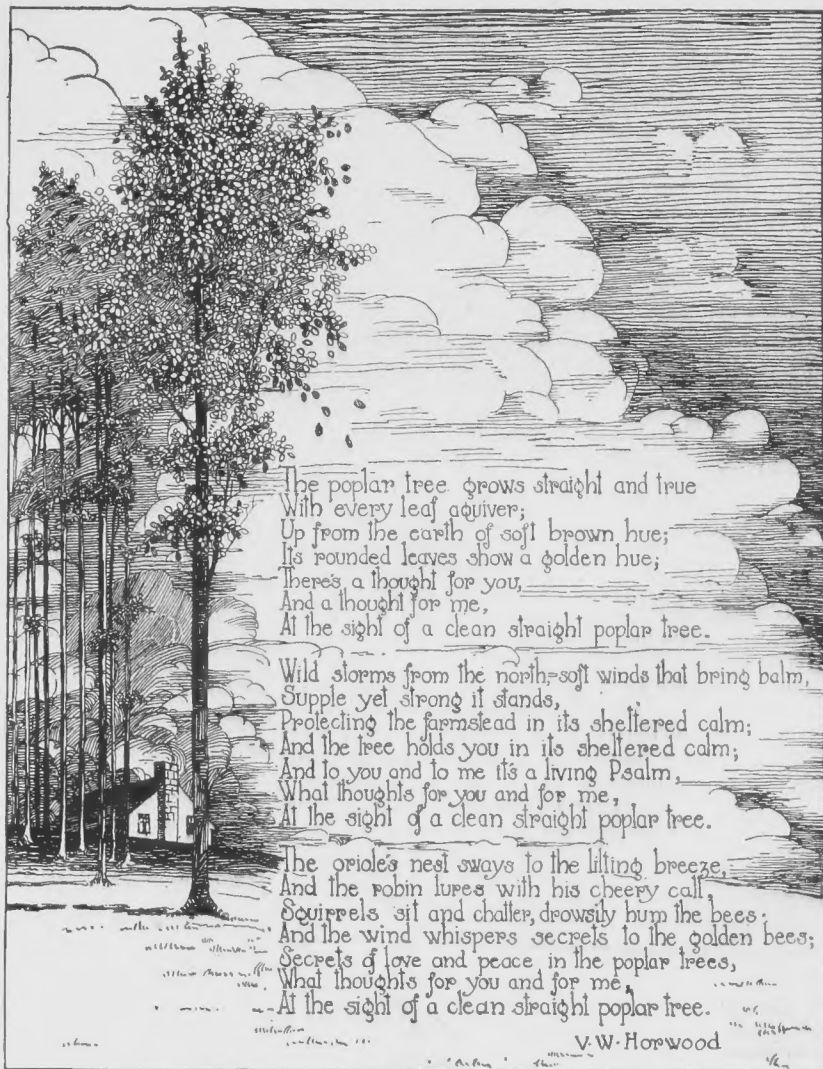
He moved over to the wonderful refectory table

and took up a large photograph framed in Florentine leather.

"Do you know this lady?" he asked.

Very few women's faces could be said to add to a room as beautiful as Mr. Glaenzer's library, but this one did.

It was perfectly familiar to Motherwell, but he could not, to save his life, put a name to it.



The poplar tree grows straight and true
With every leaf a quiver;
Up from the earth of soft brown hue;
Its rounded leaves show a golden hue;
There's a thought for you,
And a thought for me,
At the sight of a clean straight poplar tree.

Wild storms from the north—soft winds that bring balm,
Supple yet strong it stands,
Protecting the farmstead in its sheltered calm;
And the tree holds you in its sheltered calm;
And to you and to me it's a living Psalm,
What thoughts for you and for me,
At the sight of a clean straight poplar tree.

The oriole's nest sways to the lifting breeze,
And the robin lures with his cheery call;
Squirrels sit and chatter, drowsily hum the bees,
And the wind whispers secrets to the golden bees;
Secrets of love and peace in the poplar trees,
What thoughts for you and for me,
At the sight of a clean straight poplar tree.

V.W. Horwood

"I know her, of course, Mr. Glaenzer," he said after a moment, "but I'm afraid you'll have to tell me who she is, sir. I've certainly seen her picture often enough."

"Yes," said the jeweller, "most people have."

Motherwell, particularly sensitive to tone, raised his eyebrows—mentally. If Mr. Glaenzer disliked this lovely lady, why carry her picture on his library table?

"That is Mrs. Crandall White," said Mr. Glaenzer, and Motherwell nodded a quick assent.

"Of course," he said, "of course it is."

"By a curious chance," Mr. Glaenzer went on, "here is another photograph, just published today," and he lifted a magazine from the table, opened it and handed it to the young man.

The frontispiece was a reproduction in color of a famous portrait of the lady and you saw what no ordinary photographer could show you, the marvellous coloring of the original.

From the unusual yellowish pink of the flesh, up through the pale rose of the lips and the strange greenish hazel of the deep-lashed, wide-spaced eyes, the color rose to the extraordinary golden-red of her unmatched hair. It framed her face in profound, irregular waves, as different from the commonplace results of the process which embalms the memory of the great M. Marcel as from the God-given grace of the lucky curly head. It was planted in the famous seven points of beauty around her low forehead, and it folded back graciously, with a vague reminiscence of the classic, just showing the tips of her small ears—too red to be golden, but far too golden to be merely red. Motherwell remembered suddenly, with a smile, that a girl at a dance had once told him, apropos of a comment on some Titian beauty, that a celebrated "hair specialist" had once told her mother that he was accustomed to preface all discussions of a somewhat intimate process with his anxious clientele with the following stock remark:

"Unfortunately, Madame, we are quite unable to match the color of Mrs. Crandall White's hair—we believe it to be impossible!"

"Now, Mr. Motherwell," said the jeweller, "I am going to tell you what nobody knows—for certain, I mean, because I cannot believe that nobody in their household suspects something, even now. Mrs. White left her house day before yesterday at about eleven in the morning, and has not been seen since. Except that she went out on some perfectly ordinary errands, fully intending to return to her lunch, for which she had given orders, nobody knows anything about her since that hour. One message from her, or purporting to come from her—has been received by her husband, but it is not of a nature to allay his anxiety. Quite the contrary, in fact. It was received late at night, on the day she left—Wednesday. Here it is."

He handed the young man a sheet of smooth violet wrapping paper of the sort used in the higher-class shops that cater to rich women. On it was written in a heavy soft pencil in very irregular lines, quite obviously blistered and rubbed with drops of some liquid:

Dearest Cran:

I must leave you for a little (the last word had been scratched out, replaced by "some time," replaced again in the original phrasing), and I cannot tell you why. But I cannot have you frightened to death—though I am. But you need not be. I will try to come back as soon as I can. Nobody is hurting me, Cran, you must not think so. I ought not to take even this time. You are not to send to the police or anything of that sort. I am going of my own accord. If you try to find out by the police, I swear that I will never come back. Remember that, I mean it. I will try to let you hear again. Pack up some clothes and send them somewhere—you will know what to say. I shan't need any. I am quite well. No one is hurting me. I told him that I tell you know I love you. I hope to come back.

LELY.

MOTHERWELL read this through very rapidly and did not read it again. Holding it in his hand he addressed a question:

"Lely?"

"Her name is Clelia," said Mr. Glaenzer.

"Is that her writing?"

"I should say so, beyond a doubt. Here is a note I had from her a few days ago." And he handed Motherwell a small, pale grey sheet with a severe and expensive address at the top.

Dear Glen (it read): be sure to come in about four on Friday, won't you? I want to talk over Cranny's birthday present. I have thought of something, but I don't know what you will say.

Hastily,

C. L. W.

"Friday—that was today?"

"That was today," said Mr. Glaenzer.

"You were good friends, I judge?"

"Crandall White and I have been associated for twenty-five years," said Mr. Glaenzer. "There are not two men in the world closer to me. I knew the first Mrs. White well, and her children were as free in my house as their own. This second marriage is but seven years old, and the present Mrs. White can hardly be much older than my second daughter, even now."

"Oh—h! Then there is quite a difference—"

"White is fifty-four," said Mr. Glaenzer. "Clelia cannot be over thirty, and sometimes she looks nearer twenty-five. Frankly, I don't know her age, precisely. I have heard my daughter tease her about it and she has always laughed perfectly good-naturedly and answered that if God has not betrayed her, why should she betray herself? But Frances says she is thirty, and I suppose she knows. They are great friends."

"She may be your daughter's friend, but she is not yours," thought Mr. Motherwell, that astute young man.

"Your daughter does not know—"

"She gave Crandall a note to forward, today. She thinks Clelia is taking a cure somewhere, about something connected with reducing her weight. You know, the women, today—"

"I know," said Motherwell, briefly. "Was—is Mrs. White quite well?"

"I have never seen her when she was not in perfect health," said Mr. Glaenzer. "She told me once she had never been sick in her life, since she had the measles at the age of nine."

"And happy? Contented?"

"If she was not so, I have never known any human being conceal it better," said Mr. Glaenzer instantly. "She has a remarkably even disposition."

Motherwell pondered a moment.

"Of course, Mr. Glaenzer," he said, looking squarely at his host, "there is no use my going into

this unless I have at least all the help you can give me. People don't do odd things, unless they are insane, without reason. Women's reasons are less complicated. I mean, they fill a more limited field, than men's. Were Mr. and Mrs. White happy together?"

"Mrs. White," the jeweller answered instantly, but choosing his words carefully, "has been, ever since I met her (always taking into consideration her exceptional beauty and the fact that she is young enough to be her husband's daughter) a devoted and loving wife. I suppose I am too old-fashioned to make my amazement at such public exploitation of personal charm, as women permit themselves nowadays seem anything but old-foggyish and absurd. I cannot understand always, such greedy and—unselective acceptance of admiration—but I am, *au fond*, an Oriental, Mr. Motherwell, and I suppose the Oriental taint as to our attitude toward women still lingers!"

He smiled.

"And Mr. White?"

"Mr. White's attitude can only be described by one word—infatuation!" said Mr. White's friend quickly. His first marriage was like any other—romance, domestic life, friendship. But when he brought Clelia to this house, a year after poor Nettie's death, I saw that he had never been in love before. If anything has happened to her, Mr. Motherwell, he will die. I have not the slightest doubt of it."

"Where did he meet her—was she—"

"She was nobody in the world but a beautiful girl," said Mr. Glaenger, "and never pretended to be anything else. Her name was Clelia Lee, and she was a distant connection of a poor and gone-to-seed branch of the Virginian Lees. She said frankly that her Grandfather had started out as a doctor and ended as a veterinary. When interested ladies—you know how kindly and how interested our New York ladies can be? —asked her about this Lee and that Carroll and all the rest of it" (the man of a hundred generations smiled slightly) "she told them just what I have told you. It really left them very little to say, I thought."

"One or two of them didn't invite her. I believe, but after Crandall took her over to London, it was a little embarrassing for them, because she created, as they say, a furore, there. Duchesses, Honorables. Everybody at all. Our American duchesses had to present her to everybody. They don't know a vet's daughter from a Colonial Dame you know, over there," said Mr. Glaenger, smiling mildly. It's surprising, how seldom they think about the *Mayflower*—

"And now, Mr. Motherwell," he concluded, "you know as much as I know—which is more than everybody knows," he added.

"Except," the young man suggested gently, what Miss Lee was doing before she was married."

The jeweller nodded appreciatively.

"Of course. Except that," he agreed.

"As to that, I can only say that White told me that she was recommended to his attention by a French friend of poor Nettie's—an old governess. That is a little ironical, isn't it, Mr. Motherwell? She duenna-ed a baker's dozen of music students in Paris, and this girl, she told him, had come direct from a convent in the South, over here somewhere, on a scholarship. She knew all about her. Had any amount of letters. She was as good as she was beautiful. He paused and sighed. It was evident that he was worried to a degree.

"You see, Mr. Motherwell, my poor friend didn't go to the music halls," he said. "He might have married any one he liked, I suppose. If he happens to love beauty more than anything else on earth, and found it, with a reasonable amount of love into the bargain, from a woman who is one of the frankest I ever met—poor Crandall, I'd give anything but one of my own children to bring her back!" he groaned and put his hand over his eyes.

Motherwell put back the thought that he would have cheerfully give up the two Glaenger sons he had met, for a much less beautiful woman than Mrs. Crandall White.

"You think, then, that she won't come back?" he asked quietly.

"Come back? *Come*?" Glaenger repeated scornfully. "Get back, you mean, I think. What but the most dreadful necessity would take her away? Does that letter sound like an eloping wife? And why should she go? Adored, literally adored by a man who would cut out his eyes if she wanted them set in a dinner ring! Pearls, a yacht—you know, Motherwell, that Mr. White has inherited as much again as he made, and that was a great deal—the Lenox place, the Bar Harbor place, the apartment in Paris, anything on God's earth she wanted! His children friendly, even, which isn't always to be expected, you know. And such a man! Such a character, such distinction, such brains, and believe me, Motherwell, more charm than I ever found in one of your countrymen! Think of a man who would give up the English ambassadorship, without a second thought, because the idea frightened his wife!"

"The present—"

"No, that was poor Nettie. It would take more than an embassy to frighten Clelia."

"What do you make of the letter, Motherwell?" he flashed out, suddenly.

"Because of that part about his not needing to be frightened to death, though she was?"

"Because of that, yes. There has been no suggestion of any ransom?"

"None at all. Crandall has stayed at home ever since, or would have, until I warned him that he could not conceal his trouble from the servants. I sent him to Atlantic City, where he occasionally goes for a slight bronchial cough, and it is understood that they are both away for a little. He can be reached in a few minutes, of course."

"What," said Motherwell, after a moment, "does he expect to do, in case she doesn't return, after a reasonable time?"

Glaenger spread his hands blankly. "What *can* he do. After that letter, he would not dare appeal to the police."

"Lely means what she said," he told me."

"That is," Motherwell corrected, "she means that she had to write it. It's not very difficult to understand that she may have felt that she had to, at least. There are certain bluffs that few women dare to call."

"You mean, that this may not be her feeling at all, but a dictated phrase, more or less?"

"And in that case, it's simply the threat of any criminal?"

"Of course. We thought of that. And yet——" said Glaenger slowly.

"And yet——?" Motherwell repeated.

"She may have meant it, Mr. Motherwell. We have to remember that. And if she did—then she never *will* come back."

"You think so?"

"Clelia White is one of the most even-tempered women I ever knew," said Mr. Glaenger, "but she is also one of the most determined. You must have noticed that they often go together. She never flies out in a nervous passion and then eats her words,

later. That letter sounds very much like her, Mr. Motherwell. What does she say there?—'Remember that, I mean it.' Personally, I think she does."

"You mean that you think she *wanted* to disappear like that?"

"I don't say that. Of course she wouldn't want to. But I think she thought she had to. I admit frankly that that doesn't sound to me like a dictated letter, Mr. Motherwell."

"Of course," said the young man, "there is this. It might not be dictated in form, but in spirit. I mean, she may have been told what to say, and allowed to say it in her own words."

"Yes, that is possible," said the jeweller.

Motherwell looked at him.

"But you don't think so," he thought.

It was evidently decided in great haste, all of it," he said aloud.

"You mean——"

I mean the paper it's on, the chaotic way it's written, the repetitions, the utter lack of preparation, the fact that she leaves the alibi to her husband."

"But, my dear young man," Glaenger interrupted hastily, "people don't make elaborate preparations for being——" he stopped suddenly.

"Being what?" Motherwell asked. "Come, Mr. Glaenger, you know you don't think Mrs. White was abducted!"

"No, I don't," the jeweller agreed shortly.

"You're very clever, Mr. Motherwell, I don't. As a matter of fact, people don't abduct rich men's wives. Children occasionally, but the letter naming the ransom usually comes along quickly."

"Perhaps," Motherwell suggested thoughtfully

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"Where'd she go?" he asked, "Where?" "I don't know!" the woman sobbed. "They won't any of them tell me, sir!"

"I think, as anybody must think, of course, that she was forced to go, for some reason, or thought she was, and that she couldn't have liked it, because she cried when she wrote it. I think that she may have been intimidated by threats against her husband's life—perhaps hers, but I should say his."

SPAIN --- (Land of Duennas,

By Francis Dickie

IN THE interests of the readers of this magazine, the Editor of *The Western Home Monthly* is forever keeping some writer on the hop in search of new and interesting things. There's me, for instance. Really, the Editor is a very terrible fellow. Here I was just getting rested up after chasing all over Africa, and settled down in Paris nice and cosy, and looking forward to a long tranquil time, with no more travelling than a bus ride as far as the *Place de l'Opera*, and out of a clear sky along comes a letter from the Editor saying: "The readers of *The Western Home Monthly* really must know what's the latest down there in Spain, how the King's behaving himself, the latest fashion in mantillas, bull-fighters' hats, old churches, and price of pesetas, and anything and everything that's worth while.

So on a warm day toward the end of May, with my old typewriter safe by my side, I set off for the land of duennas, Don Quixote, dirt and donkeys; dear land of Spain. Before I went there I had always dreamed of Spain as a poor and dilapidated land. Now I know that the only poor and dilapidated things about that country are the tourists after they leave it. For Spain today is probably the most expensive of all European countries to travel in. But at that you do get a lot for your money; highly perfumed men, and women so numerously beautiful it makes you want to stay and set up opposition to Solomon.

Before setting out, however, from Paris, I went up to the Spanish consulate in Montmartre. Imagine a consulate being in Montmartre! But that's just like the Spaniards—always doing things differently. Until the moment I set foot within the dusty room where passport visas are given out, I was mighty proud of my Canadian passport. It was a British passport, permitting a traveller to go freely to almost any country on earth. At least so I thought. And I felt so mighty superior to my good American friends who would have to cough up ten round dollars, or their paper equivalent whenever they want to visit a foreign land in historic Europe. The consulate was delightfully Spanish. A lot of care-free young gentlemen to the number of half a dozen sat around the hot dusty room in their shirt-sleeves, occasionally spitting on the floor with delightful nonchalance. The windows were all tightly closed.

The building shown below which looks like a ducal palace is the Post Office at Madrid.

ed. I handed in my passport to be stamped, at the same time a sturdy Briton was getting his. He paid nothing. They charged me one dollar and sixty cents. I protested, not because of the money, which was not a tremendous sum, but on principle. But you see mine was not quite a British passport. Oh, no. There was a shade of difference—I was a Canadian. So, you see, here is one place where "Canadian equal status" (which I understand the Honourable Mackenzie King and his brother parliamentarians have been talking much about lately) did not come in. But then, what's a dollar-sixty in the life of a writer, a tribe of persons famous for their fabulous wealth!

AND so this warm May morning I came to the Gare D'Orsay on the Quai by the Seine. It is a queer and ghostly railway station. A place beneath the ground. Here no immensely high-roofed train-shed; here no clangor of bells, or panting locomotives, no smell of hot oil and steam, none of the spaciousness and dirt common to most Paris depots. From it long coaches steal out softly far beneath the level of the city's streets, driven by electricity through vast tunnels until the outskirts are nearly reached.

One of the gorgeous parks—Madrid has five municipal ones.



The statue of a mythological goddess and her stone lions guards the beautiful plaza. As will be noticed, Madrid is a city of low buildings compared to America.

dentally painting. We talk of Orpen, and Lamb, Lavery, McEvoy, Shannon and Festus Kelly, Irishmen all, though they have wandered to other fields than their own for subjects and support. And then we talk of Jack Yeats, a hundred-per-cent. Irish painter who painted Irish bogs in an Irish way, and of the not-so-well-known Irish painters, Shawn Keating, Paul Henry and Patrick Trophy, who are telling of Ireland in terms of paint.

Really, to start out in this way for Spain, talking painting, is an excellent start, for we are on our way to the land which gave birth to Velasquez, to Goya, to Murillo, and where dwelt El Greco

for the greater portion of his years; and the greatest of whose masterpieces are housed in the Prado museum in Madrid. Something of the lure of these great paintings can be understood from the fact that these two Irishmen were travelling a thousand miles merely to look upon them. And yearly thousands of other men and women come from all parts of the world upon a similar errand.

The train speeds toward the land of the grape, the famous Bordeaux district, from which comes graves and barsac and sauternes and a score of other white wines dear to the palate of the gourmet. Now we are at Tours, where an ancient tower without politeness fell after standing quite sedately for 1200 years.

We halt at Poitiers. Then as the train slips out of the town one gets a long, clear view of the grey old castle high on the hillside. And one's mind goes back to all the happenings around this spot. But that is all in your English history, and I must confine myself mostly to the living present.

The train comes to Angouleme, and in my mind suddenly sings a broken fragment of poetry known in the long ago . . . "the bells of Angouleme." Over and over it sounds, but the remainder escapes. I am haunted for hours afterwards, and vaguely exasper-



Don Quixote, Dirt and Donkeys)

(EDITORIAL NOTE: This article is the first of a further series of travel notes and observations by Mr. Dickie, who for the past eighteen months has been entertaining Western Home Monthly readers with an exclusive series dealing with Paris, Southern France, North Africa. The new series will deal with places of outstanding interest in Spain, and the country of the Basques)

ated, as we all are when memory of far-off things lurks just on the end of our tongues.

At Bordeaux the platform is colorful with a whole company of black men in red-and-blue uniforms, French colonial troops. And I think of this mighty reserve of half-savage people France has in her African colonies, and their immense importance in case of future wars. And yet in arming and training them there is danger. Let the white races beware! Their guns, their highly efficient methods of destruction may some day be turned against them by these men of the black and yellow races;

some use. Even the sawdust at the mills is manufactured into a briquet for fuel. When I think of the endless miles of wantonly wasted timberland in Canada, particularly in British Columbia, I realize that there will quickly come a day when our natural resources will be gone. We have much to learn from Europe in caring for those natural treasures God has so lavishly bestowed upon us, and which we have destroyed so recklessly.

Dusk creeps down. The speed of the train attracts my attention. I stand at the window, watch in hand, and check off the little iron mile-boards.

The telegraph poles snap by so fast they appear being knocked over. The great iron girders, supporting the electric wiring that stand a hundred feet or so apart, become close like pickets in a fence. Seventy kilometres an hour; eighty; ninety. I catch my breath. The landscape is blurred like the photograph of a man who has moved. So fast the mile-boards go by I am barely able to detect them. A hundred kilometres an hour; a hundred and ten; a hundred

and twenty. A little better than ninety miles an hour; the fastest I have ever ridden on a train. Bayonne is left behind. The Spanish border is ahead a few miles now. The train draws into St. Jean de Luz. I look at my watch. We were due there at 10.30. The hour is only 9.30. I compare my clock with the one in the station. Yes, my time is right. I ask the station master the explanation of this bewildering state of things. Often I have ridden on trains that were late. But trains an hour ahead of time! Well, really, it's not done, you know, in respectable railway circles. He withers me with a glance. "It is perfectly apparent, is it not, Monsieur?" his eyes say to me. Then, realizing I am one of the countless hopeless foreigners, he explains with a grand wave of his hand. "The train is an hour ahead of time. It is a new train tried out from Paris for the first time, and as the line was clear the engineer speeded up."

I thank him. With due humility for my ineffable stupidity I go in search of a hotel, for here one must wait over night to take a train into Spain. But even though the land is still that of France, it is an entirely different country. I am in the land of mantillas and modest cows, the land of "the little people who jump," as Voltaire called the Basques, that most mysterious of European races, regarding whose origin scientists are still disputing, a race of people neither French nor Spanish. But about the Basques, the modest cows and many other things of this particular region, I will tell fully in a later article. At the moment the King of Spain and all the Spanish nation are awaiting breathlessly my arrival, and in far-away Canada about a million readers of *The Western Home Monthly* (advertisement) are also (I hope) waiting also to learn of my adventures. Ah, if I had known a Spanish prison awaited me just across the border

I would not have been in such a hurry. But as that happened on my way back, I can't tell you about it till later.

THE first thing that greeted me on alighting from the train the next morning at the Spanish border town of Irun was a news-stand where hung a whole row of books in Spanish by English and American authors. Buffalo Bill and Dick Turpin penny dreadfuls in the old familiar size, shape and luridness of cover. No wonder foreign nations get a queer conception of people from North

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One of the principal corners in Madrid showing office of "La Nacion," the leading newspaper, in centre.



The beautiful statue of Neptune, Madrid

these so prolific people, now subjugated, but fast mastering the ways of the white man, and therefore dangerous.

Once more the train, which ceased to be electrified at Orleans, is again driven by this mysterious power, and one can gaze at the rolling, tree-dotted landscape in an atmosphere free of smoke and cinders

AS THE afternoon wanes the train passes into a land of pine forests, trim, well-kept forests that have been carefully conserved for two hundred years, and one is reminded of New Ontario between Port Arthur and Kenora. But what is this? Upon the boles of the larger trees now show long blazes, varying in length from two to eight feet. At the bottom of each blaze is a little metal bucket. If it was not for the shape of the trees one might think himself in an Eastern Canadian wood at maple syrup time. The pines, too, are being tapped, and the gathered sap will shortly go to make turpentine and various other by-products.

This is Les Landes, a region monotonous in its unchanging vista of sombre green. Upon the rocky red soil nothing grows but the pine. Yet it is a marvellous example of what may be done in producing continual forests. Here for half a mile you pass trees perhaps thirty years old. Then comes an open space cleared of the old woods. But springing up in orderly array is a new forest as yet only three feet high. And now one catches a glimpse of men monstrously tall, unreal, like giants of old, who walk queerly, guarding a flock of sheep. For the region of Les Landes is where men walk on stilts. The careful, frugal French people wring from the soil everything possible. When the pine trees reach a certain age they are cut down. While the new forest is growing up the land must feed grazing sheep. But when pine trees reach a height of a foot



EVEN

By
J. Paul Loomis

Illustrated by
J. Clymer

ON THE high rugged point of land between the joining valleys of the Pipestone Creek and the North Saskatchewan River perched a log cabin. Its mud-chinked walls were a weather-beaten grey, on its low sod roof the snow was a foot in depth; only the curl of smoke from the rusty stove-pipe and the tracks in the snow before the doorway told of habitation. That, and the inhabitant herself who came up the path from a tumble-down stable.

She was a woman well past middle age and drab in her appearance as the house in which she dwelt. A man's sheep-lined coat, patched and frayed, all but enveloped her and the mittens and moccasins she wore were also many times too large. A wisp of greying hair strayed from beneath her woolen cap across her withered cheek. In her face were the lines of years of loneliness, yet her black eyes were resolute and her lips tight-pressed and firm.

She paused to let her gaze sweep the great valley below her. Almost from her door-step the land fell away in steep slopes and brushy shelves to the broad smooth band of white that was the winter-locked Saskatchewan. Bands of grey-brown timber bordered the silent river while the valley's farther wall was patched with lead-colored bluffs of leafless poplars, seamed with coulees and rumped with little bald knolls that rose one above the other to gaunt hills on the skyline miles away. Far up the valley the river came in sight 'round a blue timbered butte and far down the valley it swung in a mighty curve and was lost to view. Nowhere in the range of vision was there sign of life. Stillness only—beneath the low-hung sky.

The woman's vision rested on a spot opposite the mouth of the Pipestone where from midwinter to spring there was always a trail across the ice. But she could see no sleigh-track, like a loose thread upon the river's counterpane, for as yet this winter no one had crossed. The ice was not so thick as usual for the time of year for it had been blanketed by heavy snows at the outset of the winter. And near the southern shore, close to where the trail should leave the ice, there was a

A woman well past middle age. In her face were the lines of years of loneliness, yet her black eyes were resolute and her lips tight-pressed and firm.

black patch that had not been there a few hours before. She knew it to be an open lead in the ice for the current irked under the suppressing hand of the frost and was especially restless in the bend opposite the mouth of the Pipestone.

Turning to her woodpile the woman picked up an axe and split, with strong deft strokes, her night's supply of firewood and carried an armful into the cabin. The smoke from her stovepipe thickened as she replenished her fire and eddied away to the northwest, for a wind was beginning to come up the river valley. And every wind that blew spent its unmitigated force upon the cabin, for in choosing a site for his home old Bill Hahn, to use the words of Pete McQuegg, the local old-timer, "didn't figger to be snuck up on."

Pete had known Bill Hahn rather too well in the days before the homesteaders, when many miles stretched between the lonely ranches along the North Saskatchewan. He never lost an opportunity, when he had an audience around the stove in Elmer Cordell's store, to recount the attributes of the man he had reason to remember with resentment but whom he admired as well.

"Most reckless fellow that ever hit this country, old Bill was," Pete would relate. "Rustled more cattle an' horses an' made more moonshine than any other man out-a jail an' got by with it for years. Just such a don't-care way about him folks never suspected him, or if they did they was scared to open their mouths. Why he'd ketch up a hoss off'n the range, break it an' trim its mane an' tail an' drive it through the owner's yard as if darin' him to identify it. An' he'd invite the Mounties to stop with him an' sit 'em right above jugs of moonshine that was underneath the floor an' feed 'em moose meat killed out of season—cow moose at that.

"He'd be goin' strong yet if he hadn't depended on his lunk-head son, Trace, to help him run off that bunch of drag-Y horses. Trace bungled the job an' Bill got caught an' o' course the old man took the blame alone. They sent him to the pen at Prince Albert for five years but he just wasn't built to be cooped up. In less'n a year he was shot an' killed while tryin' to make a get-away.

"But say! That Trace ain't no more like Bill Hahn than he is like that spunky old mother of his'n. Big over-grown slob! Just naturally ain't worth his room, that feller ain't." And the circle holding down the stools and nailkegs nodded assent.

BACK in the cabin above the Pipestone and the Saskatchewan the "spunky old mother" of Trace Hahn had cooked and eaten her lonely supper and sat knitting before her fire. A kettle sim-

mered on the stove. A cat dozed on the one other chair. Out in the night pallid soundless fingers beat against the window-panes for the storm and the darkness had come together. Gusts of wind whinnied under the eaves and sucked at the stove-pipe noisily.

Without a knock or warning sound the door opened slowly and an unshaven face beneath a snow-covered muskrat cap appeared. Then a hulking form sidled through the doorway. So tall was the man he stooped to pass the threshold; so broad he all but blotted out the door when he closed it behind him. His eyes were sooty black beneath heavy brows that nearly met, his nose long and low-bridged, his lips thick and inexpressive and his whole face wooden in its appearance. His massive shoulders sloped beneath a dingy moose-skin coat and his feet were clad in huge and slouchy moccasins. It was no hard guess to recognize the man who "wasn't worth his room."

The woman was not startled by her son's uncanny entrance. "Thought you'd be along," was her greeting. "It's your kind of a night."

"It's a terror of a night," the man contradicted in a voice deep but singularly flat, to issue from so great a chest. He was hanging up his coat and cap and brushing the snow from his moccasins by rubbing one and then the other on the legs of his overalls. The woman laid aside her knitting and set food upon the table—boiled meat from the kettle on the stove and fried potatoes.

"Been all right this week?" she asked.

The man grunted assent.

"Where you been staying?" was her next question.

"In the shack in Spruce Coulee," he replied.

"That's too near the Horse Lake trail," she said with quick concern. "Why don't you stay in the little shack north of the tamarac muskeg?"

"It's good trappin' in Spruce Coulee. See what I brought." He took a small package from his coat pocket, untied it, and spread upon the table half a dozen weasel skins—spotless white save for the black-tipped tails—and the rich brown fur of a mink. "What d'yu thing o' that?" he demanded proudly.

To the woman's lips came a smile of amused indulgence. "It's a nice one," she said drily.

"I should say it is!" He was resentful at her lack of enthusiasm. "Mink's darn scarce in these parts; that's the first one I've caught in three years an' the biggest one I ever seen."

"And worth maybe ten-twelve dollars at Cordell's store. You can't afford to take so much chance of bein' caught for that. But come an' eat now."



THE man devoured quantities of the food and drank cup after cup of strong black tea. When he pushed away his plate the woman brought half a dried-apple pie from her cupboard and set it before him. She smiled at his boyish exclamations of delight, this time with a softening of her lean face and a hint of tenderness in her sharp black eyes. She stood behind him, her thin bony hand resting upon his shoulder. It was as near to a caress as years of habitual restraint would allow her.

But her expression changed, her voice became sadly stern.

"Trace," she said, "you laid yourself out for a lot o' trouble by your last piece of foolishness."

"What piece of foolishness," he demanded, suddenly alert.

"Oh, don't think I don't know. You burned Elmer Cordell's hay-stacks on his homestead across the Pipestone that last snowy night—only it wasn't so snowy as you thought it was a-goin' to be. You stood around in a willow bluff a-watchin' your pretty bonfire till the snow quit fallin'. Elmer Cordell found your tracks. There's nobody else in the country makes tracks like your'n, Trace. Well, Cordell didn't go to Constable Smith this time; he went straight to Crane Lake to Marston of the old Mounties—Marston that caught your dad. He was here yesterday lookin' for you. Of course I told him you didn't do it; that you were 'way off beyond Loon Lake somewhere, but he didn't believe me. What'd you have to go an' burn those hay-stacks for, anyhow?"

"To get even with Elmer Cordell."

"Even for what?"

"Even for what! Good Lord! For makin' me live like a coyote. Can't even come to my own home 'cept on a night not fit to be out in. Can't set out a long line o' traps nor a whitefish net for fear somebody'll find 'em an' track me down. Got to sneak around the edge of the bush an' keep out o' sight o' everyone."

"Why's it Cordell that makes you live like a coyote?" Her tone was becoming sharper as his grew more resentful.

"'Cause it was him that started all the trouble by squealin' on me when I borrowed a few boards from McMahon's lumber pile. It wasn't none o' his business! Just because he happened to see me pass

his store with lumber one night he starts a ruckus that costs me forty dollars. An' after that everything in this country that turns up missin' is blamed onto me. An' then he takes the sorrel team to pay his store-bill an' gets my wages from Hanley's thrashing' outfit to pay for his steer he claims I butchered."

"You did kill his steer, Trace." There was aching regret in the old woman's voice.

"Elmer Cordell can't prove it. Now he's after me for stealin' wheat an' I never took a bushel o' wheat in my life!"

"No," she burst out bitterly, "you ain't got the nerve to haul stolen wheat to town! You just do little sneakin' tricks like butcherin' a yearling in some brushy coulee, stealin' a few oats from some granary 'way out in a field, an' now firin' a man's hay-stacks five miles from his house. Coward's work, all of it! Lord, wasn't it a bitter enough day for me when I learned the man I'd married was a horse-thief—a reckless devil with a kink in him nothing but a rope or bullet could cure? Haven't I suffered shame an' misery enough these twenty-five years without havin' to know that my only son is a coward—a sneak-thief, that has to live like a coyote *because he is one*? Oh, I could go and hide my head for very shame—yes, hide it under the ice in the Saskatchewan!" The woman's voice had become shrill, tears glistened in her eyes and her thin face twitched grotesquely.

The object of her scorn slumped in his chair, his eyes in his lap where he fumbled the mink skin in his great fingers. He groped in his thick mind for a reply, found none, and so repeated sullenly:

"I'm even with Elmer Cordell anyway. Now his cattle's goin' to starve."

"Yes, and you've got to skip the country or go to the Pen' at Prince Albert. You can't sneak around here an' play hide-an'-seek with Marston. It won't take him no time——"

A SHARP knock on the door cut short her speech and she started, though not so violently as did Trace. Neither spoke. The door opened and a man entered unbidden—a man in a black dog-skin coat, the fur of which was filled with driven snow. He, too, was tall but square of shoulder, erect, with a face strong and purposeful, though drawn by the rasp of the storm and by an

all-apparent anxiety. His first glance, when he ceased blinking at the light, was for Trace Hahn whose very bulk commanded that much of everyone. A surprised, scornful glance it was and then the newcomer turned to the woman who advanced defensively to meet him.

"What do you want, Elmer Cordell?" she demanded.

"You—not Trace," Cordell said bluntly. Then with an eagerness that almost blurred his speech: "My wife needs help, Mrs. Hahn, the worst way any woman can. You understand? I sent McRury at daylight to St. Kathleen for Dr. Best. He's back now without him for he'd gone thirty miles up in the bush to Nolan's Mill to tend a man hit by a falling tree. And

God knows we need him—or Maisie will die. Will you come? I've heard you know how to help at such times." He twisted his fur mitts in his big white-knuckled hands as he spoke.

The woman made no answer. She turned, however, to a rusty trunk and began to sort out certain things. She wrapped them up in a bundle but Cordell did not comprehend. His agitation became more visible.

"It's a bad night," he began again, "but surely at such a time——"

"I'll come," the woman said quietly.

With a rumbling growl her son heaved himself to his feet.

"You'll not," he said.

The woman faced him, her head scarce level with his shoulder, but the flash of scorn in her eyes

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Trace Hahn



The door opened and a man entered unbidden. "What do you want, Elmer Cordell?" the woman demanded



During this conversation the Squirrel, Chipmunk, Rabbit, Dog, Fox, Lynx, Wolf, Beaver, Bear, Deer, Moose, Lion, Camel, Elephant and many others of her subjects arrived in groups.

Illustrations by
Carle Michel Boog

The Princess Relates Her Dream

By William Thompson

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AS THE Princess had promised to tell her people of her dreams, they were up bright and early. Immediately after Fairyland had breakfasted, it was announced that Her Highness was waiting on the lawn near the palmetto-tree. She had made a special request that no mention be made of the swan affair, for she knew that every Fairy bed in all Fairyland would be stuffed with black swan's down if the unpleasant story, of which she was the victim, was given the least publicity.

The Swans had been sufficiently punished in her judgment. They had suffered the penalty of having to wear black goggles which prevented their viewing themselves in any spirit of admiration, and as each second her little heart softened, now that she was among her beloved subjects, she was more determined to have the Miracle Worker give them back their beautiful light plumage, not forgetting that he must tell them that they might throw away their black goggles. This thought made her happy for her little nature was so big in its desire to do good, that, when she punished any of her subjects, she was more miserable than they were.

Sitting under a waving frond of the palmetto, Her Highness awaited the insects: Fly, Cricket, Grasshopper, Ant, Bee, Spider, Beetle, Cicada, Cockroach, Drangonfly, Hornet, Katydid, Locust, Moth, and Daddy-Long-Legs, the spate in front being reserved for them as they were so small. The first to arrive was Mr. Katydid. "Good morning, Your Highness."

In bowing to the Princess, he revealed a little hole on the front of each foreleg, just below the knee-joint.

"Have you met with an accident?" asked the Princess in a very sympathetic tone, at the same time pointing her pretty tapering finger to the spot on his right leg.

"No, your Highness, that is my ear," acting a bit confused in having to confess that his ears were in his legs and not in his head as they should have been.

"Aren't you joking?" feeling sorry for the little chap. "Ears in your legs? Certainly you will not expect me to believe such nonsense."

Mr. Locust, fearing the Katydid would say something that he would very much regret afterwards, approached Her Highness and whispered: "It is quite true; Mr. Katydid wears his ears on his legs."

In stepping back to join his comrades, the Katydid's fiddle near the base of his wings made a rasping sound that startled the Princess.

"Please do not do that again. It makes my heart beat so fast," she apologized, feeling that she had been harsh in her command. "How do you ever make that noise?"

Raising his left wings, she saw near the base on the inside a file-shaped elevation, and on the right wing, a sharp knife-edge on the outside, nearly in a corresponding position to the file on the left. In his embarrassment when closing his wings, he had caused the knife-edge to pass across the file, creating vibration of both wings, and making the sound which Fairies hear in the autumn nights, and which had startled the little Princess Tee nee so that her heart made a flutter.

DURING this conversation the Squirrel, Chipmunk, Rabbit, Dog, Fox, Lynx, Wolf, Beaver, Bear, Deer, Moose, Lion, Camel, Elephant, and many others of her subjects, arrived in groups. Of course, you know the animals of Fairyland are very, very small compared to those in our forests.

She began by telling them how two of her

subjects, large birds with wings of golden hue, and long necks of pearly white color, had taken her to an enchanted island, and had placed her in a bed of the rarest flowers.

"Come closer," the princess requested, her voice being so small that it did not carry very far. In obeying her a great rush ensued during which many insects without wings suffered slightly from crowding and pushing, and "slightly" was the word used in the report of the affair the following day in the local paper, "Animated Nature" to which anyone was allowed to send contributions. When all was quiet she continued:

"Now, I am going to tell you of my dream. Scribble and your Highness were wandering along the foothills of a great mountain, and there came toward us a little elf with flowing robes, and wearing upon his head a turban. He looked very cross and at first we were frightened. He approached and bowed very politely.

"You have a weaver of silk and of gold in Fairyland," he said. "I must have four strands."

"A strange request, don't you think so, Scribble?" I whispered. Then I asked his name.

"I am Prince Albada," he replied, "ruler of the Palace of Dreams."

"Where is the Palace of Dreams?" I asked.

"Come and I will show you," replied the Prince.

"We went on a long journey, and in the evening, came to a barren country over which was suspended by four golden strands, a Wonder Palace, each golden thread being attached to a cloud.

"There is my palace," said the Prince, pointing to the sky. "From near and far come great chiefs to spend a night, and from them I receive treasures of gold and precious jewels. It has been destroyed many times by the Thunder Gods, who, being vexed by those who only seek wealth and luxury, cause great storms to prevail which sunder the strands, the Palace falling in ruins to the earth."

"We saw great mounds covered by the drifting

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A group of Cree Indians

The Lure of Northern Manitoba

By Robert Watson

Author of "High Hazard", "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon", "Me—and Peter", Etc., Etc.

FEW people realize how accessible, after all, many one-time inaccessible places have become through the steamboat and the railroad.

Not so very long ago, the journey one way from the Red River Settlement to Norway House meant anything from ten to twenty days, according to the weather, the condition of one's dogs or legs and the season of the year. Now the trip can be done in the summer-time in two and a half days by boat where one may sit and sun on deck amid the ever-changing panorama of sky, water, wooded isles and crude hamlets.

Aside from the Stone Fort—Lower Fort Garry—situated twenty miles north of Winnipeg, possibly the most easily reached of the more pretentious, old, Hudson's Bay Company fur trading posts, still intact and in full operation, is Norway House, twenty miles up the Nelson River from the head of Lake Winnipeg and fringing on that very beautiful among Canada's many charming wooded inland waters, Little Playgreen Lake, and in all slightly over three hundred miles north of the City of Winnipeg.

Norway House forms a quadrangle of one-storey, whitewashed buildings, with red-painted roofs and old-fashioned, small windows. The quadrangle encloses well-cared for grassy lawns, over which raised board-sidewalks lead to the various stores and warehouses.

This fort was originally built on the Jack River, 1812-13. In later years, during the governorship of Sir George Simpson, Norway House was the head of transportation for the Northern Department of the Company between Red River, the Saskatchewan and York Factory on Hudson Bay. It was at Norway House that many council meetings were held, when the Chief Factors and other high officers of the Hudson's Bay Company gathered from distant parts to discuss the business of the Company and to consider the well-being of the country at large. These council meetings were often held under the guidance of such master-minds as Sir George Simpson and Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal and High Commissioner for Canada in London, England.)

Up there at Norway House, the French Canadian and Scottish voyageurs, in their large freight canoes and York boats, used to swing around, in time to the choruses and chansons of the long-ago, to rest for a few days after their long trips, to eat, smoke, chaff and swap tall stories for which they were famous, by the camp-fires on the rocky, grass-covered space before the fort, performing between times prodigious feats of strength and wrestling on the sward to the plaudits of the various rival boat-crews. The while, the Company's officers would be welcomed, winned and dined by Chief



A Cree Indian Woman

Factor Donald Ross or his successors, as resident clerks and others made merry with new arrivals in the mess house or in Bachelors' Hall.

R. M. Ballantyne, famous among British writers of boys' stories, served the Hudson's Bay Company in the humble capacity of apprentice clerk for a time at Norway House, and, in later years he wrote up his experiences in his book, "Hudson Bay."

Sir John Franklin, the intrepid but ill-fated Arctic explorer, visited the post on his famous journeyings, and, when lost in the far north, many parties in search of him, under such courageous men as Sir John Richardson, Dr. John Rae and others, made final preparations at the post for their dashes into the Arctic.

At Norway House are still to be seen the old sun-dial—one of the few remaining at the Company's posts—the bell from the ship "Sea Horse," brought down from York Factory and bearing the date of 1782, pre-dating the fort itself; the library which dates back to 1870, with some four hundred well-thumbed, old volumes of solid reading matter still doing good service, many of the books containing quaint remarks by fur traders of a generation that has long passed.

The Council House, the old-fashioned stools and chairs, the tiny but substantial jail (1855), the powder magazine (1838), said to be the oldest stone building in Northern Manitoba, and Bachelors' Hall (1838), mentioned in R. M. Ballantyne's records; all these command attention and scrutiny, and open up a veritable mine of historic interest.

At Norway House may still be encountered a few of the old voyageurs, canoemen and York boat builders—white-haired, parchment-skinned, and growing frail in limb, but still sturdy of tongue and

ever ready to recount the tales of by-gone days.

OVER all this setting of a glory that belongs to the past, there hangs a serenity and quiet, an old-time apartness that encroaching civilization has failed to do more than lightly touch, yet, as has been said, only a few more than three hundred miles separate Norway House by water from the busy, middle-western city of Winnipeg where more grain is bought and sold than in any other city in the world.

The sail down the Red River to Lake Winnipeg, northward to the head of the lake, thence to Norway House, has all the delights and few of the discomforts of ocean travel. Not many more restful and informative vacations can be spent than on this interesting trip.

At Norway House time is allowed for a hurried walk through the old fort, but not nearly sufficient time to permit of a careful inquiry and inspection of all the points of interest which those who are fortunate enough in their stop-over arrangements would be able to indulge in at their leisure during the days to follow.

Across the narrow neck of river from the Fort, Playgreen Cemetery inclines gently to the lake. There, weather-beaten marble and granite tombstones mark the last resting-places of many Hudson's Bay Company officers and servants and tell a story of other days.

Three miles across the never-ending, ever-changing beauties of Little Playgreen Lake, with its panorama of thirty rocky but well-wooded islands, many of which shelter the homes of settlers, gov-

ernment officials and local residents, the village of Rossville, the pioneer settlement of Northern Manitoba's missionary enterprises, sequesters.

Today Rossville is a busy little community, with a mission farm, hospital, church, schools and trading stores, while half a mile across the water from Rossville, on the island nearest to it, a station of the

Royal Canadian Air Force adds to the idea of activity.

The native population of the district are mostly descended from Cree Indian stock and, in the main, are a fine type, medium in stature being nicely

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Rossville Mission
Site of Rev. James Evans' church in foreground



"Not And you ain't no honoured guest, neither, Thomas snapped, 'Get out.'"

A Pair of Moose Horns

By Frank Miell

Illustrated by Phile Surrey

OUT in the Rocky foothills, almost as far west as the survey line which marks the boundary of the Eau Claire Forest Reserve, there stands a small log shack, with high stove-pipe aslant at a rakish angle. Neat and tidy is this shack, set on the edge of a small poplar island in the midst of piney woods. A busy streamlet winds its babbling course almost at the back door; the exactly square garden patch and a few acres of clearing are encompassed by a pine rail-fence.

You will recognize this shack by the pair of enormous—prodigious—moose-horns tacked over the wee gable verandah by which you enter.

One balmy evening, two summers back, a stranger, struck by the size of the moose-horns, reined in his horse to get a better view.

As he stopped, he became aware of voices in violent altercation; querulous, high-pitched old voices. The door burst open and an old white-bearded rough-neck stumbled forth; a gnarled old ancient with blazing eyes, and clenched fist. He had a loose bundle of blankets over one shoulder, and was trailing a heavy rifle.

He trudged about twenty paces from the shack and then turned to shake a palsied fist and hurl forth a final lurid burst of profanity at the angry old counterpart of himself, who now danced about excitedly in the doorway.

"You double-twisted, evaporated old misbegotten son of—"

He stopped suddenly, his eyes on the moose-horns. His hand unclenched, fell to his side, his eyes lost their blaze of unrestrained anger. He listened meekly to the tirade from the old chap in the doorway.

"Never again do you set foot in this 'ouse, you lazy old codger. I've stood all—"

He, too, became suddenly silent, his eyes aloft, gazing at the moose-horns.

"Guess I'll go and fix that bit of west fence," the voice of the first old man was as gentle as formerly it was bellicose.

The second "ancient" wiped a hand across his eyes. "Better leave it for a while, Danny," he said quietly. "I'll 'ave supper ready in two shakes."

And, the stranger wondered.

WHEN Thomas Postlethwaite came to the West, he had all the normal English prejudices against "foreigners," and a few more of his own; for at sixty a man's mind is firmly set. His son, Charlie, had filed on a bush homestead adjoining that of Elmer Adams, a recently-arrived Oregonian.

Old Thomas arrived by the same train as Daniel E., father of Elmer Adams. They were met by the

two boys, and travelled out the seventy-mile, three-day trip to the homesteads together, camping on the way. To Thomas, straight from a civilization where men spoke and behaved fairly politely, the language and general uncouthness of Daniel came as a decided shock. On the other hand, the uselessness of Thomas in all matters pertaining to every-day existence in the West, aroused in the pioneer-raised Daniel a resentment that amounted to disgust. Before they parted at the end of the third day, each felt for the other an unutterable contempt which they made abundantly plain.

In the years that followed, Thomas lost a deal of his "polish," accent, and general uselessness. His ear grew accustomed to the careless, godless phrases of unrestrained men. He became an ardent gardener, a useful cook, an excellent "housemaid."

The sight of Daniel Adams, however, still upset his mental balance, and the two could not exchange a few words together before one was knocking the States, the other running down England. It became the settlement joke, all conversation ceasing when the two started arguing. As Thomas had a better flow of rhetoric, and Daniel the nimbler wit and more picturesque tongue, things were fairly even.

The boys, Elmer and Charlie, being good pals, enjoyed it every bit as much as the other folk; more, they slyly encouraged it after the manner of youth.

The fall of '14, of historic memory, saw the youth of that settlement sadly depleted. The Call was not unheeded, and together Charlie

and Elmer set forth to Death or Glory, leaving two old fathers both proud and fearful.

The two old men met shortly after the departure, and this time they lasted a little longer before the inevitable quarrel.

It came, however, when Daniel, a trifle misty-eyed, remarked: "Course, it ain't our fight. Elmer's a double-blanked fool to go."

Thomas denied this strongly. "It is our fight," he maintained. "The boys done the right thing."

But Daniel was not to be shaken from his stand. "It'd be a different proposition if them Huns come over here," he replied. "Guess I'd shoulder a rifle with the rest of them, but there ain't no sense at all in them goin' right over there to fight."

Thomas started to explain the tactical situation but was cut short by the other. "Aw, shucks! You'd talk a burro's hind leg off. You know as

much about it as my Aunt Annie's pet bull-frog.

Diplomatic relations were severed right then, and only resumed some weeks later. Thomas, anxious for lack of mail, approached old Daniel timidly.

"Heard from Elmer?" he asked.

A head-shake of negation from Daniel. "Hain't heard from him for more'n three weeks," he said dolefully. "Guess they must-a sailed."

The ice thus broken, it became the custom for the two to ask for and give news of their respective sons. They still argued, but with the news that the boys were in Flanders, in the actual fighting line, the extreme bitterness of their verbal shafts was dulled—they argued more from habit.

Then came a long period of suspense unbroken by personal mail. The newspapers carried glaring headlines of the capture of Vimy Ridge, of the glarious doings of the Canadian corps.

One mail-day two telegrams arrived, one each for Thomas and Daniel. Trembling hands fumbled at the openings; old eyes, blinking back tears, read the fateful messages.

Thomas left the post office in a daze and wandered aimlessly towards home. Faltering footsteps drew near, and the broken voice of Daniel addressed him.

"Charlie?"

Thomas turned his head away. "Killed in action," he whispered. "Elmer?"

"Gone too," was the mumbled reply.

Two old hands somehow met in a grasp of mutual sympathy; they walked together in silence.

AFTER the first shock had passed, Thomas and Daniel contracted the hitherto unknown habit of visiting each other and talking without argument; talking about the boys they had lost, about their own few remaining years.

Old Daniel was visiting one evening when a heavy storm arose. "Stay the night," Thomas urged. "It's a dirty night, an' I get lonely, 'ere by myself."

A return to his own comfortless shack in the driving torrent did not appeal to Daniel. "Thanks, Thomas," replied he. "Believe I'd like to."

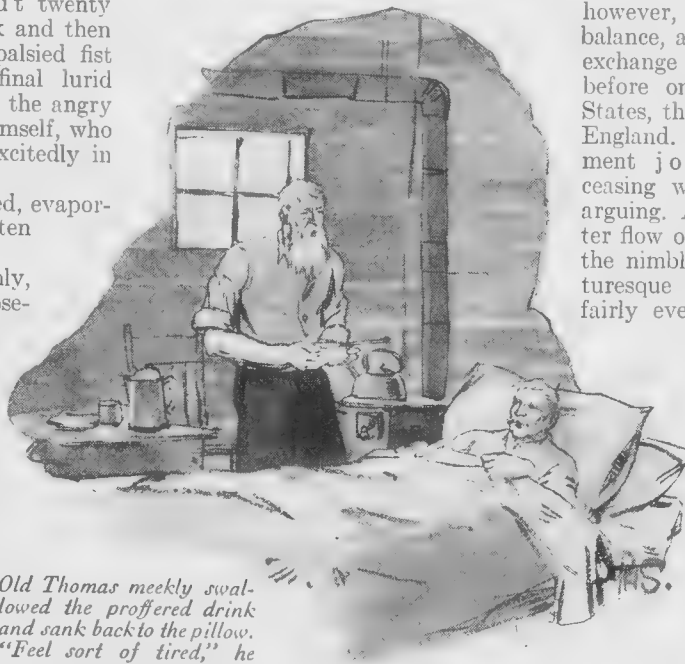
That was the start of a partnership doomed—said the settlement—to early and sure disaster. It seemed at first as if the settlement was a good prophet. With the constant companionship, the casual habits of Daniel first distressed, then peevish Thomas.

Thomas, as clean as a woman around the house, was the worker; Daniel, quite the reverse, was an amiable drone. Old Daniel loved to roam the hills and forests with rifle and fish-line, while Thomas dared not venture out of sight of the shack for fear of getting lost. Yet it was Daniel who kept the continual supply of food going, for Danny had money enough and the little farm did not produce enough for the two old men.

The arguments re-started, became more bitter, and matters came to a head in the fall. Thomas was working as hard as he was able to get the potato crop under cover before the frost. There was still more than half the crop to dig, and the two, working steadily, might have finished in the day.

After Thomas had prepared the breakfast, he called his partner. "Daniel. Breakfast is ready."

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Old Thomas meekly swallowed the proffered drink and sank back to the pillow. "Feel sort of tired," he murmured weakly.

The New Day



ISABEL wondered if Bob would go with her. For some reasons, she almost hoped he wouldn't. And then, when the idea of making a public appearance before his Rotary Club as a successful author was visualized in her mind, she knew that in all conscience and decency he should be in the audience.

They had gone out so little for the last two or three years, that Isabel was conscious there was some criticism and she suspected rumors, to the effect that they were not hitting it off very well together these days.

She knew perfectly well that she could address those men and move them to laughter or to tears as she had been able to do with a number of large audiences of late—provided Bob was not present. But she was not at all sure of herself, if those quiet, piercing eyes of his were to be upon her. She even felt panicky as she thought of it—and it would be terrible to be stage-struck—and among the home folks at that!

Isabel went about the day's work in a decidedly absent-minded manner. She was glad to be alone. There was lunch to prepare for Junior and Suzette, who would be home from school at noon. The little maid by the day—or part day, would be in at four o'clock to prepare dinner. But she was not very capable, and so Isabel had to prepare the dessert and to get things as nearly ready as she could.

Once or twice it struck her as peculiar that she was so happy to be alone on this day of days which really marked the triumph of her life. Isabel had always enjoyed a crowd. From her childhood, she loved to have a group of youngsters about her, and she was always the life of the party.

It was the same way when she grew up, and so everybody was surprised when she married Bob Fenton. He was just the opposite—quiet, taciturn, and sometimes a little morose. But Bob was a man's man. The men of the Club liked him, and he was forging ahead in his engineering profession.

The young couple had started in a modest little home and were ecstatically happy—until Bob began to spend so many evenings away. Isabel didn't have the slightest worry that there was any other woman in the case, for there was never a time when she couldn't have put her finger on him. Just the same she had become conscious of being restless and unhappy for a long time, for somehow she had the idea that Bob—her Bob, was failing her. Perhaps it was this sense of disappointment, of a desire to reach out and beyond their narrow life which had made her take up her pen. Anyway, she had always wanted to!

She tried to make part of this clear to him, and

As the sound of his footstep went down the walk, she laid her head on her arm and the hot tears came freely

he had insisted that she be the guest of honor as she had brought publicity and credit to their town. She had never spoken before Bob and it was not going to be easy.

Isabel took unusual pleasure in laying out the beautiful silver and lavender gown which she had purchased for the evening. It was long since she had had anything so lovely as this, and so complete in all its accessories. The checks which were beginning to come in from the royalties on her book, were going to make such a difference in their lives. She could not control a certain nervousness as evening drew near.

Bob came home without any remarks, began to make preparations for the evening—although he had not attended at all regularly lately. The affair was the big event of the club winter—Ladies' Night, and Isabel and Bob found a gay scene awaiting them.

The evident admiration and deference of the other men and women whom she met reassured her. Her investment of time and study and hard work was already paying dividends. It was indeed gratifying to know that so many had read her book and had caught the message of it. She knew that Bob had started to read it but as far as she knew, he had never finished it. There were times she resented this bitterly. It was so chilling to live with one so obviously indifferent.

When the banquet was finished and the usual pleasantries over, Isabel found herself upon her feet, and somehow she had a curious sensation of floating off through space and of not being in the least afraid of anyone or anything.

It was only a few moments before she knew that she had her audience with her, and that they were hanging on her every word and catching the subtle witticisms with which she had interlarded her remarks. She closed amidst deafening applause and she had the happy consciousness of knowing that her town and her townspeople were proud and even fond of her, and that in spite of the quiet life which she had led, she held a large place in their hearts.

Among those who crowded round to congratulate her, she noticed that one was missing—and that was Bob. But this didn't hurt—except remotely, for there was so much to take the place of his approval. She was quite happy, for after all, life was good. He could grouch on the side-lines of life if he liked!

The only thing that Bob said was when they reached home, and then he remarked casually:

"I was rather proud of you tonight, Isabel, for there wasn't a man there whose wife could have done any better, and I doubt if a single one could have done half as well."

That was a lot for him to say, and she knew that he meant it.

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By Emma Gary Wallace

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

usually he listened silently. Sometimes he retorted impatiently that this was foolish, the loneliness idea, for they would get terribly tired of each other if the ropes were kept so taut throughout the years ahead. At other times, he told her almost savagely to go ahead and see what she could do—and she had!

Isabel was much too bright to harp on the same chord constantly. She scorned the advice of her best girl friend to make him jealous by flirting openly with other men. That was quite too cheap. She had given up a fine position and the prospects of a career to marry him, and if it hadn't been for the children, she would have taken it up again.

Once in a while, to be sure, he went out with her in the evening, but he hated getting into formal dress and he didn't enjoy music and the drama. So they had drifted farther and farther apart. He was a splendid provider and thrifty to a degree in looking out for the future.

Isabel saw less and less of her friends, and today as she studied the address she was going to give in the evening, she felt she had been left on the side lines in spite of her success in literature. This had been the only door open to her and she had followed inclination and entered it. She could write while the children slept and Bob sought other interests. And into her writings had gone the ache and longings and aspirations of an intense, enthusiastic, and joy-loving nature.

Recognition and appreciation gave her something to be sure, and helped to fill the gap in her life. But it hurt that Bob had never been interested, and she felt that possibly—probably—he was a bit anxious about her appearance before his associates and friends that evening. Well, why should he be? Except for saving his own face, she doubted if he cared—much.

The President of Rotary was an old friend and

Extra Muros

A Comedy of the Campus

By E. G. Bayne



"I was so tickled at hearing his blessed old voice again that I sat there making dabs and splotches all over the wall-paper and never knew it.

BEING engaged to a terribly highbrow person is a very strenuous experience. You've no idea—until you've tried it. Of course Arthur and I are very much in love and aren't really happy away from each other—we count the hours and even the minutes till we meet—so you see it's absolutely the genuine thing, which is something in these casual times. And we're going to be married at high noon on Wednesday, August first, that is, providing Arthur doesn't forget to go to the church. That well known saying: "Art is long, and time is fleeting," might have been written with him in mind.

Now, we've had quite a number of little—I was going to say quarrels, but let's call them misunderstandings. And mostly all of them over this very failing of his. It means, I suppose, that we're beginning to get a line on each other's main faults, which is a very good thing to do before the important ceremony, don't you think? Arthur's chief fault is absent-mindedness, and mine is impatience. I just can't seem to wait for things or people, while he apparently will wait forever and perhaps forget about them altogether. Out of these divergent points of view have arisen all our little differences. However, I take three-quarters of the blame my-

self (though only to myself, you understand—I'm not going to start any door-mat stuff, believe me!) because I feel that in view of Arthur's genius all things should be forgiven him. He truly is a *Marvel*.

But let me introduce him properly. His full name is Arthur Wiley Lawrence Benson, and he's the youngest and cleverest don at the University. He has been around the world twice, once on a lecture tour, and has written four books, although he is only twenty-six. They are said to be very clever books. (They must be. I can't understand a word of them!) And in spite of all he knows he's most awfully good looking. Not sheikish, you know, but just nice. He's a fine athlete too when he takes time for that kind of thing and he always keeps fit because his mother sees to that. He lives with her and they idolize each other.

Now although he is aware that my intellect is of the circumscribed variety and that at best I've got only a one-cylinder, single-action brain, he never patronizes me. He *likes* me. It's quite incredible, of course, but at the same time deliciously true. He likes me in spite of the fact that I don't know a logarithm from a load of T.N.T. He defers to me a lot. I'm afraid I'm not one of these solid people, if you know what I mean. For I like the desserts of life rather than the meat-and-potatoes course. I'm just plain frivolous at times. And Arthur, the old pet, will cheerfully take me to see "Nightie-Night" or "The Cat's Pyjamas," and never allow the least hint of boredom to escape him. On the other hand he sometimes forgets and asks me to attend some perfectly stifling old lecture with him and then I'm anything but successful at keeping back the yawns, although I try to appear intelligent and not fall into a coma. Arthur's idea of a *real treat* is to go and hear Professor Walsingham-Crowe lecture on Friday afternoons in the Physics Building.

WELL to begin at the beginning, we'd had one of our misunderstandings and I had wept and accused him of not loving me any more because he had failed to keep an important appointment with me at a certain tea-room where we often eat cosy little Bohemian luncheons. The poor boy had *forgotten*, of course. I might have known and had sense enough to make allowances, only that I was so mad. After you've sat and waited and waited and waited—however, let that pass. Certain it is that I'll have to get used to being the wife of an absent-minded professor and there's nothing like practice. Arthur really isn't accountable. He ought to have a keeper or something. The excuse he made was that he'd got into a most absorbing conversation with some interesting (to him) old fossil and they'd spent all afternoon in the Geological Room arguing some abstruse point in mediæval archæology or metaphysics or ancient history, I forget what or which.

You can understand how perfectly thrilled I was, though not letting on right away, when suddenly the 'phone in my little apartment rang and it was Arthur at the other end of the wire—after ten whole days of the most ghastly and oppressing silence! His voice wasn't at all chirpy but quite properly humble, and characteristically he began abruptly.

No preambles for him—he always broke right into his subject. Like the occasion when he proposed to me. It was up at camp and we had just fallen out of the canoe—however, I digress, don't I?

I was so tickled at hearing his blessed old voice again that he had to speak twice before I paid any attention to what he was trying to say. I had carried my paint-brush to the 'phone and I stood there

making dabs and splotches all over the wall-paper and never knowing.

"Have you heard 'The Origin of the Later Palæolithic Theory as Related to Metaphysical Phenomena'?" he inquired eagerly.

"Related to *which*?" I yammered, my heart doing loop-the-loops. He repeated it.

"It's said to be a wonderful lecture——"

"What was that again?" I suggested, dumbly. For still I was hearing only his voice, not any words at all.

"I say, it's said to be wonderful!" Arthur's tone I now perceived was full of enthusiasm—so much so in fact that the telephone did hiccoughs into my ear. I swallowed hard.

"I guess I haven't got that one on my phonograph," I said regretfully. "Is it a double-disc? Or maybe——"

"No, no, it's not a record—it's a lecture," he hastened to explain, with his usual patience. "By Professor Walsingham-Crowe, dear."

"Oh, yes," I said, *sans* enthusiasm, but politely.



"I dropped into a seat at the rear between a thin sad looking man with longish hair, and a woman who wore owl glasses and a man's hat.

"You shouldn't miss it. Unfortunately I have lectures right up till four or I'd go and get you, but you can find your way all right, can't you? Meet me at quarter-past four."

"Have I ever failed to meet you or keep an appointment?" I couldn't resist countering, though I spoke as gently as possible.

"Now, dear, why rake that up? We all make errors. Be at the Physics Building at four-fifteen. You'll never regret it."

My eye wandered to an unfinished sepia on my easel. I had promised it to an editor for four o'clock. But—darn the editors!

"All rightie," I said, "I'll be there."

You perceive that I had hesitated a suitable length of time. After all, I, too, am a busy person in my way.

"Fine," returned Arthur, "I knew you would."

"Oh, you did, did you?" I said, but only to myself. Aloud I spoke coolly: "Will you be *absolutely prompt*, Mr. Benson?"

"You just watch me Miss Langley," he retorted, and then we both laughed, for we'd dropped the Miss and Mister stuff ages ago.

"Now listen, little Model-of-punctuality," he went on, "I think I'm to have the opportunity of a world-trip with the Prof. and in due time a certain Chair I've had my eye on. What say to *that*?"

"Whoops!" I said, with such vigor that the cat jumped.

For you can imagine how perfectly hopeless, not to say asinine, it is for a small-pay don and a grubbing little artist to even *contemplate* matrimony and only for the thought of that chair in the offing—

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"And then, the first thing I knew I was telling that nice old gentleman all about my misadventures in the hall of learning.



"Haasji Van Meiris, don't tell me you're moping on a day like this," he teased

JOHANN LIND

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by J. F. Clymer

LAST INSTALMENT

NEVER such another day at the Van Meiris! Haasji was home again; a Haasji to take your breath away! Golden and gay as ever, but with a sparkle and confidence as dazzling to her proud parents as the new diploma she waved beneath their awed noses. "You should know, Mama, what nonsense they put in my head! Terrible things, such a joy to forget. Ach, so fast as I get me a husband I put them away with the paper in the attic."

"Allemachter! Haasji, with the paper like that you talk of a husband? Right off, like a commoner in a pastry-shop? Peter, you hear? A daughter with learning talks no fitter than the rest. Better, maybe, to learn cheeses and sewing. Little pig! come kiss your mama."

That was not all. The Van Meiris' hadn't only a daughter fine as any lady, but a new house to grace her. Vrouw Van Meiris had come into a little money; Jacob Kriss, God rest him, having left his sister the modest savings of a lifetime. And, to what better purpose could one spend such money than making over the old home for a pretty daughter?

Haasji flew about like a happy bird. Such a lovely "hofje," now would you believe it? All the tarpaper covered with bright shingles and a fireplace in the new room to boot! Such a joy for one small family. It wasn't right, said Haasji; they would have to give a party and invite the little Russians. Every one, and make them all cakes with caraway and white raisins!

The Van Meiris' with a living-room so like a picture! Ach, yes, braided rag mats on the shining floor; the good Holland table by the low window and the high-backed chairs standing round so proudly. But what was this? A desk? A mahogany desk, with fine carved legs, for her very own? Ach, so much joy was like God's sunshine! To the

utter delight of her sensible, stolid parents, Haasji flew from one to the other, a whirlwind of caresses and foolish endearments. Allemachter! Vrouw Van Meiris turned moist eyes on Peter, and Peter, comprehending, blew his nose loudly. What fools they were to have dreaded change in Jongevrouw Haasji!

After supper when the dishes were put away and Peter was finishing the chores Haasji be-thought her of the cedar chest she had brought from Saskatoon. "Make a wish, Mama, before I open it. Quick! a husband with black eyes, and babies sweet as buttercups. Quick, Mama, while I turn the key!"

Vrouw Van Meiris made the wish, laughingly shaking an admonishing finger. "Haasji! A wish like that you should make in silence. A husband with black eyes . . ." Vrouw Van Meiris leaned forward suddenly, worried wrinkles on her broad brows. . . . "What for black eyes?"

Haasji, pretending not to hear, flung a set of table napkins, delicately embroidered, into her mother's lap. "All those horrid holes, Mama, in one winter—with chemistry besides. And look, twenty-four towels for the face, and more for the bath."

"What for black eyes, Haasji?" the good Vrouw insisted. "Ach! she hides from me behind a towel."

"Five tea-cloths, seven runners, six pairs of sheets, pure linen," continued the mischief methodically.

"Haasji Van Meiris! When your mama speaks is it nice to wave a sheet in the face and say nothing? Black eyes! Tch! you should not trust them, neen, even that Johann how queer he acts."

The laughter faded from Haasji's eyes, playfulness falling away like a garment. "How, queer?" she demanded, almost sharply.

"You didn't hear? She didn't tell you?"

Haasji gripped the cedar chest with both small hands. "Didn't hear what? Mama, so much riddles makes a madness in me!"

Vrouw Van Meiris frowned. "Sure, yes, so too said poor Vrouw Boen. A thing like that you wouldn't believe after what she did for him."

Haasji's gold-flecked eyes literally snapped fire and, jumping to her feet she whirled on her astonished parent. "Min Heer has done something wrong? Something dreadful? Ach, where is he? I must find him . . . I must find him to say I don't believe it." She stamped her foot in childish anger. "Neen, not a word of it!"

"Haasji Van Meiris! Haasji . . ." Vrouw Van Meiris was startled out of all composure by the look in her daughter's face. "Little dear one, listen to Mama—wait till you hear. It is not so dreadful, maybe, to steal a bride sometimes . . . but from a brother . . . and to marry like that without warning and no little cakes! Sure, but . . . Haasji, Haasji, Allemachter, what is it? Little pig!—come to Mama."

But Haasji would have nothing of clumsy sympathy. "He is married?" she repeated slowly, all the shine and glitter and gold of her dulled for the moment. "Min Heer is married? Ach, well—that is as it should be. But stealing? I do not understand . . . Min Heer is married—to Eli?"

Vrouw Van Meiris frowned more darkly. "Sure, yes. In the winter we don't believe it—neen, that Eli just runs to her sweetheart and Johann goes to work—but see how he fools us? A week now they are married. Ach, what a business! Vrouw Boen can't ever forgive it only that Eli is so sick."

Min Heer Johann was married to Eli Berg. Haasji wondered how she could receive that death's

head intelligence and still live. Min Heer of the laughing eyes and eagle-pride coveting Eli Berg . . . little weepy, spineless Eli Berg! But what was that of talk, and forgiving? They dared to criticize; to slander—to talk of forgiving Min Heer Johann Lind?

Sword-sharp came the cutting thought that she herself had been instrumental in bringing this to pass. Allemachter, yes! Hadn't she given the little sponge money for her ticket? Ach, she wanted to rage and scream but the tongue clove to her mouth and words, like mad buzzards, sailed round and round in her head. She had helped to destroy him, her so dear Min Heer, — finished what the cold-eyed Sheila began by her meanness!

Anger done, one thought alone remained. Let others all desert him, he'd find her loyal still — ach, yes, though the heart of her died ten deaths. Never before so true a descendant of staunch Flemish Burgers Haasji faced her troubled mother. "You believe it, Mama? Such lies of Min Heer? You believe he — he—took that Eli just because she was Andre's . . . you believe he did it to make pain for Vrouw Boen?"

Vrouw Van Meiris groaned. "Haasji — little dear one, have sense. To see, is it not to believe?"

Haasji's amber eyes encountered the "hope-chest." Cheeks flaming, she slammed the lid, pushing it from her in angry distaste. "Neen, Mama. Min Heer is my friend . . . I do not see—and cannot believe."

Brave words. Yet for all that Haasji felt like bolting when, early next morning Dame Helga was seen hurrying towards the house. Vrouw Van Meiris, wrestling with a sore suspicion, burst out nervously: "That friend business, Haasji, don't let it make unkindness for poor Vrouw Boen. Already she got troubles enough. Min Heer Andre writing grief from a broken heart and—that—that other giving only grunt and grin to explain what nobody understands."

Good Vrouw Van Meiris might have spared her warning. Helga sensed nothing new, or strange, in Haasji except the added womanliness on which she commented in true Scandinavian fashion. "Nu, da, I see you're no longer a little girl to fetch milk, friend Van Meiris. Herre Gud, how time flies. But a pretty young lady isn't so bad—if you watch her, huisvrouw."

Mrs. Van Meiris, smiling blandly, offered a chair beside the new fireplace. "We watch her, you bet—so much learning mustn't waste. Neen, my Haasji knows better. Already she got promise to teach in Olden."

Helga heaved a sigh, doubting for the moment, the greater blessing of sons. Certainly young Haasji was a comfort to her parents. But, she mustn't tarry. "Vrouw Van Meiris," she began, going straight to the heart of her errand, "what to do I don't know. That Eli cries for her mama—'Mother, Mother,' all the time, like a child and no bride whatever! God forbid I should keep Lena from the house in sickness. But, welcome or not, the poor thing can't come near death with fever and a broken leg."

"And you dread telling Eli," interpolated Haasji. "Herre Gud, you should see her! So little and thin, and a heart like a dry leaf the least wind could whirl away. To tell her such a thing—"

"Min Heer Johann, cannot comfort her?" Haasji couldn't check the words though her face flared red at sound of them.

Helga looked surprised, and just a bit shocked. Sneers from Haasji Van Meiris? And, complex mortal that she was, a simmering of resentment stirred in her heart. After all that Johann had done Haasji, or the Jensens, or the Beckers; or any of them, for that matter. Now she thought of it, what had he done worse than that heady Sheila, trampling a man's faith for silly jealousy! Ja, after that, what could you expect of Johann Lind?

She tried to speak with dignity. "Nu, da, Haasji, Johann can't comfort away a weak heart. What kindness can, we do for her."

Vastly ashamed of herself, Haasji flung penitent arms around Helga's neck, kissing her old friend soundly. "Look, now, Vrouw Boen," she promised brightly, "this very day I go to see that so comfortless Eli. You shall see what a way I have with brides."

Nevertheless it was Haasji of lagging step and heavy heart followed the familiar paths to Min Heer Johann's flax-field that afternoon. Min Heer's flax-field! How she had hated yesteryear's flowers—so azure-blue like the eyes of Sheila Patrick. More fool she to have placed her hate so unjustly . . . a flax-field couldn't remain a barrier forever!

Disheartedly she marked the new growth springing up tender and softly green, a shimmering carpet for fairy feet. Min Heer's flax-field—but what was that? Voices, loud, boisterous, coming in crude chorus from the road beyond. Ach, that cracked falsetto was surely Hans Becker's contribution—

what had he to say, the lumbering Dutchman? "Sure, that's the how, I tell you—" She could distinguish the words now, plainly, "—it's Andre's land he's after. Losing the girl he don't come back — damn smart that Johann Lind."

Haasji's face crimsoned, her amber eyes points of flame. Just wait till that Hans Becker came calling at the house! She'd make his dull wits labor! Completely immersed in thoughts of high revenge Haasji failed to see the tall figure looming statue-clear in the poplar bluff until his laugh betrayed him. Ach, it was awful to have a heart as thumpety as rabbits. He made in her a scare, sure, yes, and a big madness — laughing like that . . . Laughing—with a face granite-grim and the dear black eyes empty darkness! She ran to him blindly, little hands welcoming, a world of sympathy in her sweet eyes.

"Oh, Min Heer, do not hear—do not heed, the devil has them by the ears!"

He stood so still, looked at her so strangely, a queer fire flashing across his rigid face that earth and sky, and all between grew hopelessly jumbled. "Min Heer, you are not glad . . . have no welcome—for little Haasji, the so funny Dutch kid?"

Even then he said nothing; could say nothing—the heart of him prometheus-bound. Never so much a Lind he watched her coldly, not the least sweet detail failing to lodge, arrow-sharp, in his breast. Haasji Van Meiris, the gay, the golden, the consummation of a thousand dreams; discovered too late! "Min Heer . . . Min Heer!"

Words worse than useless; the Lind laughter, low, steel-edged, came to his aid. "Haasji Van Meiris," he mocked her, "you should know to jump a defenceless man like that is to make a madness in him."

That was better. Haasji flung up her golden head, retorting gaily: "Sure, yes, a slow tongue, Min Heer, makes a good Dutchman. But look, my mama would tell you Haasji Van Meiris gets to be a bluestocking—would you prefer the Canadian edition, Mr. Lind?"

"Heaven forbid! Keep the bluestocking for better company."

That much accomplished, why must they fall as glum as gloom again? Where the sallies so habitual to her merry lips? And Min Heer . . . Min Heer didn't even laugh; stared, instead, straight before him with the frozen gaze of eagles.

Rounding the bluff, Haasji's eyes hardened. Ach, what was that making strange the Boen house? A new porch, canvas-shuttered against the wind, running like a white grin across the face of it. Faintly she put her query: "You have builded, Min Heer?"

His voice bit deep and ruthlessly: "What you see is a sun-porch—for my wife. She's tubercular . . . so they say."

Whereat Haasji, kindest of beings, was sorely tempted to laugh. Min Heer flung that terrible truth at her like a bad boy flings cherry stones. And, paradoxically, her heart melted towards Eli. Poor Eli the comfortless! "I'm sorry, Min Heer, for that . . . and, sorry to forget my manners. But yes, you should know I wish you joy, Johann Lind."

Just an instant, the smile she loved best to

remember lighted his eyes. "And I—hope you'll be kind," he told her, "Eli needs a friend, Haasji Van Meiris."

THEY were near the gate now; a moment more and the Johann she had treasured was hers no more. Ach, before she relinquished all to Eli she must make him understand. She caught his arm as he bent for the latch, a glow in her face he never forgot. "Johann, I—that is—you should know it makes no difference . . . that talk, that so big foolishness! Neen, neen. To me Johann Lind is —Johann Lind forever!"

What could he say? What dared he say, bound to a fate dark as Helia, and to what purpose? Like that other Lind whose rich blood fed his veins he shrugged, eyes mere slits in the cold mask of his face. Then, with swift compelling grace—pledge of that same proud source—he caught and kissed the little hands extended in such selfless devotion. "And there," said he, raising his voice to carry, "you'll see we've planted morning-glories. Eli likes them best of flowers. Eli! Eli, my dear, here's a visitor for you."

Haasji had need of stout Dutch courage to confront an Eli so altered, so pitifully drained of life, and still keep smiling. Allemachter! one glance from those poor despairing eyes and Haasji forgot everything but a friend's need of friendship.

To Johann, watching from the doorway, no sunrise would ever loom so golden as Haasji's swift compassion. "Ach, Eli! You should know better," she cried, flinging strong young arms around the invalid. "Sure, yes, much better. To marry without bridesmaids and little cakes, what could you expect? A bridesmaid cheated, Eli, always gives bad thoughts."

"Sure not!" riposted Haasji, fluffing the pillows and smoothing the counterpane, fussy as a mother.

"Haasji, Haasji . . . I—you don't understand—" "Sure not. Haasji Van Meiris can't understand a thing like that! To get her a man makes a big fuss. Sweet words, sweet cakes. Ach, so much sweetness I can't count in a hurry. . . ."

Like sparkling spring waters Haasji's cheerful nonsense flowed on. No end of things to say; so little time to say it—no good for Eli to interrupt! Ach, no. A girl who cheated friends of throwing rice and goodluck shoes must take her punishment silently. She'd have nothing of explanations. Neen, neen! what was there to say? A hundred thousand words wouldn't make her less the wife of Min Heer Johann. Sure not. And what was needed then beside.

Deeply, sincerely, Eli longed to confess the truth, but what could a feeble spirit offer in face of such perverted cheerfulness? She knew herself an impostor, the innocent cause of bitter misunderstanding, and, more punitive still, couldn't escape the feeling of somehow having betrayed Haasji Van Meiris also. "Oh, Haasji, please listen," she beseeched the resolute comforter. "Johann, make her listen . . . Tell her the truth."

Instantly she regretted the words. Lost in perplexity she had failed to see how Haasji's gaiety affected him—Dear God, she'd gladly die to wipe away that hard misery set like a brand upon his brow. Perhaps she bared her heart in the look she flung him. He shrugged; the smooth depth of his laughter a comfort, for all it amazed her. "Tell her which truth, my dear? That you were a fool to accept a good-for-nothing, or I in luck to get so sweet a wife?"

"Johann! Johann—"

"Ach! out on you both," cried Haasji, deep crimson staining the white of her firm white cheeks. "Min heer, get in the house and tell Vrouw Boen to set one more plate for supper. That so dear sweet wife needs much advice, you bet."

But when he was gone she sat quite still a long moment; her eyes, that knew no dissembling, fixed defiantly on space. Poor Eli, helpless witness, won-

dered again why Fate had cast her in such cruel roles. Loving Tess she had brought a gift of doubt. Loving Haasji . . . No, no! Dear God, she mustn't even think it! "Haasji, dearest Haasji," she cried out, like a child in pain. "It won't be long! I—oh, I'm not caring—indeed I'm not! But the Winnipeg doctor told me I'd never—"

Like a whirlwind Haasji caught her in her arms. "Eli Lind! you should know better. A doctor like

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A truth that came from a million wash-lines

HERE'S a saying that wasn't just "thought up". It came straight from the hearts of the women who use our soap. It is what they tell each other over the washyard fences.

Time and time again they say:

"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha"

And here's why they say it . . .

Because Fels-Naptha brings them *extra help*—the *extra help* of two active cleaners instead of one—naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt remover. Working hand-in-hand they dislodge the dirt and wash it away. They take out even the ground-in grime. They do it without hard rubbing— and that's *extra help* that is well worth having.

Naptha is [the safe, gentle dirt-dissolver used in "dry cleaning". There's plenty in Fels-Naptha. You can smell it. It is mixed with unusually good soap, by the exclusive Fels-Naptha process, to form the golden bar which makes your washing easier.

Fels-Naptha works effectively in washing machine and tub—in hot, cool or lukewarm water or when your clothes are boiled. Fels-Naptha is easy on your hands. And its *extra help* is fine for general housecleaning, too.

Your grocer sells it. Get a 10 bar carton today. When you do your next wash you'll agree with the millions who say, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha".

FELS & CO., Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Come Let Us Read A While

By Sheila Rand

Carlyle's "Monkey"

IT IS a long time since I have experienced such keen enjoyment from reading as I did when I began André Maurois' "Disraeli," translated by Hamish Miles. In truth I was loath to put the book aside and attend to duties. Here is a memoir that is neither over-laden with dates nor made ponderous with facts, nor tedious with quotations. Here is a memoir that is absolutely impartial, not the type of biography that E. T. Raymond produced. One cannot guess from these pages whether Maurois was a Beaconsfieldonian or a Gladstonian. One in fact does not care very much about the political fights; one is so engrossed with the study of a personality that was dominant in an age when many great personalities enriched the England of Victoria's days. I have read many books about Disraeli, but now, for the first time, I feel I know him. I feel that I have been privileged to glimpse beneath the mask that he turned towards the spitefulness of Carlyle, who demanded to know how long John Bull would permit this monkey to jump upon his chest, the mask that he turned towards Gladstone, whose pious furies made him so detestable. I have had this petunia-colored book in my possession only three days, but I have talked Disraeli to one and sundry. In fact, some of my friends have cried for mercy, so insistent have I been upon narrating the most delicious bits in this exquisitely written and perfectly translated memoir.

Since reading the Frenchman's monument to Disraeli, I was moved to take a bus journey to Parliament Square and view with seeing eyes for the first time the English monument to Disraeli. What greater praise could be given to any author than that through him, a Londoner made a special journey to gaze upon a London monument? Just one passage in the book shocked me, not because it revealed something detestable in Disraeli's character, but because it showed me how certain types of journalists lack honesty. There is a page that appears in a prominent Sunday paper written by "A Member of the Aristocracy." He must be unnamed for fear I infringe the laws of libel. A couple of months ago, I think it was, this titled journalist was commenting upon the differences in character of Disraeli the Jew and Gladstone. He narrated the story showing that Disraeli the Jew (he emphasized the race from which Disraeli had sprung), had refused to shake hands with an admirer at a railway station who said that he had voted for him for many years. This society gossip then went on to say that Gladstone, on being approached under similar circumstances, wrung his admirer's hands warmly. I now find that this incident was really not told to the journalist by a friend over dinner or tea or luncheon, as had been implied, but is taken from Maurois' memoir, and, moreover, it is taken absolutely out of its context. Maurois, in order to show how physically broken was Disraeli, how incapable he was to respond to the outside world any more on account of his physical state, mentions this incident. As Maurois tells the story one feels nothing but pity for the great Disraeli, so broken in health, so lonely for the devoted Mary Anne, that he could only look dully at the stranger who wished to shake him by the hand, and say, like a person in a trance, "I do not know you." It is Maurois who goes on to say, and with a touch of malice, that had such a thing happened to Gladstone he would have wrung the supporter's hands with gratitude beaming in his eyes, and would have noted the fact in his diary for the day, a very different complexion from that given by this chit-chat journalist, who doubtless thinks Carlyle a great man for having called Disraeli a monkey.

I remember how impressed I was with the concluding passage in Strachey's "Life of Queen Victoria." I shall never forget this writer's description of the Queen, apparently unconscious, but dreaming of her life as a little girl playing in Kensington Gardens. The concluding chapter of Mauris' "Disraeli" is equally impressive, although written, of course, in an entirely different manner. I think that the last five lines are like a flashlight suddenly illuminating the dark places of this mysterious man, making the motive power of his career clear, and leaving us with the key to a truer understanding of his nature than any other memoir has ever done. Dr. Bell is speaking to Lord Eustace

Cecil, reminding him of the time when they spoke of Disraeli and the Opposition Leader as "The Jew and the Jockey." He then goes on to tell Lord Eustace Cecil that he had passed the statue of Mr. Disraeli in Parliament Square, and found it all covered with flowers. "What!" he had ejaculated, to himself, "They have canonized him as a saint."

"No, comments the biographer, "as a saint, no. Disraeli was very far from being a saint, but perhaps as some old spirit of spring, ever alive, and as a symbol of what can be accomplished in a cold and hostile universe, by a long youthfulness of heart."



West

By L. King Buchanan

*Here are the woods and the hills and the lakes
And here is my red canoe
And the city with all its ills and aches
I'm leaving it all for you
Yes!
I'm leaving 'em all for you!*

*At nightfall, these are the sounds I hear,
The song of the stars in the sky,
The leap and pant of a startled deer,
The campfire curling high.*

*It's me for the rough and virgin green,
Where the timber's old and grand;
With a shack where the water's cold and clean
And a dog to come to your hand.*

*For out in the West the world is young
With the ageless youth of earth;
And to stand where the fringe of time is flung
Is to rise to a second birth.*

*Soft is the moss to the hunter's tread,
And sweet is the air and cool
As you hike it out while the world's abed,
And drink at some sleeping pool.*

*Life's a gift in the open air
Where health is a vital flame;
I'm through with the city's crushed despair,
And I'm for the bigger game.*

*For here are the woods and the lakes and hills,
And here is my red canoe;
I'm done with the city's groans and ills
And leaving 'em all for you
Yes!
I'm leaving 'em all for you!*



For Animal Lovers

THIS book, "Umingmuk of the Barrens," by Francis Dickie, is all about animals, six delightful stories, all with happy endings. There are three about dogs and the others are tales of a musk-ox, which gives its title to the book, a fox and a gopher. I liked them all. Perhaps the first appealed to me most. It is the longest, and the life history of Umingmuk gives the author the opportunity of telling about a country seldom described except by professional explorers. The sparsely inhabited Northern Arctic is known to very few and Mr. Dickie combines a most sympathetic insight into the minds of the fauna living there with a beautiful description of the scenery both in the short summer and the dreary, desolate winter months. I think, now that I know the dwellers among the snows, I will always have a fellow-feeling for these creatures of the Arctic.

Only an animal lover could write as the author does. Huskies and other dogs can always be relied upon to enlist our sympathy, but who would believe that the troubles and anxieties of a musk-ox or a gopher could make one's pulse beat faster and something like a lump come into one's throat. But I assure you that is how I felt.

I have only one little carping criticism to make. Mr. Dickie's name is much more Scotch than Teutonic, yet his style suggests that he acquired it in the Fatherland. Verbs gravitate quite unnecessarily to the end of the sentence and the incessant use of the word "so" before an adjective is almost an obsession with him. "The so short summer," "the so carefully chosen road," "beasts so shaggy"—I counted no fewer than twenty-two such sentences in "one so brief story"!

But, after all, that's a trifle. It is a most interesting book and I believe everyone will enjoy it as much as I did.

Saladin's Time

SOME of you may remember how enthusiastic I was about "Brother Saul" by Donn Byrne. At the time of writing that review I knew nothing of the author and strangely enough, I am not ashamed to say this. I always suspect people who claim to have read every novel published and to know something about every author who has achieved distinguished work. But since reading "Brother Saul" I have made it my business to find out somewhat of the author's life. Donn Byrne, it seems, was born in New York, but in infancy was taken to Ireland, where he spent his childhood in the glens of Antrim. Later on, when he began to write, he returned to America because he could find no market for his work in Ireland. In New York he had a very hard time trying to make a living in what corresponds there to the English Grub Street. He fell in love with an Irish girl and together they faced still harder times. Then Mrs. Donn Byrne wrote a play called "Enter Madam." This was an immediate success and gave them the financial ease that Donn Byrne required in order to be able to produce worth-while work. Since the success of his clever wife, this author has produced a series of remarkable books, "Brother Saul" being the eighth and now "Crusade" for his ninth. "Crusade" did not grip me as "Brother Saul" did. I found it difficult to get absorbed in it, but that is simply because the theme does not appeal to me so strongly. There is the same magnificent, poetic prose and vivid descriptions in "Crusade" as we found in "Brother Saul," only I was much more interested in Paul of Tarshish than I am in O'Neill, one of the Holy Knights of Saladin's time. Donn Byrne is a great Romanticist who without doubt has a power of language quite unique among the foremost literary men of today.

Since writing the above, I have read with regret of the death of this famous author, who was only thirty-nine. He was killed in a motor accident only the day after I had written my review of his latest book.

Love and Hate

WILLA CATHER'S latest publication, "My mortal Enemy," is really a long short story. I do not know if the English and American editions are alike, but the one that I have in my hand now, published by William Heinemann Ltd., consists of only 121 pages with artistic black and white illustrations at the beginning of each chapter, and these pages carry exceptionally bold and beautiful type. Moreover, the margins are generous, so you may guess how short a novel this is. I think it took me an hour and a half to read and now that I have read it, I can tell you nothing about it. I feel if I begin with clumsy pen to try to give away the plot or the inner meaning of this exquisite little pen-painting, I would ruin it. It would be like clumsy fingers rubbing the pollen from the butterfly's wings. Moreover, I am not quite certain that my mind has fully grasped "My Mortal Enemy." At present I think that all my enjoyment has been through the emotions. So please do read this for yourselves. Those of you who are lovers of Willa Cather because of her outstanding ability to use words as nets for the capture of beauty and atmosphere will not be disappointed in this, her latest publication.



"The Golden Turban" hangs in a notable private collection

*Go, fashion me with jewell'd gold,
With coral pink and ivory white
And delicate as the tints that hold
Lily and rose by pale moonlight,—
Go, fashion me with loving care
And all the skill that art can bring
A figure of my Lady fair,—
A gossamer and dainty thing.*

—from a poem
dedicated to Lady Lavery

LADY LAVERY

Subject of Celebrated Paintings

The greatest beauty since Lady Hamilton

RED-GOLD Titian hair crowning a lovely Grecian head, like a torrent of sunshine enveloping some exquisite flower; great amber eyes; ivory skin, "... delicate as the tints that hold lily and rose by pale moonlight,"—this is the wondrous beauty of Lady Lavery. Beauty which vividly attests that life has its masterpieces just as music has, or sculpture, or painting.

The wife of Sir John Lavery, the internationally known British painter, Lady Lavery is the inspiration of many of his portraits which hang in the famous galleries of Europe.

Such beauty as Lady Lavery's gives so much to the world. To the artist—inspiration; to life—color and romance. And nothing contributes to this precious quality more delicately—more elusively than the exquisite beauty of her lovely skin.

Knowing well the irresistible charm of her "lily and rose" complexion, Lady Lavery has considered—perhaps more than most women—the art of cultivating a beautiful skin.

ABOVE everything—she believes in a simple method of care. "For, after all," she told us with knowing conviction, "the secret of a lovely skin lies in keeping it clean. My formula is a simple one. I always use Pond's! The Cold Cream, the fine silky cleansing Tissues, a dash of the Skin Freshener, then the Vanishing Cream—that is all."

To achieve the same wonderful results which cause Lady Lavery to prefer the Pond's method of care to all others—use the four products daily. Use them together, as she uses them, in the new Pond's way.

FIRST—as always, apply Pond's light and fragrant Cold Cream. Its purifying oils penetrate deep down into the pores, lifting out every particle of dirt.

THEN—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away gently and completely every trace of oil and dust.

NEXT—tone and firm the skin with Pond's Freshener. It closes the pores, leaves your skin refreshed and fine without a trace of oiliness.

LAST—for a final touch of loveliness apply the merest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

JUST one treatment—and your mirror will reflect a new, enchanting loveliness. Daily treatment—and you will see in your own skin that glorious opalescence of youth—that smooth, soft texture you have so often envied in others.



This portrait hangs in the Guildhall Gallery, London



"Hazel in Mauve and Rose," by Sir John Lavery



Utterly enchanting is Lady Lavery's Dressing Table. Its priceless Venetian glass mirror of that wonderfully subtle gray-blue tone hangs above tremulous ruffles of palest pink—like a moonbeam hovering over a rose. On its crystal top stand jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and the Tonic Skin Freshener



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The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Telegraphy, Telephony and Wireless

ARTICLE No. 2.—The second pocket manual of the common commodities and industry series, published by Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 70 Bond St., Toronto, deals with related subjects that are of great interest to many young men—telegraphy, telephony and wireless.

The book, which includes many illustrations and diagrams, is intended as a short general introduction to the three industries or vocations dealing with the electrical transmission of intelligence, which has now assumed such very great importance in intercourse between the peoples of all civilized nations.

These industries are really different branches of the oldest of them, telegraphy, which was commercially born about 1834; the telephone industry commencing about forty-five years later, in 1878-9, and that of wireless in 1904, when an arrangement was made by which the British post offices received messages for transmission by Marconi wireless stations. A somewhat larger share of space in the manual is given to wireless than to the other two sections, as it, no doubt, attracts more general interest at the present time.

In order that the subject matter may be made clearer to the general reader, the first chapter is devoted to introductory remarks and definitions concerning the nature or effects of the imponderable something which is called electricity, and among the matters discussed are frictional electricity, conductors and insulators, electrical current, earth and metallic circuits, magnetism, lines of force, current induction, condensers, and galvanometer.

Negatives and Positives

IN AN article on the psychology of approach, in *The Executive*, Dr. Nellie L. Perkins gave an interesting list of rules and principles of self-control under the headings of negative and positive.

The negatives are:

- Never lose your temper.
- Never get excited.
- Never appear suspicious.
- Never appear to be in a hurry.
- Never use force when any other possibility is open.
- Never antagonize.

The positives are:

- Sincerity.
- Resourcefulness.
- Poise to inspire confidence.
- Cheerfulness.
- Frankness.
- Patience and tact.
- Courtesy. No one can afford to fall below certain levels of courtesy.

The Higher Life

BOOKS on Bible and religious study seem to come without ceasing from the presses of Pickering & Inglis, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland, and many of them are directed to workers who are interested in better methods of religious instruction with small groups, as are many young men in the smaller towns throughout the West.

Among publications recently brought to the attention of the editor are the following:

Mildmay Bible Study Course, Book Four, 96 pages, 35 cents.

The Outlined Romans, with annotated black-board outlines, 104 pages, \$1.

Subjects in Outline, for preachers, students and teachers, 149 pages, 75c.

Seeing the Way, illustrated, 114 scriptural object lessons, \$1.

Bible Student's Companion, a comprehensive dictionary, cyclopædia, and concordance, illustrated, 870 pages, \$1.75.

The Mildmay Bible study course is to be commended for its clear and analytical exposition of many subjects that interest students and teachers.

The Outlined Romans deals in an interesting way with what is admittedly a difficult section of the Bible. The outlines are so arranged that they may be easily set down in notebook form in classes

working out regular courses. Interesting anecdotes bearing upon some of the points outlined are a feature of the book.

It is related of Josiah Wedgwood that when he went the rounds of his great pottery manufactory, he always carried a little hammer, and if his critical eye detected the slightest defect in form or in finish in any of his wares, he would break it, saying, "Only the best is worthy of the name of Josiah Wedgwood."

Another interesting story is related of Dr. A. T. Schofield, a nerve specialist, who wrote: "Some years ago, in the course of a sermon, I heard one sentence that I shall never forget. It is this: The mind casts a shadow just like the body. This is absolutely true, as we all know. As we pass through this world, our mind, our personality, unknown to ourselves, and without any effort or desire, is ever casting shadows for good or evil on all whom we meet."

Subjects in Outline is a pocket manual containing scores of outlined topics, with Bible references, suitable for class leaders who wish to present in concise form the evidence concerning important moral and scriptural subjects.

The Bible Student's Companion would be hard to improve upon as a handy book of reference. It contains hundreds of explanations and commentaries, and quotes extensively portions of scripture to be explained; it gives not only the pronunciation but the meaning of Scripture proper names. The name of each book in the Bible is given, with its meaning, pronunciation, and a clear synopsis of what is known of the writer, date, design and style. It contains also a concordance, based on Cruden's, which will enable the student of Scripture to find almost any word or text in the Old and New Testament. The compiler, William Nicholson, has carried out very successfully his plan of presenting a real workaday companion to the diligent student of the Bible, having the qualities of completeness, correctness and compactness.

What to Study

NO. 5.—Why study mathematics?

In most high schools, algebra and geometry are not elective but required subjects. The student, therefore, has no choice but to take them. Number and quantity relations enter into the thinking of almost all men and women daily. The contractor, engineer, builder, and business man think largely in numbers.

It is the application of mathematics to science that has given us our modern industrial progress. Analytical and graphical treatment of statistics is employed by the economist, the philanthropist, the business expert, the actuary, and even the physician, with very valuable results. How varied is the need of mathematical reasoning is shown by the numerous developments in mathematical directions in other fields, e.g., biometrics, mathematical chemistry, and mathematical physics.

Quantities of money are paid for quantities of goods and services. This is a great practical fact that forces mathematical thinking upon everyone. Surely the power of concentration gained in an alert class in mathematics carries over into many a practical situation in after-life.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 14.—Instrument Maker.

Duties: Under direction to make, maintain, repair and adjust instruments of precision for engineering, observatory, or laboratory use; in some cases to supervise a small staff, and to inspect and pass on work done by contract; and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications required: Primary school, and preferably high school education; three years of experience as instrument maker, grade one, or six years of experience in the construction or repair of instruments of precision; familiarity with the construction, adjustment, and repair of astronomical, electrical, surveying or meteorological instruments; supervisory ability; excellent eyesight; good physical condition.

A Letter From Lincoln

IT HAS been said that the following letter written by Abraham Lincoln to Horace Greely, an editor, is one of the finest pieces of controversial literature ever composed. It has been described as a masterpiece of strength, clarity, economy, sincerity, and dignity. It is recommended to the attention of those who wish to learn something of the art of "sticking to the point" in writing or in debate. Observe how Lincoln insists upon the one great necessity—the saving of the Union:

Dear Sir:

I have just read yours of the 19th instant, addressed to myself through the New York Tribune.

If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them.

If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them.

If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it, in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was."

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere could be free.

Yours, A. LINCOLN.

New Views

WHEN a man refuses to adopt new views simply because they are new, he is standing in the way of progress, but when a man adopts new views simply because they are new, he too may not be making progress.

The wise plan is perhaps to follow Lincoln's statement: "I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views."

Examinations

IT IS not so long since large numbers of students, many of them young men, have completed the writing of examinations on a variety of subjects. There are many who believe, and most students agree with them, that the examination system is overdone, but according to Pitman's Journal of Commercial Education, Sir Josiah Stamp, the eminent economist, thinks that examinations have a wonderful reflex action on character.

Anyone who entered for examinations, he said, had to go through the mill; he had to be systematic in his knowledge; he had to have exactness of expression and to get rid of sloppiness of thought.

Sir Josiah is chairman of the board of directors of a great railway, and believes also that examinations relieve employers from misleading personal judgments and that they are a great boon to modest candidates for positions.

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CONSIDER that these famous Century Hupmobiles have swept all rivalry aside in their advance to record-shattering success;

That now these wonder cars in their new 1929 series, are further refined and improved, with values and features which remove them utterly from comparison, and definitely clinch their volume-leadership in the fine car field.

Consider carefully their amazing prices and you will realize that surely here are the lowest priced deluxe motor cars on the market—merging as never before the qualities of

grace and endurance, fleetness and stamina, beauty of design and thorough-going quality of construction.

Enumerate, if you will, every justly celebrated feature known to the modern motor car, and here you will find them all. Demand the utmost in motoring service, and it will be thrillingly delivered. Again contrast Hupmobile quality and price, and your search

for utmost value is swiftly and convincingly ended. 42 body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, on each line. Six of the Century, \$1800 to \$2190. Century Eight, \$2470 to \$2870. All prices f. o. b. Windsor.



HUPMOBILE
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diapers

may inflame his tender skin if you neglect this precaution . . .

A LITTLE baby's skin is so very sensitive that the slightest irritation causes him discomfort.

Doctors say a painful diaper rash can come from washing diapers with soap containing injurious alkali—no matter whether flakes, chips or cakes. For alkali is very hard to rinse out—it clings to garments and, coming in contact with your baby's sensitive skin, irritates and inflames.

Wash your baby's diapers in Lux. Its tissue-thin, transparent diamonds contain no harmful alkali. A few flakes quickly whip up into marvelously cleansing suds—safe for all clothes that touch your baby's tender skin.

Little woollens love Lux, too. For with Lux there is no rubbing to mat the sensitive woollen fibres and make them shrink. They come out of their gentle Lux bath as soft and downy as when new! Baby's bottles clean and safe washed in Lux! Get the big package, it's so convenient!

Lever Brothers Limited
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L 845

New Beauty for Your Bedrooms

By the Practical Method of Giving Them Fresh Coloring

By Katherine M. Caldwell

THE first hint of the advent of autumn brings our wandering attention within doors. Our houses have done their utmost during the summer to achieve a rather cool informality, a casual, comfortable come-and-go air that accords with the usual semi-nomad life of the summertime.

But at this "bend of the season," we are apt to turn a critical eye on these casual interiors. We begin to realize that we shall soon be spending more time in them. Whether because things need improving or because we have become a little tired of an unchanged effect, we are more than likely to see much we would like to do, many changes we would enjoy making.

And why not? It is quite true that the average person cannot go very deep in changing furnishings, nor would she want to do so, if her earlier choice of important pieces has been carefully made. We expect our furniture, our pictures and the other important parts of our furnishings that we might describe as permanent, to endure themselves to us as time goes on. That is what well-chosen furniture of the right kind will do.

But we enjoy a certain amount of change, particularly change of color. And as a matter of fact, no one thing will so greatly change an entire effect, create a new atmosphere, as a change in the color scheme of a room.

It is perhaps one's own intimate room that presents itself most frequently as a pleasant subject for change. It is here that truly individual ideas can be incorporated in the furnishing, here that new and interesting things can be tried out which might not be acceptable to the entire family. So I am going to suggest the adoption of fresh color schemes for bedrooms—with some thought for the influence of the various colors most likely to be used.

Perhaps in changing your room, you would like to correct a fault. You may have a room with a cold or dull exposure, one which needs brightening, the imitation of sunlight to make up for an absence of the real thing. Or yours may be the opposite problem—a sunny, well-lighted room that has not, under its last treatment, been as restful in effect as you would like to have it. You can temper these natural characteristics by using the right colors.

WE MAKE a broad division of colors into two groups—those which are warm, animated and those which are cool, restful.

To the warm colors belong the yellows—the color of sunshine itself, deepening to orange or paling to a clear, light yellow. Then we have the reds in this same group—such a variety of them; the real reds, crimson, scarlet, cherry color; the red that is tinged with yellow, giving us terra cotta and orange-red; in the other direction we have the rose-red tones, the pinks; and we find the salmon, peach and coral shades charming. If your room has seemed cold and lifeless, you can warm it with some of these colors.

The cool colors are best represented by the blues and the greens. For a room that has carried a restless atmosphere or seemed on the harsh side, the cure frequently lies in revising the color scheme to emphasize these tranquil tones.

We also have that most useful group, the so-called "neutral" colors. Our true neutral is grey; we can give it a touch of warmth by tinging it with pink or yellow or working into the browner shades, champagne, putty and so on. Or we can make our grey very cool by giving it a blue of green cast.

The cream, ivory, parchment and light buff shades we group as a rule in the neutral class, also taupe, the color which of late years has become so dear to the decorator's heart.

These neutral colors are splendid for the walls and in their darker tones, for rugs. One recognizes at once that the smaller masses of color placed against these big expanses, lend themselves more easily to change and we can play up and

down the color scale to our hearts' content, when we have this friendly sort of background.

IT IS only when a new room is to be completely furnished, that one has carte blanche to create an entirely new color scheme. It is most frequently the case that a room that has been in use all along, has some rather important mass of color which must remain—for instance, if the rug is good and cannot be traded off into some other room, it must be taken into consideration in planning the new color scheme; but it is altogether likely that its color can be worked into a harmony entirely different from that of the retiring color scheme. Or perhaps your walls are still in good condition; but remember that if they are papered and you really want to change the color of your background without re-papering, you can have recourse to water paints; you will be able to get

Joy Will Go On

By W. V. Newson

*Never a star fades out in the West,
But a new orb is a-breaking;
Never a Soul goes down to its rest,
But a new Life is a-waking.*

*Why should one grieve at its ebb and flow,
When the tide of life is seething!
What matter if you and I should go,
If children in health are breathing!*

*Beauty and Peace and Love will be here
As they were since Time's beginning;
The face of Joy will ever be near
For some one will aye be winning.*

*If I should die, shall I live some day?
I care not—I live in the giving;
The moment of Now is the only way—
My heart is here with the living.*

any shade you like in a lovely velvety finish, and can apply the water paint to the paper after first giving it a coat of size. If you are going to change your wall-paper, you will find a choice of delightful bedroom papers that has never before been so wide and so fascinating; or if a painted wall is your choice, you will have the pleasure of browsing over color cards to find exactly what you want; it is pleasant to know that unless you have set your mind on some wildly improbable shade, the very thing you want is awaiting your choice—such is the range of paints that are now on the market for the decorator's use.

Returning to the point of changing the color effect without making the best of some important and stationary piece of color—I have a very typical example in mind. The room was furnished not so long ago, by a young girl who had shared it, hitherto, with an older sister whose marriage had left the school-girl in sole possession. Her first enthusiastic outbreak of decorating made the room into a veritable bower of roses; roses rioted over the chintz that hung at the windows and bore a hand in the upholstery; a deep soft rose-colored rug sounded the lowest note in the cheerful clamor, rising gradually to the pale pink of lampshades and accessories.

The youthful owner of the room enjoyed it, of course; there are moments in life, and they may occur at different ages, when only rose color is acceptable; it represents a state of mind; and at the time it is fully satisfying.

But when the desire for a change comes, as it did to my modern little friend, something less ecstatic, less frankly exuberant, is demanded; it is a simple sort of reaction. In this case, it was represented by a swing to the coolest of water-colored greens. The walls were painted the very palest shade;

the bed, chest and desk, no longer approved in their naive white finish, were enamelled a very fine cool green, a little darker than the wall. The new bedspread was tailored in type, and made of one of the rayon fabrics in a still deeper green, a tone that had darkened to reseda; its relief was given by pipings of soft creamy yellow along its scalloped edges. A draped dressing table was skirted with the same yellow-bound green silk. At the windows a striped material showing green shades and the yellow cream, had also a touch of rose, which served as a connecting link with the same soft rose-colored rug that had done duty before. The whole effect is, of course, much more sophisticated today, and is very, very charming.

ANOTHER attractive room for the person who likes green, is worth passing on to you. The choice falls this time on one of the greens which we might describe as "characterful"—say either jade (which is a fascinating color) or a lovely apple-green. It might be used for the furniture, set against plain cream walls, a deep creamy spread for the bed, might be of cotton, crinkle crepe, a net or scrim firm enough not to pull, linen (the non-crush dress linen or the very heavy round-thread linen), even factory cotton of a deep rich tone, kept so when frequent washings threaten to bleach it, by a little eucalypt soap-dye in the rinsing water; or for one who would go into the more expensive fabrics, there is a spread of heavy hand-made linen lace (amazingly cheap, at that!), of taffeta or artificial silk.

Cretonne at the windows—a cream ground with green pattern and touches of an accent color, whatever bright color you choose to bring vivacity into the scheme. With these greens and ivories, clear yellow would be good, or rose of a soft tone. Use it for shades on the lights, for toilet table accessories, a small cushion or two, fittings at a little painted writing table.

Or if you would rather swing to the blues, a green-blue of the robin's-egg family is always interesting; or a clear deep midnight blue for a room of consistent strength of character. Yellow-cream will be a happy combination with one of these blues. Or you might save your egg-blue or peacock for an accent, using it with plenty of warm ivory to good effect. Let us picture the furniture painted ivory in a rich mellow tone, with the blue showing in the interior of the desk and for trim on other pieces; curtains of perhaps two tones of the blue, or a blue and parchment color; a wicker chair lacquered in the blue, with cushions of cream and black blocked linen (which might possibly be used in the curtains too if you prefer); a taupe rug with black border or with a restrained patterning in blue and black would give just the support needed to such a room.

PRINTED fabrics are so completely in command now for all purposes that we have naturally found delightful use for them amongst our furnishings. A charming effect can be gained with a colorful print for curtains, in a room with furniture of walnut or dark maple, especially if the design savors of the old-fashioned. One bright color from the print can be taken for painted bookshelves and a rest-chair of some low quaint design.

A lovely hollyhock rug I saw the other day—quite a large rug and most moderately priced—had tall hollyhocks in their gorgeous natural colors, growing from the border into a plain taupe field. This rug conjured up a delightful picture of a bedroom with light grey walls and woodwork, side curtains of some loose-woven light-weight material of homespun suggestion or perhaps of cotton repp, with applique of hollyhocks. A bedspread of the plain fabric would have binding and several finishing bands in the lovely hollyhock colors; an upholstered chair or chaise longue might select one of these colors for its cover and repeat others of them in loose cushions. I should really like a chance to create that

Continued on page 74



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JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX is the best answer to the problem of preserving the unmarred beauty of your dining table and other fine furniture. Hot dishes and spilled liquids leave no blemish on surfaces protected this sure way. A hard, impenetrable film of lustrous wax, like an invisible glass cover, shields the delicate finish from injury, at the same time heightening its charm.

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Order a bottle of Johnson's Liquid Wax today from your neighborhood grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store. Before you've used half-a-bottle you will number it among the essentials of enlightened, easy home-keeping.



Johnson's Polishing Wax—in either Paste or Liquid form—is a real forward step in the art of home-keeping. It means greater home beauty and economy and decreased hours of housework.

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Another example of Waterman's supreme craftsmanship. Ink will not stain this beautiful Ripple rubber pen. Made with attractive lip-guard and an unequalled patented filling device.

Thousands of fountain pen users are turning to Waterman's Number Seven. They are delighted with the ease with which they can select a pen point that exactly suits their style of writing. You will be, too, if you step into a store and ask the pen clerk to let you try the six Number Seven points and select the one that suits you best.

No matter how you write—forward or back-hand, straight or slanting, thin line or broad line, a **NUMBER SEVEN** will match your style

Why try to suit yourself to a pen point when it is so simple to get a pen point that is made to suit you? The sooner you try Waterman's Number Seven the sooner you will be rewarded with perfect and permanent pen satisfaction.

Use Waterman's INK in Waterman's PENS

Waterman's

cut through even his stupid anger. "Sit you down, Trace Hahn, and shut your mouth. I'll waste no time with ye now." Then she quickly donned her coat and cap and opened the door.

"Come," she commanded, turning to Cordell. The next moment Trace was alone staring at the closed door and listening to the grind of sleigh-runners, quickly lost in the sound of the storm. As his heavy mind grasped what had occurred his anger rose steadily. His huge fists clenched, his sooty eyes smoldered, he swore thickly under his breath. That his mother should under any circumstances go to the aid of his enemy was beyond his comprehension. It was a betrayal, for he hated Cordell as only we hate those whom we have deeply wronged.

"I'll get her," he declared. "I'll bring her back, and if Cordell tries to stop me I'll break his jaw." He reached for his coat. Then came an idea that held motionless his outstretched hand. He would bring his mother back unless—Cordell agreed to withdraw all charges against him! He would then still be "even," and he would not need to "skip the country" leave the region he called home to live a lonely hunted life far back in the vast grim bush—the land of which he was afraid.

AT THE stable he saddled his ribby, rough-haired horse, then muffling his face in a woolen scarf started to buck the storm. He did not expect to overtake his mother and Cordell, knowing, as he did, that a team can travel much faster through soft, deep snow than can a laden saddle-horse. And Cordell's team of rangy sorrels was unusually strong and fast—the best team in the country—for was it not the same that had once belonged to Trace, the pick of all the horses Bill Hahn had raised and traded for and otherwise acquired.

Walking and riding by turns, keeping the trail largely by his familiarity with the bluffs between which it wound, Trace bowed his head and plodded on oblivious to the wind and driving snow so engrossed was he in contemplation of his sudden advantage over his enemy. Cordell would agree to anything he demanded—might even give him the sorrel team. Cordell was crazy about his wife. Little pale-faced, craggy-haired woman. Funny how some men got roped and tied by a woman!

So an hour later he tied his horse to Cordell's hitching rack and passed the unlighted store to a tiny cabin in the rear. A tall, spare woman, Mrs. McRory, answered his knock. She started with surprise if not with actual fright when the lamp-light revealed to her the unmistakable bulk of Trace Hahn.

"What do you want?" she quavered.

"I want to see Cordell."

"But his wife's very sick. Won't tomorrow be all right?"

"I want to see him now," and the uncouth giant stepped through the doorway while the woman retreated readily before him.

It was a two-room cabin and the room Trace entered served all purposes save that of sleeping apartment. From the door of the other room came his mother to get hot water from the stove. She started at sight of him, but overcame her surprise quickly.

"What did you come here for?" she demanded.

"Doin' any good?" he inquired, ignoring her question.

"I don't know!" and the little brown woman was more tense than he had ever before seen her. "Oh, if we only had a doctor! It's not for the likes of me to do all that must be done. We need a doctor bad."

"I want to see Cordell."

"What for?"

"I'll tell ye after I've seen him."

"Sit down then. He'll come when he can," and she hurried on to her duty, Mrs. McRory following eagerly in her wake.

Having completed his survey of the living-room Trace turned in his chair so that he might stare through the open doorway into the bed-chamber. To his stolid unabashed gaze was revealed the face of a woman, white as the pillow on which it lay, and the form of a man kneeling beside the bed. The man raised his head and Trace scarcely knew the face, so graven was it by emotions he had never seen on it, or on any face, before—a mingling of such tenderness and

EVEN

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agony! He saw Cordell's eyes lift, for a moment, as if to Heaven in supplication, then glowing with renewed faith, drop again to the face before him; saw his lips moving—moving, and the wan face smiling bravely from the pillow. He saw a small white hand slip into an engulfing brown one; eyes meet in a look he had no power to comprehend. Yet somehow the shaggy trapper knew he was witnessing a man pour out through his eyes and lips his very soul. Slowly and quite unconsciously he removed his cap.

Then he saw the woman's face tighten, twist grotesquely; saw her hands clutch like talons on Cordell's arms; heard her breath hiss through teeth that bit upon her thin drawn lip. Even so a cry of anguish that to Trace was like the bleat of a back-broken doe escaped her, a cry that was visibly echoed in her husband's face. Yet still his lips moved as though repeating some magic charm which had indeed the power to strengthen and to soothe. When the pain had passed and the faint smile came again to the white marked lips Trace drew a deep breath that trembled strangely as it escaped him. He was amazed to find how tense his muscles were, how tight and dry his throat. He coughed and the sound shocked him as did sometimes the roar of his rifle when it shattered the stillness of the brooding woods. Gradually the unhallowed nature of his presence there oppressed him until on clumsy tip-toe he moved his chair to a position near the outer door.

ALL was silent now save for the snapping of the fire in the kitchen stove, the ticking of the clock and the sough of the wind about the cabin. He fancied he heard whisperings in the other room. Could the woman be dying? Was that poignant cry her last? No, he heard her voice again, low but taut, her words panting-quick:

"Don't—don't leave me Elmer!" Then calmer, as though assured: "Yes, stay close to me—close, and I'll be all right. You help me so!"

Trace Hahn shifted uneasily in his chair. He crossed and uncrossed his feet, fumbled with the fringes of his coat, unbuttoned his shirt-collar which seemed strangely tight and finally rose and opened the outer door. There he stood listening to the moan and shriek of the wind and staring into the night whose black inscrutable face, streaked with snowflakes flashing through the doorway light, gave back no explanation to the unknown urge that stirred within him. For the first time in his life he was witness to the age-old primal struggle of life with death that new life might be, and to love fearlessly championing life in unrelenting fight. He could only sense this—he could not understand. Indeed, he resented that he should in any way be moved, yet the very air of the cabin seemed charged with the potents of this elemental drama and he could not throw off its spell. It penetrated deep into his sluggish soul to some buried vein of compassion inherited from his black-eyed mother, or to some hidden spark of the indomitable fire of Bill Hahn. The sooty eyes of the man who wasn't worth his room began to burn; his heart to thud against his chest. A purpose was forming in his brain. It was not the one that had brought him to the cabin.

He turned suddenly, to face Cordell who had entered the room, summoned by the draft from the open door. Anger and suspicion clouded the anxiety in the storekeeper's blood-shot eyes.

"What are you doing here?" came the demand in low tense tones.

Trace Hahn's eyes did not fall. Nor did he answer.

"Why don't you send to Baynton for a doctor?"

There was a clearness in the giant's voice that even Cordell could not but note, but he replied sharply:

"You ought to know; the Saskatchewan ain't safe to cross. But what is that to you?"

"I'll cross it."

"You!"

The incredulity in Cordell's voice was like a whip-lash to Trace—who had always been rated a man dead to scorn. His hand now fell on Cordell's shoulder with an almost crippling force.

"I mean it! I'll cross the river if you'll let me take your team to bring the doctor back. Do you think so much of those sorrel horses that you're scared to risk 'em on the ice?"

Cordell was speechless an instant.

"Risk!" he exploded. "Good God, I'd risk my life like a penny if Maisie would let me go, but she'll die now if I leave her. And I'll not risk another man's life on that ice—not on such a blinding night as this. Lord help me—if the ice only were safe!"

"Oh, blast you, get out of the way," and Trace Hahn shoved Cordell roughly aside and strode through the doorway. The storekeeper stared after him into the night, his well-grounded suspicions of the thief and coward uppermost in his mind. He would have followed had not a cry from the bed-chamber arrested him.

SHORTLY there came a sound of bells and runners past the cabin. Instantly the mother of Trace Hahn seemed to know all that had occurred and she rushed out bareheaded into the storm.

"Trace, Trace!" she screamed, "there's a hole at the Pipestone Crossing!"

The wind swept away her voice together with the last tinkle of the sleigh-bells in its deep bellow. And throughout the night—that age-long night of pain and toil and watching the thought ran through Cordell's mind:

"He's gone; skipped the country! Came and took my team—the fastest team—to go with. He'll not come back with a doctor."

Nor did he. But the doctor came. Came at dawn, clad in icy mail, numb with cold and well-nigh exhausted. He had struggled on foot up the long deep-drifted trail from the Pipestone Crossing.

But he came in time. The need he saw before him was like a powerful stimulant. As soon as they had torn off his frozen outer clothing and he had roasted life back to his aching fingers he set about his task. From the verge of the precipice in that Valley of the Shadow he brought back the wife of Elmer Cordell, praising when it was over the skill and helpfulness of the brown-faced old woman whose black eyes were fathomless and whose veiled hands shook whenever they were not employed. So, within an hour from his arrival, an exhausted mother and a new-born babe lay side by side while from the doorway of the room a gaunt-eyed father watched them tenderly.

Then beside the roaring stove the doctor sprawled in his chair, white-faced; shivering though his garments steamed. Brokenly he re-told his tale; the midnight summons from an unknown giant who commanded haste, the furious drive swept onward with the storm, the break-neck plunge down and ever down into the yawning valley of the North Saskatchewan, the groping for a trail across the ice. A head of the frightened and exhausted team the huge driver had led the way, the ice cracking ominously, while the doctor's heart was in his mouth. Then, Oh God! the awful crash, followed by what was now to him a horrid blur of splashing and horses' snorts and screams; of paralyzing cold and terrifying grip of black water sweeping him down. But somehow powerful hands had seized him and with a strength greater than the tug of the mighty river thrust him upward onto the ragged ice. Then they let go ere they dragged him in again. Silence; between the storm gusts—and before him a patch of swirling black water into which the snow hissed as it fell.

The doctor covered his face with his hands and shuddered. There was a cry and a sound of quick movement in the room. He looked up to see Elmer Cordell lifting the mother of Trace Hahn as one would lift a child. When he had laid her gently upon a couch she opened her eyes. They were not wild and staring. They glowed—glowed in the dawn-light with joy transcending grief.

"Oh, Trace; my boy, my boy!" her voice came low but crystal-clear, "now I can be proud of you—yes, proud of you at last!"

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Johann Lind

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that makes foolishness in you. Sure, yes, I feel it. When Min Heer Johann gets him a sweet wife, he keeps her, you bet."

"Haasji, Haasji, do listen. You ought to know—"

"But, yes," said Haasji, firmly, "I do. Too much for one Dutch head. Ach, be still! And before I forget; your mama has a little trouble in the foot. Neen, not much. Just enough for good excuse. Newlyweds, you should know, don't fit so well a mama-in-law."

BEGAN now for Eli days brighter than any she had known. To be the centre of interest, the object of everyone's care was a novel experience howsoever tinged with ineradicable bitterness. Haasji gave her whole leisure; Herman revived his story-teller's art; Anton sang for her. Even Daria, after bespeaking her saints, donned her best and, shoes on back till within easy distance, paid a lengthy visit.

No empty-handed visitor! Choicest vegetables, washed and glowing; a great seed-cake and certain buns famous in Riga was her offering to the sick bride. Christos pity! such luck was a crucifixion!

Haasji was there at the time reading from a big book. Horspidy! that was unwise. Learning was a weariness—good thick soup with plenty of oil much better. But she beamed on Haasji, shrewd eyes appraising one, then another; the pale child wedded to her Barin; the Barin himself, still smiling, yet somehow altered, an the irrepressible Haasji, whose strong hands served so ably. From one to the other . . . Horspidy, that Dutch one had a queer way of watching the Barin, little yearning shadows crossing the golden eyes, giving place again to laughter when he looked on her—As Anton said, that Haasji was a deep one!

Yet despite this seeming peace and small diversions the house of Boen rocked upon a smoldering crater. Deep at Heart Helga still nursed resentment. Nor was it lessened when, on each trip to town, she encountered fresh criticism and persistent curiosity. Johann Lind and Johann's doings on every idler's tongue. Herre Gud! it tried her sorely. Such times she could not bring herself to look at Eli, nor, indeed, to enter the porch at all.

But not until the day she received word Andre wouldn't pay his yearly visit was Eli made to feel the brunt of it. "Ja, see what you've done—" Helga burst upon poor unsuspecting Eli, waving a letter high in air—"Mark it, Eli Lind, for the like was never heard. Both sons lost to me—do you hear? Both sons destroyed by your light philandering. Sorrow, shame, lonely old age, God spare you, Eli; I can not!"

Smiling grimly, Johann entered behind her. "Mother," said he, "Theres much more room inside." And, before she could resist, the angry old lady found herself lifted bodily into the kitchen. Back with Eli he dismissed the whole thing with a shrug. Helga's tempers meant nothing; in an hour or two she'd be back smiling and penitent. Mother Helga had a heart belying her tongue.

Eli shivered. "No, no. She hates me. I know it. I've always known it. Oh, Johann, why can't she hear the truth? Why can't I tell her Andre never cared—even that would help. What difference could it make?"

"Eli, dear, I hate old arguments. And differences are the devil to explain. Suppose you just humor me—it means a good deal, after a fashion."

Pity he could not see her face; all her soul shining there, her heart in the dust at his feet. But his eyes were fixed on the flax-field showing blue in the distance, and his thoughts were dark as death. When he left she watched his straight, free-striding figure crossing to those fields where, instinct told her, his one comfort lay. Dear God, now she knew there was grief too deep for tears—

Little image - of - shoreless-sorrow, silent, unseeing, tired hands like silver leaves in her lap, Haasji found her hours later. "Haasji," said she, softly, "I've been thinking how good it is to escape the winter. . . . I always hated snow."

WITH Lena so long in hospital (though God knows a leg shouldn't need such mending) Simon lapsed more rapidly into brooding anger. He always knew doctors were arch deceivers and hospitals mere pirate dens. What else explained this fuss and care? Herre Gud, the old woman lived like a queen while he struggled alone in the house! Not that the house was much in itself . . . ridiculous of Solvie Stubb to ask fifteen dollars a month to keep it! The woman was crazy. No, it wasn't the house, but the pigs and chickens. Somehow the devil had got into the chickens. Never an egg could he find, and the pigs died. The cream went bad, and the butter worse—fleabites in themselves but taken together enough to make a man lose patience with the world.



Who Are You?

By Lucie E. Bevan

Ten little fingers, ten little toes,
Everyone pink as the sweet wild rose;
One little mouth as red as a cherry,
Two little dimples, saucy! Oh very!
Soon there'll be curls to make a crown,
And shining big, two eyes of brown.
I said, "Oh sweetheart, who are you?"
She only smiled and gurgled "Goo!"

She raised those supple ten pink toes
Until they almost touched her nose.
I could not help but pinch her cheek
And think no wonder men are weak,
When little rascals air their charms
And wave around those lovely arms.
"You know more than you care to tell,
Now truly, aren't you Daddy's girl?"
She only looked me through and through
And smiled again, and gurgled "Goo!"

He lost much more than that the morning Dr. Willson's bill arrived in the post. "Ja, da," Mrs. Jensen detailed later, "the poor man got a shock to shrink the flesh on his bones!" He gasped; he groaned; he sank nerveless upon a handy apple-barrel. Three hundred dollars—that's what he asked, that son of Judas. Three hundred dollars for patching a bone in one old woman's leg. Herre Gud, whoever heard of such outrageous nonsense!

Dame Jensen offered comfort: "Effie Becker—the fat one washing dishes in hospital—told me Lena's leg was a job to be proud of; splinters and swellings and complications—"

"Ja"! Simon leaped to life, "you said it. Complications! That's what makes money these days. But wait, Mrs. Jensen, in the complication business I'm not so dumb myself!"

That night he wrote Andre demanding in no uncertain language the nine hundred dollars he owed him. High time he paid him, the young devil, making game of trust and fools of women! Ja, let him pay at once or he'd make short shrift of the glamor around his name. But Andre had the wisdom of the sphinx. Never a word Simon received, much less money. And with expenses piling daily what was he to do? Employ a Lawyer as greedy as the rest? Throw more good dollars after bad? Not he. Not while there was a loop-hole. First he'd try the screws on Helga; tell her a few fine truths of that son of hers. Worse scoundrel he than the other!

The resolution formed, he descended like storm upon the Boen household, his young bays, newly broken, thundering up the lane to the ear-splitting jangle of creaking wheels and groaning axles. A frightened cry from Eli tore Helga from a brown-study induced by several household catalogues and sent her flying window-ward. "Simon"! she gasped, incredulous, dismayed. "Simon Berg coming here!"

"So it seems," said Johann, getting up quietly from his struggle with accounts to lock the door of Eli's shelter.

"But what can he want? What now—"

Johann smiled. "Judging by looks he'll tell us soon enough."

It is doubtful whether Simon saw Johann when he stamped into the room. All the way down he'd been so busy rehearsing his spleen at Helga. Ja, he was certain now that all Lena's insubordination dated from her intimacy with high-handed Helga. Well, he'd show her she couldn't poison a man's wife against him and get away with it, the creature!

"Helga! Helga! A word with you, Dame Boen—"

"Yes"? Johann's wind-warm voice had a hint of laughter in it, "so we gather. Sit down, Simon Berg, the day is young."

Simon sucked his breath like a drowning steer, kicked aside the proffered seat and roared, beside himself: "Your time's coming, Johann Lind, never doubt it. Just now it's Helga Boen concerns me most. Ja, mischief-brewer, you'll get the truth for once. Mother of thieves, that for your pride!"

"Simon," the voice came gently, mockingly, "you do me wrong. Thief, man, not thieves; in thievery I own no rival."

Simon blinked, treading his anger, nonplussed the moment; what did he mean, the cocky young devil? Ja, what did he mean by laughing in his face? Bah! smart talk—but there's smarter. What's a girl to nine hundred dollars? Nine hundred dollars—ja, you needn't look poison yet, Dame Boen; save it till I send that son of yours to jail."

Helga clutched the table for support. What was he ranting? Her son . . . her son . . . nine hundred dollars—jail. . . .

Not suspecting Andre's transaction Johann stood bewildered for a moment, his clear-visioned eyes fixed on the sneering face before him and, malignant or no, truth stood painted there. Once again Andre had failed in the measure of a man.

"My son"? Incarnate Rachel, wounded, stricken—"MY son"! The cry cut Johann to the depths of feeling. Slowly, dreading what he knew, he turned to face her. Poor mother! old, grey, bent with toil, the frightened heart of her pleading in her eyes. "Not my son; not Andre—No, no, no! Tell him he lies, Johann. Tell him to begone!"

"Helga Boen, I tell you the truth. Your son—"

Johann's laughter descended, silk-curtained, 'twixt their wrath. "Thanks, Simon," said he, "you flatter me really—and, come to think of it, I can't see how the thing escaped me . . . Of course you'll get your money."

Simon stood petrified, open mouth an ugly gash in his choler face. Helga, senses reeling, sank into a chair. Herre Gud, what a fright she'd got! And what a fool to let doubt enter.

"Yes, of course you'll get your money," Johann stipulated calmly. "That settled, suppose we step outside?"

Recalling, clearly, arms steel-hard and uncommonly swift in action, Simon thought best to comply. After all, if the fool paid him what else mattered? "Ja, well and good," he growled at finish. "Just the same—why do it, Johann Lind?"

Knowing well each word had been, and still was, insufferably clear to Eli he chose his answer accordingly. "Suppose we call it conscience—payment for the goods I stole?"

No whit deceived, Simon answered coarsely: "Ja, da! at last you admit seducing the creature from a good home and lover. You surprise me, Johann Lind."

"As to that, Simon Berg, we weren't discussing excellence," Johann drawled

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Johann Lind

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good-naturedly, "debt and debtors, keep reminded."

Simon was no fool. Hate Johann he might yet here was sacrifice commanding due respect. "Damnation, man!" he blurted. "what's the truth? You can't be dreaming money knowing I despise you—and you never wanted the little fool."

Johann pointed to the horses. "Nervous brutes, Simon, don't keep them longer."

"I'll have my answer. Ja, after all, I'm Eli's father."

Johann laughed softly. "Her father? Now how did that escape me? Well, and I, Simon Berg, am her husband—because—I love her."

Thanks to the noise of Simon's departure the scurry of flying feet seeking the poplars was happily lost... Haasji Van Meiris, unwitting eavesdropper, fleeing madly a truth she should have known. Ach, fleeing what she DID know, stupid red-head!

Satin cheek against a gleaming bole she chided herself sharply: "Haasji Van Meiris, little fool, what could you expect? Min Heer to hate his wife? Min Heer to play the scoundrel? Min Heer another Andre? Neen, neen, not that..." Ach, no, it was Min Heer's trouble grieved her; those lies and, yes, that wife so good-for-nothing! It was that—only that. "Neen"! Haasji struck her hands together sharply. She lied, it wasn't that... it was Min Heer himself, strong, true... her so dear black-eyed Johann, lost to her forever.

Eli had, indeed, heard every word and never words more deadly. Nor was it her father's voice alone cut her like a sword. Johann's answer added an infinity of pain to her overwrought conscience. She felt she hated him. His generosity enslaved her; his sacrifice outraged all sense of righteousness, and this last gallant offering robbed her of the final shreds of self-respect. What need for such fine mockery? Love her! Dear God, did he not know that love should have no advocate? Heeded no measures of why or wherefore—How could he think so to delude her? Oh, she would not have it! Of debt she had enough—this last she could not suffer.

The rumble of wagon wheels grown fainter Eli crept to the open screen. Yes, he was there by the gate, his fine head high, his splendid figure rock-hewn in its certain power; the fields he loved before him in a billowing green sea. Eli shivered; that conquering strength of his affrighted her. How could she hope to sway such granite purpose? And yet she must—she must! "Johann," she called, in a voice quite strange and startling. But not so startling as the revelation in the face he turned to her. Dear God, how like to death must be the thought of her!

"You called, Eli? You want me?" Oh, dreadful gentleness! Now she knew what made the Linds invincible and terrifying. The breath caught in her throat, the heart a racing madness in her bosom, but she forced herself to speak lest he come and by his nearness put an end to resolution.

"Yes, yes I did—I do. I want to talk to you, Johann... But not now—later. I'm so—so very weary now."

A ghost of a smile kindled his face. "As you say, Eli. But I warn you I'm quite unmanageable."

And so she found him. No argument, no pleading, no tears could change him. Invulnerable behind that laughter of his no barb could reach him. Once more she longed to hate him. To hate and defy and by defiance save them both. "Johann," she cried in desperation, "think of me if you'll not think of yourself. Helga hated me before; think how she'll loathe me now. Don't leave me at her righteous mercy!"

He picked her up child-fashion, wiping her tears, smiling whimsically. "Now, Eli, you'd think your husband wasn't the least defence to hear you talk. Pretty pass this early in the game!"

Lying against his shoulder, wet lashes slender down-turned crescents on her cheeks, the look of him that morning rose to mock her. Woman-wise she knew happiness was not for them. His kindness, sprung of pity, could but teach her

hate; his patience fix more firmly her sense of obligation... Strange, was it not, that now she saw her duty clearly? Now, when all was lost. Dear God, she would be patient; she'd keep her counsel and wait the day of destiny.

OFTEN enough that resolution came near to breaking for Helga neither tried, nor cared, to hide her fresh dislike of Eli. But harder to bear were the constant aspersions cast on Johann whenever a soul was round to hear. In tones calculated to penetrate the porch-chamber Helga recounted each fault and failing, inherent and acquired, on the slightest provocation. Outraged pride presumably took this form of grief that others should suffer with her.

In Johann's presence she assumed a blighting tolerance that only once gave way to hot reviling. That was on the day he drove his blooded cows to auction. Herre Gud, what callous disregard of her opinion. To sell the blooded stock they'd dreamt so long of possessing—God smite her if she'd seen the like before.

Eli sickened to hear the things she said; awful death's-head things intended to break the stiffest pride. Dear God, help him, help him...! How could he be silent under that volley of bitter insults? How could he smile? How (wonder of all) could he laugh?

Laugh he did, but the laughter hung like a sword suspended long after the door closed behind him. Helga's angry violence crumbled to weak self-pity. She was ruined; the farm was ruined, they were all ruined by Johann's foolishness. Herre Gud, what had she done to suffer such a fate? Troll take the Linds and all their breed forever!

Eli waited no more. Wrapping a thick shawl round her shoulders she left that prison-sanctuary of hers and, fear-winged, fled to Herman's hay-loft, wrestling that good old dreamer of all composure by tumbling wraithlike in upon him.

"Nu, da, Herre Gud! Eli? Can it be Eli—Eli Lind?"

His consternation was so comical she had to laugh, a-tremble with weak nervousness though she was: "Oh, it's not my ghost, worse luck, grandfather—just me myself."

Making place beside him he rebuked her gently. "Nu, nu, little one, is that wisdom? To forget like that what's best for you—"

"Stop! Stop!" she cried sharply. "I'll not listen. I'm through with listening. All my life I've done nothing else and nothing ever went right. Now you shall hear me—I can't be silent longer. Herman, nothing they say is true. Lies, lies, all of it! Johann doesn't love me. Never loved me... couldn't love me. As to Andre, I hate, I loathe him! Oh, Herman, if you knew the things he's said and done!... This money—it was he got it from Papa. I know; I was there—to get it he pretended love for me—" she broke into hysterical laughter, "-oh, Herman, it's funny, terribly funny, that love of Andre's—as funny as the hate of Johann Lind!"

"Nu, nu," Herman soothed her kindly, "not so fast, little one, an old man's wits are slow. There, rest your head against my shoulder. Take heart, child; things are never as bad as they seem."

Truth, doubtless, yet when he had heard the whole of her story comfort failed him, and wisdom offered no hope. Herre Gud, what ways the little feet of women trod! What bitter cups Life passed them!

Gentle as a mother he wrapped his rug about her. "Nu, da, little Eli, rest you. That lad of mine will yet be happy—dwell no more on that. Ja, take it for truth, my foolish one, there never was a Lind but got his joy."

ELI'S story strengthened rather than prompted Herman's action. Of late his thoughts had turned, with peculiar persistence, to Herr Lind. Perhaps the intolerable situation confronting them all had something to do with it—or the feeling that Time must shortly call an end to dreams. Nu, ja, be that as it may, the Lind sins and glories mingled softly in his mind. How they loved ac-

complishment, those Linds? Conquerors always; conquest their justification for excess and tyranny—graceful sinners, too... Herr Lind was ageing now; a son might not be unwelcome. It was worth trying for something must be done. Never a Lind but laughed in the face of unhappiness—defeat of purpose was another matter.

Convinced in his own mind Herman set about the business of drafting several letters. Which painstaking labor done he tried his best to ameliorate Helga's bitterness. But Helga eschewed peace making. So far as she was concerned Johann had transgressed beyond forgiveness. Came then, that unforgettable day when Ole brought the mail from Hawthorne beaming like a midnight sun for the grand surprise he'd give them. Grinning and blowing and full of foolish talk: "Sure, Herman, the Steamship Company sent a travel book from Denmark. Ja, and here's papers for Eli. Bills for Johann and that new horse book—"

"Ole, what mail?" Helga's voice rang sharply.

"Tut, woman," his broad face fairly glowed. "Mail? ain't it mail, all this? But ja, now I think of it, there's something for you, Mama—"

"For shame, Ole Boen! Something? God pity such dumbness, it's a letter from Andre!"

Joy flooded her like sunrise. He wrote so beautifully, her darling boy, the hand close, fine, every word a jewel. He loved her; he missed her; he longed so fervently to see her... especially now that he was on the point of leaving for Minneapolis. Helga readjusted her glasses, re-read the line... Ja, it was there, unmistakably clear. But what nonsense followed... Minneapolis where he'd enter business with his father-in-law—Father-in-law? Whose father-in-law? Herre Gud, what was wrong with her senses?

"Ole! Ole! quick, read what it says—tell me am I crazy?"

But Ole never read that letter; more convincing proof of world-madness galvanized their fears. Screams, ear-splitting and unearthly, ripped their stupor like forked lightning. Wild-eyed, hysterical, half-clad Eli tumbled in, a Winniepeg daily clutched to her breast. "See, see," she shrieked, "how fine he is, your Andre. Hats, flowers, frills—a whole column on the wedding and here in the corner... she swayed; would have fallen but for Ole's quick support—"here in the corner three little lines: 'A girl's body... found in the Red River'—Tess. A girl's body—Dear God, just that—my beautiful Tess. You should have seen her, known her; heard her laugh—A girl's body!"

She shook herself free of Ole and, fearless at last, snatched the letter from Helga's helpless fingers. "What use to read his lies? Not Papa; not Johann; not God could keep me silent now! Helga Boen, that dead girl was Andre's sweetheart. She loved him; she worshipped him... dearest Tess, how shall I make her understand? Do you hear, Helga Boen? Do you understand? She loved him; she had faith in him and see what it got her? Faith in Andre Boen, your fine son!"

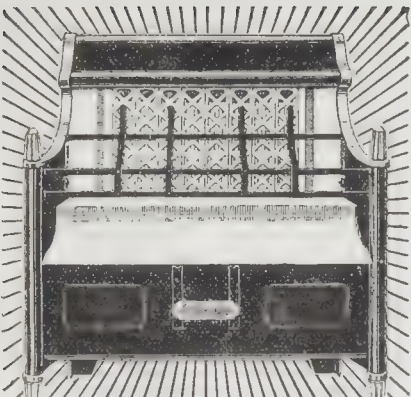
Grey-faced, Helga spoke with stiff pride. "She's out of her mind, better take her to bed."

Unnoticed in the excitement Johann had entered from the rear. The singular quality of his voice struck them oddly, dashing their fever like a shower of cool rain. Said he, "Mad folk are apt to be too honest... Eli, my dear, why all this? Why such—"

The sentence died unfinished for Eli, drained of false energy, gave a smothered, heart-despairing cry and sank insensible at their feet. Alas, for courage burned out so soon! Yet an Eli, strong, had amazed them more, her little weaknesses were grown familiar. God's pity! Would that look plainly writ in the pale upturned face ever be familiar? Helga shuddered. She must be mad; the whole world might be mad, but here was something greater than Life commanding instant service.

"Out of my way—" it was the mother-

Continued on page 68



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The Easiest Way to Keep in Style

By
MAE MARTIN



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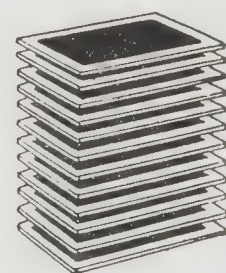
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Extra Muros

Continued from page 16

"It all depends on the impression I make," he said, confidentially. "And you can help wonderfully."

"How"? I inquired, dubiously.

"By the impression YOU make." I gasped a little.

"Do—do you mean I'm to MEET the professor"? I'd never even seen him, and I was scared stiff of professors anyway.

"Sure you're to meet him."

"Ye gods," I remarked.

"I know you'll enjoy this lecture."

"It sounds awfully fascinating," I fibbed valiantly.

"You know how to get there? The cars run to within a block of—"

"Thanks. We know our way about," I put in.

Then we dropped into our favorite mush lingo, a kind of pigeon-Chink talk which we reserved for our more intimate remarks.

"Long time no see," said Arthur, fondly.

"Bad boy no call up," I pouted.

"Lilla gal love her bad boy yet"? he insinuated.

"Maybe."

"All light. You no love me I make you solly."

"Whalla bad boy do"?

"I go catch'notha lilla gal . . ."

"Bad boy oughta get his watch fixed. No keep time."

"Lilla gal, you be on time today or—"

"Or what"? I asked in the pause.

"Or I'm going to have a great big laugh on YOU," he declared. "Catch this kiss, quick," he added.

"Got it," I said, making appropriate noises.

It was at this point that the 'phone operator cut us off, and about time too, you'll say.

I went back to my work and sketched feverishly for a couple of hours, then bundled my work all away and got dressed, singing meanwhile. It was such a unique thing, my singing, that the writer who lived across the hall came over and asked me if I'd just got a cheque, or something. Poor materialist that she was! As I was putting on my hat Big Ben tolled half-past three.

I wish I could really call myself an artist, but I was brought up with a strict regard for the truth. I'm only, as a matter of cold fact, a free-lance illustrator and I never know when the ghost is going to walk, at least almost never. The editors won't hear of my doing anything "arty," for they say my mission in life is to make people chuckle. Now and then I sell a cover to one of the magazines but I'll never be what is known as great—which is just as well perhaps in view of my having to live the rest of my life with Arthur.

So, not being a bona fide artist I never get myself up to look like people's conception of one. For example I eschew velvet tams, and flat-heeled shoes, and I don't wear spectacles. Neither, happily, does my hair look as though it had been trimmed with a cross-cut saw. Further, and give the gal credit for this—I don't talk shop. People say to me: "Oh, so you're earning your living, are you? Why, I thought you were just a debutante"! This of course is supposed to be immensely flattering. At any rate it's a tribute to my knack of being able to make a smart turnout on very little money, and I feel appropriately gratified. Arthur, too, likes to tell me how nice I look and keeps asking me if that isn't a new dress I've got on. When usually it's the same old thing he's seen me in a score of times.

On this particular afternoon I was wearing a chic little sports dress in blue-and-white made over from last year, with a little blue hat and I carried a blue-and-white handbag I'd picked up at a sale. My whole outfit, which included a new pair of patent-leather shoes, only cost me two marginal drawings and a black-and-white illustration besides a little sewing in the evenings. What debutante could have done as well? I had all of that inward satisfaction that reflects itself in a confident bearing. I knew that I looked good to the eye. It's a perfectly gorgeous feeling for a woman to have. You don't mind not knowing any stuffy old facts about history or metaphysics.

AT FIVE minutes before the appointed time I dropped from the car and started across the campus. Since I had always come by way of the park before I felt a trifle "turned around" for a moment or two, but I flattered myself that I'd soon get my bearings. There was no sign of Arthur.

Three long strings of pilgrims were wending their way toward the Halls of Higher Education and I selected the thickest one and followed on. I felt that it surely must be Professor Walsingham-Crowe's disciples, and that it inevitably would lead to the lecture to which I was bound. Indeed, my only wonder was that half the city wasn't pressing in, storming the portals, as it were, so thoroughly had Arthur imbued me with the epoch-making importance of the Prof.'s lecture! But only a few score people seemed interested in the Palæo—whatever it was.

In the hall, however, there was a fair crowd and a stern old gentleman in a gown, with a long ruler in his hand, was pointing out something on a map. I looked round for Arthur, concluded that he'd been detained at a seance again, and with a sigh dropped into a seat at the rear, between a thin, sad-looking man with longish hair, and a woman who wore owl glasses and a man's hat.

"Now Ireland. Take Ireland, my friends—" the stern old don began in his droning voice.

I gave a start. What had the Emerald Isle to do with the Origin of the—whatever it was? Turning to my neighbor on my right I asked in a stage-whisper:

"Is this lecture on Palæo—?"

"Sh-h," she said sternly. She must have been a school teacher.

Whispering in church was nothing to this, evidently. I listened some more. Then I inquired of my left-hand neighbor if this were the lecture on Palæo—etc.

"Oh, no, that's in the Physics," he replied, with a look of pity for my ignorance.

I waited to see if they were going to sing a hymn or anything so I might make my escape unnoticed but they didn't. So I had to get up and squeeze past seven people and my new shoe squeaked atrociously all the way down the aisle to the door, while I had all the sensations of a bad boy whose teacher has sent him home in disgrace. Outside I inquired my way of three people and finally arrived at an impressive-looking building with "Physics" in bold letters above the door. Why, of course, this was the place! I'd been in it before. How had I happened to miss it? Though telling myself that all college buildings look alike, or at any rate like first cousins to each other, I realized I'd been rather dense, not to say opaque, if you get me? My wits had been wool-gathering. I must never let Arthur know, or he'd have me on, as the English say.

The Physics has three entrances, so I said "eeny-meeny-miny-mo" and chose the right-hand one. I was ushered to a seat quite near the front of the hall. There was a lantern-slide of a monkey on a screen and it was so much like my favorite movie theatre—except for the lack of an orchestra—that I settled right down contentedly in the semi-darkness and hoped for at least a mild thrill or two. Arthur wasn't to be seen anywhere, though I supposed he must surely be behind me somewhere. Up on the platform a distinguished-looking man with eye-glasses and iron-grey hair, and a severe-looking woman—don (both in gowns) began singly and in unison to dissect that monkey and to open up his brains for our benefit. You could hear the heavy breathing of the fundamentalist thinkers all about and the silence was so thick you could have cut it with a butter-knife. Personally I found it all very sordid and a bit shuddery but I could see eyes glistening with intense interest everywhere around me. But—

• What had a monkey to do with the Palæo—Palæolithic Theory? (That was it!) And could you call him a metaphysical phenomenon? These puzzled thoughts kept swimming about in my

Continued on page 84



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this alarming prevalence of poor teeth

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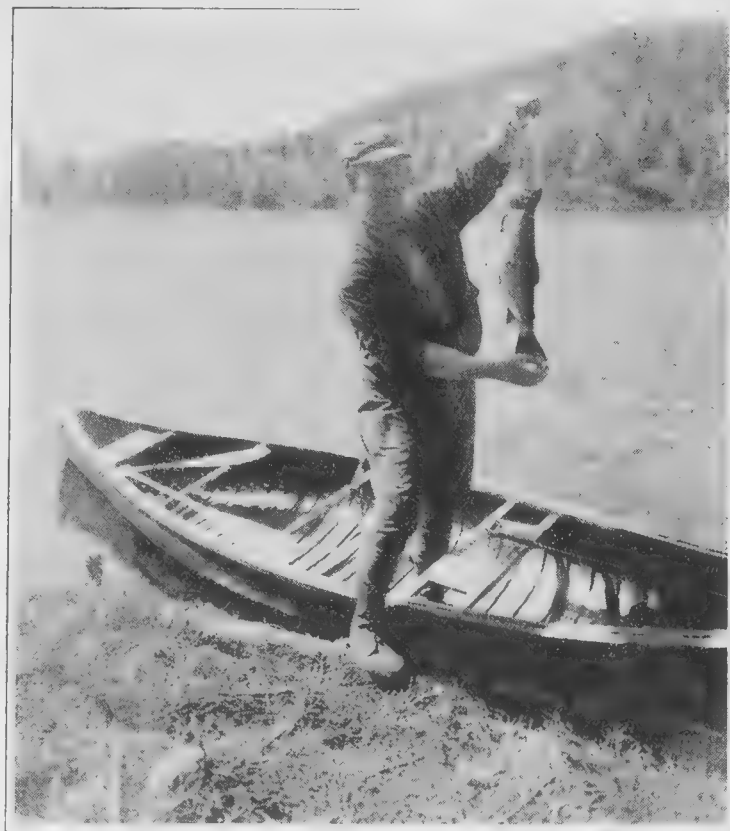
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Landing a Four Pound Speckled Trout

My Record Trout

By Ozark Ripley

REALLY, I do not expect anyone to believe this narrative, for it is one about fishing and the largest trout in the world. Then, too, it is necessarily, on account of being a recital of my own experience, redolent of the hated word "ego," and people always look askance and try to smile agreeably when I give voice to it.

Dr. Cook, of Port Arthur or somewhere else—not the chap who mentally discovered the North Pole and later several things about himself, a number of years ago caught the largest brook trout in the world in Nipigon River. Brook trout grow larger there than anywhere else in the world, chiefly due to their love for feeding on a certain humble minnow, the cockatouche, which looks like a cross between a dwarf catfish and a crippled hogsucker than anything I can conjure. Dr. Cook caught his record-breaker 14½ pounds, with one of those caricatures of minnows as bait. I envied the capture of so fine a fish, but not the manner in which he caught it. My envy, however, was so astounding that for years in the same water I tried to equal or excel him, but by legitimate means, to wit: fly-fishing. Actually I did it, I think, and yet I have not one iota of proof to confirm my story. Also, the trout to which I refer came to terra firma only long enough to gasp a few times and then return to his beloved element, without having to suffer the indignity of having his avoirdupois measured on an angler's elastic fishing-scale.

Two years ago, the famed Nipigon would produce practically nothing for me. Other more noted anglers reported the same thing. So I had no occasion to feel slighted by the goddess of downright hard luck. She bestowed her favors on others a-plenty and myself as well. We blamed it all on the hydro plant above, the weather and the continuity of pulpwood travelling down the river. This much visual evidence we had; the water never appeared to be at the same stage two days in succession. Seemingly old Nipigon was not itself any more, except scenically. The fishing was damnably sporadic, with great extensive lulls between any worthwhile catches of trout.

When the season was about to terminate, I summed up that my number of barren days outnumbered my successful ones by a big margin. On September 13, the day before the closing of the season, I felt so hopeless that I wandered down the left bank of the river close to the village of Nipigon, peering here and there for something which might help me

to understand why in the world this wide, clear stream had been termed the classic Nipigon.

All at once, I pretty near fell over from sheer astonishment. Just as I approached the end of a large rock embankment, at the side of a rift, I saw a fish roll and seize an unfortunate grasshopper. I was momentarily speechless. It was by far the greatest brook trout I had ever seen in my life, red spotted, red bellied, and of such startlingly immense proportions!

Did I want that fish? I not only wanted it but actually swore that I would have it, so confident was I that it would rise to some of the choice variegated repertory of my fly-hook. Next morning—that was the time for the conquest, long before the sun rose—if it were possible for the camp-keeper to awake me.

When I awakened, I felt mighty chilly. I dressed rapidly, pulled on my waders, seized my fly-hook, rod and reel. Then forthwith I peered out, and shivered. Frost, frost everywhere. Heavy white frost, and Lake Helen in front of me and the surrounding landscape were so covered with mist it was impossible for me to distinguish even close objects. When I paddled from the Nipigon Camp to the west bank of the river, I felt as if I were feeling my way in an unknown world, a veiled land of dreams, instead of crossing water with which I was daily intimate.

And when I reached the west bank, the fog was still heavier and grew heavier as I approached between the hills downstream where I had seen the weighty monster trout the day previous. This fog was not to suffer trifling. Literally I crawled on my hands and knees over the big rock to the place where I had decided to do my casting. Even then, there was danger of breaking a leg or falling into the wild, racing river. I could hear the fast water, but under the impenetrable grey blanket it was impossible to see it at all. I had to cast by sight and sound, provided I had no accident before reaching close to the rift I had in mind.

I was extremely guarded against injury to my unworthy self or my precious rod. Doubtless this is the reason I reached safely a large, flat rock, among a host of others, presumably close to the water. Quickly, I assembled the rod and its necessary equipment, then tied onto my leader a large, bass-size, cork-body imitation grasshopper with brown wings, yellow body—just like the one the big

Continued on page 38

When Smiles Lose Their Gleam

Here's how to find it—

Keeping teeth white this new way is a new aid in modern beauty care

It's FILM that turns teeth dull, "off color," and fosters serious tooth and gum disorders. Here's the scientific way to lovely smiles.



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QUOITS ABOARD THE S. S. MANITOU en route to Mackinac Island. A chance group of Chicago's younger set, each of whom depends on Pepsodent to keep smiles at their best.



(At Right) WINNER OF HONORS at Aurora. C. E. Allen, jockey, receives the congratulations of the Misses Vera Maroz and Eve Strohm of Chicago. Whenever you see smiles like these there is but one explanation, Pepsodent.

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If you would keep your teeth in exceptionally fine condition, follow the lead of those whose winning smiles proclaim teeth well-preserved by COLGATE'S.



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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Genius Talks in Latin Quarter Cafe

By Francis Dickie

SOME six years ago, when I dwelt on an island in the British Columbia wilderness, I read a book of short stories by Sherwood Anderson, in which was included that entitled "The Triumph of The Egg." It was an amazing piece of work and, if he had never written another line, this entitled him to high praise. Shortly after that he began receiving the plaudits not only of the critics but the general reading public. His picture began appearing in the literary weeklies. Following a custom of mine in my library to place the pictures of authors in their books, I clipped one of Sherwood Anderson from the New York Times and pasted it in his book of short stories.

THE years slipped away and found me one raw autumn day walking hurriedly along the Boulevard Michel—the good old, bad old "Boul' Mich"—of the Latin Quarter in Paris. A chill rain was falling, and the dusk had come. From the big windows of the cafes lights shone out brightly inviting. It was the "green hour," the time for aperitifs, for absinthe and cinzano, or some other of the many colored liquids with which Frenchmen and foreigners beguile this time of day sacred to relaxation.

I turned into the cafe d'Harcourt that looks from its side windows out upon the hoary Sorbonne. In the balcony above the long room of the cafe the five-piece string orchestra was playing "Paris Is My Town." The cafe was strangely deserted despite the hour, for it was a vile day. Perhaps because there were so few people seated my attention was the more drawn to a man seated in the corner of the room, though he would have attracted in any crowd, a man with a leonine caste of countenance, and a shock of black hair tinged with grey. I stared at him a moment wondering, and then, back across the years and six thousand miles, memory carried me to my little library among the big fir trees on the edge of the ocean in far away British Columbia, and to a picture clipped from a newspaper so long ago, and I knew the man before me in this Latin Quarter Cafe was Sherwood Anderson.

I walked across to where he sat with his wife, a quiet little woman, typically "Middle-West," in every line of face and figure a fitting companion to the prose master who so well has pictured these regions.

"You are Sherwood Anderson," I said it with certainty, rather than questioningly.

He nodded. "Sit down, have a drink."

So I joined him in a glass, relating in explanation how recognition had come to me instantly from a photograph on newsprint seen six years before and quite forgotten at the moment and at a time when he was farthest from my thoughts in this old corner of Paris where he sometimes dreamed away a thoughtful hour.

He complimented me on this amazing feat of memory, this gift of the "photographic eye" as it is called. From talking about the strange workings of this human apparatus we call the mind, the conversation, as always among writers, drifted to art, to painting and literature and their appreciation.

"To understand, to appreciate great painting a man must be educated to it," he said in the intervals between

the music. "It is the same with books. The average reader does not know great writing. To be able to appreciate such is a life time labor. That's why the paths of great men is so often dreadfully hard."

The orchestra played on. When the hour of seven had come we rose and wended our way to a quaint little Polish Auberge at which inn of an evening you can hear a dozen languages spoken, though the place at crowding point holds only fifty people. Here we continued to talk of books and pictures, for art is a time-absorbing topic.

"Writing requires a long and terribly difficult apprenticeship," Mr. Anderson remarked, apropos of the large number of people who are today embarked, or about to set sail on the difficult sea of literature.

"A great many writers cherish the desire to produce great novels, but they must live," I objected, "and to live they must write what the editors want, which is sometimes far from art and does not necessarily require a long apprenticeship to do. Always they hope by this to gain the money to have the time to do better work, great work."

He shook his head sadly: "It is the great illusion that you can write cheap stuff, popular stuff, in order to earn the money to give you time to write greatly. Hundreds of writers in America are proceeding on that assumption. But it is a false one; it is like a woman saying: 'I will go on the street to earn money to be a good girl.' No; art requires sacrifices. I did not begin to write until I was forty, but I wrote what I wanted to, and carried on an entirely different business to support me while I was doing it."

I nodded. This quiet statement of faith, coming from a man approaching sixty, who had just recently topped the literary ladder, so strikingly bore out his words, I felt a little chill of sadness at the thought that too often men are old before reward crowns the merit of their labors.

But I did not speak my thoughts. And certainly Anderson was still planning boyishly, for he went on to tell of his plans for the immediate future. He had purchased a place down in Virginia, deep in the heart of the quiet countryside, a typical little farm with a bit of woodland. While the carpenters were busy remodeling the house, Anderson had come over to Paris after an absence of some six years; was dwelling for a brief while again in the Latin Quarter in that atmosphere of Paris which he so vividly portrayed in his recent success "Dark Laughter."

We talked of America and its literature.

"Who do you think is the greatest writer in the United States today?" I questioned.

He smiled a long slow smile. "Perhaps I am," he said.

I liked his naivete. It was somehow strangely charming, this candor uttered boyishly. I know many writers I am sure think the same of themselves, but none so frank, so genuine as to say it, as this man said in his quiet, dreaming way.

"Are you writing anything at present?"

He shook his head. "No; just sitting about letting things sink in."

As he said this, I thought of those lines of his from "Dark Laughter," "No hurry. When you get that hurry out of you, the mind works perhaps. Maybe song will start in you."

For Homeland

By A. Allison Kennedy

For Homeland! Oh, for thee,
Within the Empire free!
Our love shall tune thy praise;
It blends all diverse ways.
And, oh! that hearths and honor stand,
May Heaven bless thee and command.

Dear Land, of forests grand,
Pure streams and precious sand
Majestic mountains' height
And plains of smiling light!
Thine Isles!—Our Canada, Homeland!
May Heaven bless thee strand to strand.

Far famed thy noble sway;
Nations their homage pay;
We will for thee contend
And every right defend.
And, oh! if martial song shall be,
May Heaven bless and compass thee.

The Golden Prairie

By Irene Armstrong

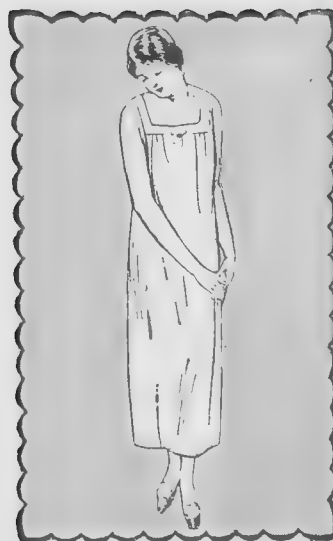
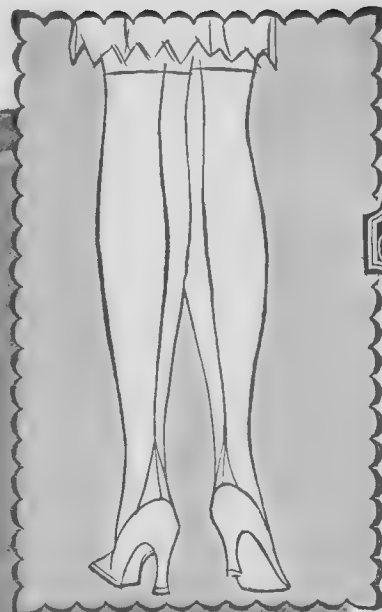
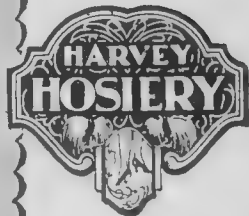
Golden sheaves of golden grain,
Golden tints on hill and plain.
Golden tassels on the corn,
Golden hush when day is born.

Golden daisies by the way,
Golden sunflowers, gently sway.
Golden flower like buttercup,
Golden petals curling up.

Golden warblers, golden song,
Trilling softly, all day long.
Golden leaves on vines and trees
Rustle, rustle, in the breeze.

Then, when night folds down for rest—
Golden sunsets in the West.
Golden glory over all,
On the prairie in the Fall.

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Harvey Lingerie

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As always, soft and resilient, year upon year.

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SIMMONS MATTRESSES

BUILT FOR SLEEP

BEDS

- SPRINGS

- PILLOWS

Bulb Culture

By Irene Wilson

"The golden-rod is yellow, the corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards with fruit
are bending down.
By all these lovely tokens, September
days are here,
With summer's best of beauty, and Au-
tumn's best of cheer."

SUMMER, with its wealth of bloom and color has given place to Autumn with its varied tints of brown and yellow. Too often we fail to appreciate the beauties of autumn, realizing that its glorious colorings are only an indication of the departing summer and the fast approaching Winter.

Winter, indeed, in this Western country, is not a prospect to be anticipated with any degree of pleasure; without the cheering influence of flowers it would be very drab, indeed. Bulbs, with their great variety of colorings are perhaps the most satisfactory of all winter-blooming flowers. What could be more cheering as a winter gift than a potted hyacinth, or other bulb just coming into bloom. If planted in cans covered with tissue paper they make most acceptable gifts to send to the sick or lonely or to those who are shut in. Winter bulbs are so easy to grow, and the returns so satisfactory, that they should be found in every home.

Among the bulbs which are grown with most satisfaction will be found the Tulip, Narcissus, Jonquil, Hyacinth and Chinese Sacred Lily. In order to have bulbs for winter blooming they should be potted the latter part of September or the first part of October. The bulbs, if planted later, will give just as satisfactory results; but they can scarcely be relied on to bloom for the Christmas season.

Bulbs require a light, loose, rich soil, and if somewhat sandy, it is all the better. A soil that bakes will not prove satisfactory. Soil from the garden that was well fertilized in the spring and worked all summer is excellent, and if a fourth part of white sand can be added, one will have an ideal bulb soil. Put a layer of pebbles at the bottom of the pot, fill two-thirds full of soil, then put in the bulbs and fill in around them with the earth, leaving the crown of each bulb so that it can barely be seen. Press the soil quite firmly around the bulbs to prevent them from lifting up. Allow a space in the pot above the earth for

watering. In potting Narcissus, leave the earth loose and fine, otherwise they will fail to form roots, and the blooms will prove inferior. A 4-inch pot is the proper size for a couple of Roman Hyacinths; a five-inch pot for a couple of show Hyacinths or Narcissus, or a six-inch pot for three bulbs. Jonquils will stand more crowding, while the Tulip, Grape Hyacinth, Crocus and Snow Drop need thick planting.

After planting, water the bulbs well and set away at once in a cool, dark cellar or closet where they will be unmolested by the mice. Do not water again unless the earth becomes dry. If the soil is too firm there will not be sufficient room for root growth and the bulbs will lift out of the soil when the growth starts.

Allow to remain in the dark until the bulbs become well rooted, which will require about six weeks. This is most important, as it is the nature of hardy bulbs to make their roots before sending up top-growth. They must have their full amount of roots to produce first class flowers, and they must have darkness to make these roots. Many make the mistake of bringing the bulbs to the light before the roots have had time to form, and as a result, they are rewarded with inferior blooms. When the pots are filled with roots, shoots begin to push up from the crown of the bulb. When these shoots are one-half inch high, bring to the light. Do not make the mistake of placing them directly in a sunny window but allow them to remain in subdued light until the flower-head can be discerned. With an occasional watering, no more care is necessary.

Narcissus, Jonquils and Chinese Lilies will do equally well if planted in pebbles and water. Place the bulbs in a bowl, adding pebbles to come almost to the top of bulbs. Then add water to come to the top of the pebbles and place in the dark for six weeks, the same as if planted in earth. Add more water as the water evaporates.

After the bulbs are through blooming, remove them to a back shelf and allow them to complete their growth. When spring comes, plant these bulbs outside in the border, placing to a depth of eight inches. They do not force well two years in succession; but out of doors they recover their vigor and bloom in the border the following spring.

My Record Trout

Continued from page 34

boy had devoured. I did not speculate, so anxious was I, whether the dense fog had any effect on the vision powers of the fish. I made only two false, conjecturing casts at the atmosphere, and finally a third before I let the cork-bodied lure fall to the water.

I never had time to contemplate whether a large trout can see in a fog or not. The tremendous happening came at the moment I started to make a pick-up for the next cast. At first the resistance caused me to imagine that I had hung the hopper on a big rock. Yet, before even this thought had opportunity for definite contemplation, seemingly this rock was travelling downstream and stealing my line at an alarming rate.

It was too late to strike, for that fish had hooked himself. For awhile I had to give him line, and I had a-plenty, for my fly-line had a backing of fifty yards of fine silk casting-line. But every time I attempted recovery, he bucked with all the unreasonable abandon, strength and reluctance of a yearling steer. Here I was with the fog, fighting the invisible, and absolutely afraid to move off the rock to a better position on account of the fog and its consequent dangers.

All that I went through is too long to narrate; nor would that fog lift at all to aid me. I know I fought that fish at least an hour. What mattered time when I gained the victory, or the fact that even more than an hour had ensued before I knew of my triumph.

When finally I realized that the old native red-spot's strength was all spent, not having a landing net, I reached down more by second sense than sight, and lifted him up to the big rock with my right hand in his gill. Then really the great struggle occurred on the rock as I broke the leader and on hands and knees tried with all the power at my command to stop the kicking and flouncing of the biggest brook trout the world has ever produced.

Perspiration poured from every pore of my body. Apparently I could not subdue the massive red-spot. With head down so long I became bewildered, my strength almost expended. Then in sheer desperation I flung the great trout, as I thought, far back toward the bank, but to my utter dismay I heard him fall with a resounding splash in the lower Nipigon River!



"He had always been courteous
... now he grew eager!"



"I can date the Change in his AFFECTIONS from that Night ..."

*Read what a lovely girl has written me.
Wouldn't you like to make as
wonderful a discovery?*

By Mme. Jeannette de Cordet

"FORGIVE me if I reveal things that an utter stranger should hesitate to write to you. But you have helped me to happiness. Until a month ago Ed treated me just as he did many other girls on whom he occasionally called. He was courteous; but I never really meant anything to him.

"Then you gave me some advice. Through a Pompeian advertisement you told me where true beauty lay, and just how to discover and accentuate it. The words that particularly caught my attention were: 'You are a type. Which type depends—not upon the color of your hair and eyes—but upon the tone of your skin.' You said you would send a Booklet and Sampler, showing the shades of Pompeian Powder and Pompeian Bloom that have been blended for all the varied types; so that I could see the exact shade of each that my coloring calls for. Eagerly I sent for them ...

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Women everywhere are finding admiration ... happiness ... love ... through these two amazing little guides to beauty. In the booklet are enchanting colored

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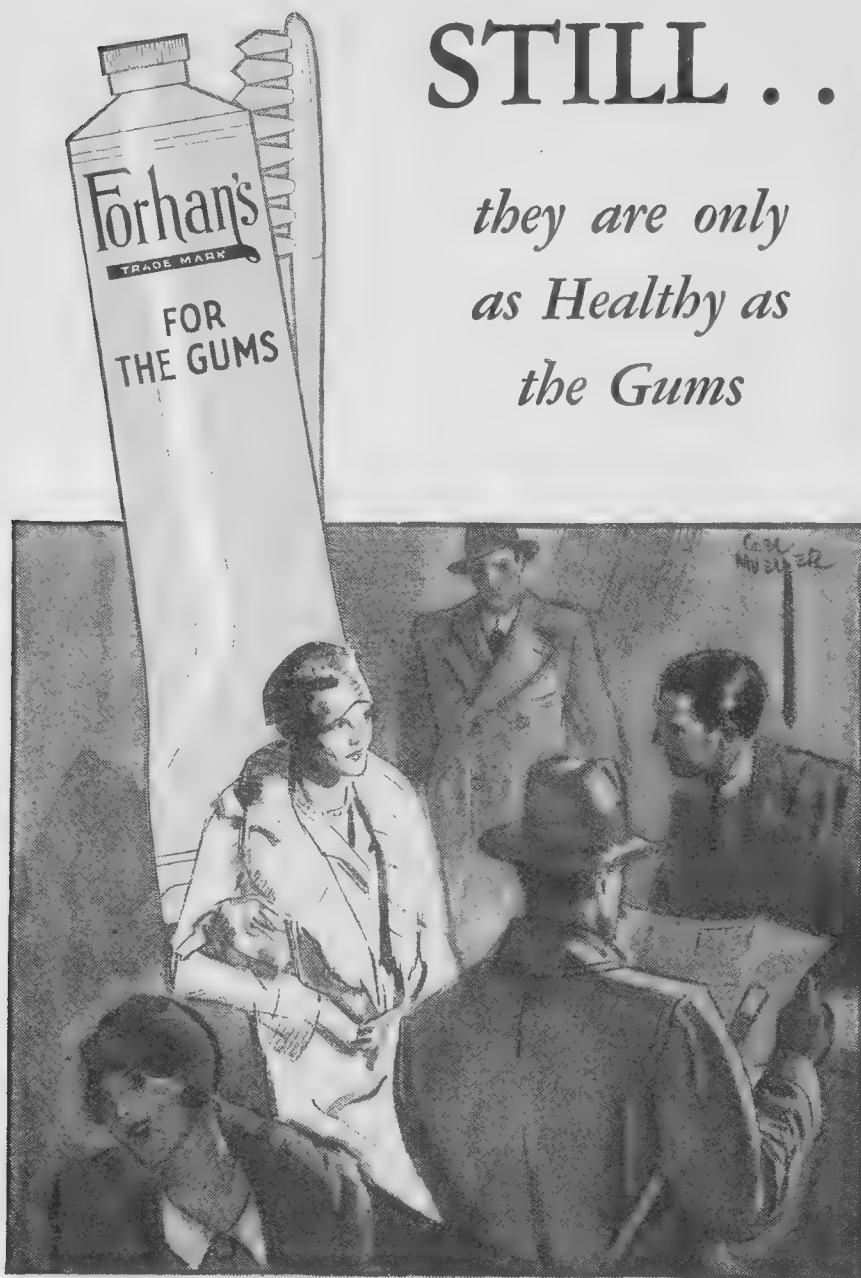
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the Gums*



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Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE...IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

In the Library of Nature

By Dan McCowan

DURING the past year a monumental book has been completed one that will stand henceforth at the entrance to the Highway of King's English, a guide and mentor to future generations of writers who, bearing the torch of literature, would fain be protected from pitfalls by the way. The new Oxford Dictionary is indeed a priceless possession,—one looks at and handles the volumes almost reverently, feeling conscious of the presence of the great Field-Marshal of words who, responsible for the conscription of this mighty army, passed on ere the final muster roll could be called.

Ponderous as is this work that has just come from the presses it is a mere tract when compared with one of the books in the collection of Mother Nature. Into this fascinating library the writer would entice you for a little while. The biggest of all books is here, in the first edition, well bound and splendidly illustrated, chiefly from engravings on stone. It is considered unlikely that there will ever be a reprint of this original outline of Natural History which may not be discovered on any shelf nor in any bookcase. Professor Buller, President of the Royal Society of Canada, in a recent address given before the members of that learned body at Winnipeg, said,—“The stratified rocks of the earth crust form a great book some sixty miles thick and scattered in its pages is many fragmentary record of life in long past ages.”

Not the least interesting section of this autobiography of the earth is that in which chapters pertaining to Western Canada are to be found. An examination of the coal measures of Alberta leads one to speculate as to the former appearance of this part of the Dominion and to consider the amount of tropical vegetation necessary to produce such enormous quantities of our present day fuel. In the Kananaskis Lake region, south west of the City of Calgary, eleven seams of coal, one above the other, have lately been laid bare and measured. Two hundred and eight feet is the combined thickness of these black leaves in the book. One seam measures eleven feet, then comes a thirty inch band of shale rock and below that is another extraordinary deposit of coal measuring nineteen feet in depth. It is believed

that in this formation there are at least five more seams remaining uncovered. What a prodigious growth of giant trees and ferns and club mosses does this chapter reveal. And over how profound a period must the Carboniferous Age entries have been made.

Of the illustrations found in the earth crust book the most graphic are those which portray the rise and fall of prehistoric creatures of great size. At the present time a party of scientists are busily engaged in cutting rock leaves on the banks of the Red Deer River to the end that future generations may, by visual education, learn more about the monsters that formerly wallowed and waded in and through the ooze of primeval Alberta. These men hope to decipher many paragraphs in the big book and may haply afford students of life an opportunity to see finer etchings of the ancient reptiles of Western Canada than have yet been brought to light.

Between limestone pages exposed on Mount Bur-

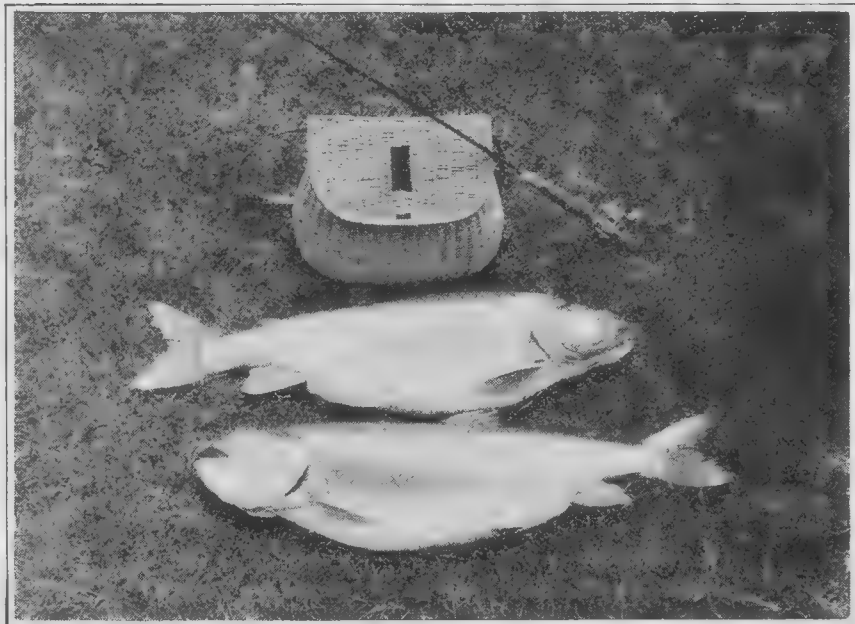
gess and Mount Stephen in British Columbia are pretty pictures of things that swam in the shallow seas of long ago. These engravings form the earliest entries concerning living creatures that, so far, have been found in the logbook of our planet. Trilobites and jellyfishes and a host of other forms of primitive life are there exquisitely outlined on leaves of shale—delicate pencillings that are of far greater historical interest than faded trappings from Royal Tombs by the Nile or shreds of pottery from the rubble heaps of an Inca village. On Cascade mountain at Banff the presence of Crinoids has been noted in the Cretaceous chapter of this diary of all the ages. Crinoids were free floating organisms which swam vigorously by means of their long arms. They sometimes collected in dense swarms, a social habit which brought vast numbers to an untimely end. The arms became hopelessly intertwined and locked and so the creatures perished, sinking in the mud to become fossilised. Now they serve to further illustrate the record of the rocks.

In many parts of Western Canada the covers of this Domesday book of the earth have been tooled by the ice gouges

Continued on page 41



Prominent wrinkles in horns of Mountain Sheep tell of the birthdays of these animals



The scales on these and other fishes tell of the life history of the individual

of glacial periods. Fine examples are to be found in the region of Lake O'Hara particularly at the base of Mount Lefroy. There, the rocks have been rabbeted as by a plane of gigantic proportions. Post-Glacial floods have also left marks on the bindings of our book. Along the banks of the Thompson and Frazer rivers in British Columbia are singularly uniform terraces or benches of sand and gravel, perfectly level and of exactly the same height on each side of these noble streams. Occurring in three successive tiers, they furnish record of as many separate epochs when great geological disturbances took place.

SUPPLEMENTARY to the great earth crust volume, Nature has many small note books, most of them worthy of intensive study. The Hornbooks of Rocky Mountains Sheep and of the Deer family contain a wealth of interesting data pertaining to the life history of these present day mammals. On horns of the wild sheep of the Rockies are annular growth rings betokening not only the age of the bearer but also yielding evidence of former years of famine and of plenty. Old age in a bull Moose is made evident by antlers that are uneven and freakish in appearance. Single conical spikes form the antler growth during the first year of the males of most species of deer, the first of the tines of branches coming during the second year. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the number of tines present on deer antlers are equivalent to the age of the animal.

In recent years much has been learned from the miniature biographies found on the scales of fishes. The Atlantic Salmon has each birthday marked indelibly on the silvery scales. There too, in the case of the female, is record made of the number of times that she has spawned. Men who are skilled in deciphering and translating these curious entries in the story book of the fishes form as yet but a small group, the science being comparatively new.

The "rattle" of the Rattlesnake, occasionally heard in parts of Southern Alberta and in sections of British Columbia, has for long been popularly regarded as the birth certificate of this reptile. The number of rings composing the rattle are said to equal the age of the individual. This, however, is not accurate, sometimes several rings being added in a single year while at other seasons but one is developed. Thus, despite popular belief, the small horny spine at the end of the tail of this snake cannot rightly be considered worthy a place amongst the notebooks of Nature.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES of the large cedar, fir, and spruce trees of the Pacific Coast of Canada are notable in the library that is ever open to the Nature lover. The growth rings, added year by year to the trunk, reveal the age of a forest veteran and show clearly when prosperous seasons were enjoyed and also when periods of adversity were encountered. On a recent visit to Vancouver the writer was privileged to examine a cross section sawn from the trunk of a massive Douglas Fir that had been felled in Stanley Park by a winter's gale. This diary contained no engravings but was in itself a clean lined woodcut, telling a graphic tale that had origin centuries prior to the advent of white men to Canada. With an approximate age of eight hundred and fifty five years, the tree had succeeded in reaching a height of three hundred and twenty five feet, a "near to the base" circumference of thirty one feet and a girth of nine feet ten inches. The trunk was estimated to contain twenty five thousand feet of lumber (board measure). Imposing as was the bulk of this fallen monarch of the British Columbian woods, it did not prove so impressive as the story told by the annular rings.

Beginning at the outside and counting the growth circles towards the core it was necessary to recall a few historical dates in order to realize how long this serial story had been in the writing. When, in 1189, Richard the Conqueror ascended the throne of England this tree was but a sapling bending freely to the salty winds which blew from the western ocean. In the year that Columbus discovered America it had attained to goodly height and was then a triple centenarian. When, early in the 17th century, Nelson River was discovered by Thomas Button and, a few years later, a party of Danish mariners named Churchill river the "River of Strangers," this noble Fir tree was in the prime of life. The first English settlers came to Vancouver Island in 1781,—then its crown towered high above the tides that ebbed and flowed twice daily through the Lions Gate. At the time of the building of Stone Fort Garry growth of this forest Methuselah had well nigh ceased.

These, then, are but a few Nature Diaries taken at random from tables of stone of almost incredible antiquity, from Hornbooks still being published, from the minute life charts of seafaring fishes and from massive forestry journals beside which the Oxford Book of Words seems insignificant.

The Princess Relates Her Dream

Continued from page 12

sands of the desert. 'Here,' he said, 'are the remains of many palaces on which the gods have wrought their fury. There is only one way to prevent the Thunder Gods from destroying the Palace, and that is to have fairy strands of golden silk.'

"When I told him I was a Princess and could have the strands made for him, he was very much pleased. Then I thought the Thunder Gods must know what was best, and that this was their way of punishing their people. If my royal weaver made the strands of gold, it would be doing wrong, so I did not promise.

Suddenly I saw upon the face of the Prince an expression of terror. Thunder rent the heavens, great clouds gathered, and crashing to earth came the beautiful palace—a mass of ruins. The Prince was very sad and asked us to go with him to

his tent. As we were about to enter your Princess woke up.

"That is all," said the Princess with an expression of sadness that she could not conceal.

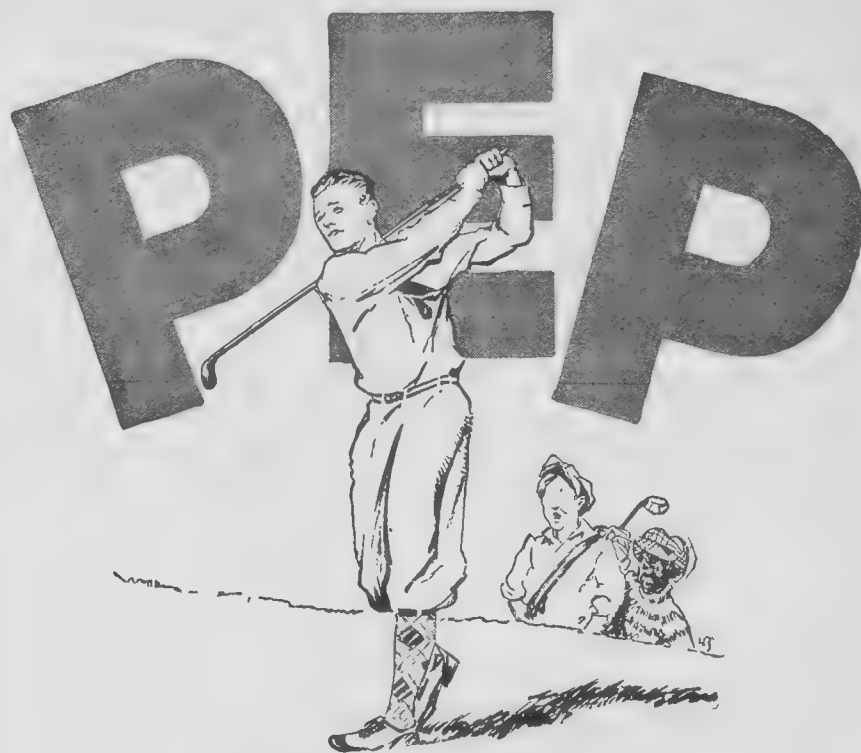
"Don't want to hear any more dream stories like that" remarked the Lynx to the Rabbit.

"Glad I don't have dreams," observed the Cricket to the Black Ant; the Wolf and Bear just laughed.

Seeing how it had affected the Princess, the party broke up without any further comment and went to their homes.

"Wonder what became of the poor fellow?" said Scribble.

"I would very much like to know," replied Her Royal Highness, "but it was only a dream, so why should we worry about it?"



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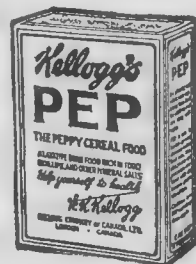
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What is Right With Marriage

By Rev. Andrew Roddan

In the July number of "The Western Home Monthly" an article appeared "What is Wrong With Marriage?" by Judge Emily Murphy. The Reverend Andrew Roddan of Port Arthur has now written on the positive side of this interesting problem—What is Right With Marriage—Editor.

WE ARE living in a wonderful age, when all classes of people are enjoying a greater measure of freedom than ever before in the history of the world. The more democratic a people become, the easier it is for them to get on the wrong track, by following wrong ideas and leadership.

Every institution of man has been brought under the searching light of inquiry, and among them the institution of marriage has been examined and commented upon as never before.

The tragedy of it is, that so much has been said on the negative and destructive side, that the time has now come for something to be said on the positive and constructive side of the problem.

It is always easy to reveal flaws and faults in a system or institution, but you will agree that it is a better thing to point out the elements worth while, which have endured through the centuries all the attacks of the critics and experts.

This is an age of experiment, and certainly some people are going to the limit, in order to demonstrate that they have found the way to solve the problem of domestic relations, by a better plan than the one which the Creator instituted.

I have in mind the plan of Companionate or Trial Marriage as set forth by Judge Ben Lindsey. Of course, the Judge is a sick man; I mean he has had a scunner at humanity, as year by year he has been compelled to listen to the story of broken hopes, hearts and homes.

We need to remember that today, as never before, ideas become crystallized into conduct and character, in a remarkably short space of time, by means of the Press, the Radio, and the Moving Picture.

Some real positive teaching on this subject is badly needed at this time, that will turn the mind of the modern youth away from the lower standards and ideals of married life, to those which will elevate and help to a better understanding of the inner meaning of marriage. Marriage is a form of life, and to get the very best out of it in happiness and peace, the very best must be put in.

Like all the higher forms of life it presents a challenge, and makes a demand of Service, Suffering and Sacrifice. It is well for those who would enter the married state to look at these facts, so that after the first glamour of romance has worn off, and the realities have to be faced, they will remember that of their own free will they have entered into a new way of life, which calls for the finest team work for the greatest end in life, the making of a happy home.

We are painting our matrimonial sunsets now, and if they are to be beautiful, we must think of the things that are pure, and true, and lovely, and then work them into the pattern of life's experience. After all it is the intention in the hearts of the young people directly concerned that determines the spiritual value of marriage, and not the fact that the Church has been temporarily turned into a florist shop, or a banquet hall.

Let us have more church weddings where something of the sanctity of the House of God will impress on all concerned the spiritual values of the marriage vow.

The Church has a great part to play in putting emphasis on the things which are right in marriage. Every minister should preach a series of sermons on the subject of domestic relations during the year, embodying the higher ideals of courtship and marriage, and the building of a home. This would counteract much of the negative influence which is being felt today. Suitable literature should be prepared by the best men and women in the church, and this given to parents and teachers, and to the older

boys and girls in our Sunday Schools and Bible Classes. Laying the foundation of their future life by teaching them sensible sex ethics.

Parents need guidance on this subject; it is lamentable how some of them have just let things go, and awaken to find that because of their indifference or silence, their boys and girls have made a wrong choice. Open the door of your home for the companions of your children, find out all about them, in a friendly way, gain their confidence in the things that are sacred and most important to their future physical and moral welfare. Give them the right instruction,

of marriage licenses and not leave it in the hands of merchants who happen to sell wedding rings. It is too serious a business.

Let the State surround the marriage law with more dignity by placing the power in the hands of the proper officials, appointed by the Government or the clerks of the municipalities.

Only Ministers who are in good standing with their respective churches should be allowed to perform a marriage ceremony, and they should be licensed by the Government.

Everyone seeking to enter the marriage contract should be asked to present a certificate of health signed by a qualified physician. There ought to be a time limit set between the issuing of the license and the marriage ceremony.

All these things would help to keep the standard high in the minds of those who desired to enter the married state.

Public opinion is a strong factor in this problem. The offender against the home and society gets away with it too easy at times. There ought to be a law which would compel a man to work, who has refused to support his family or has deserted them. If he cannot be made to love them, he ought to be made to support them, so that they will not be a charge on the community.

The secretary of the Children's Aid in Winnipeg informs me that the number of homes broken by domestic trouble has increased at an alarming rate.

It is time for a change, and an enlightened public opinion can help to bring this about. In place of condoning the guilty party in divorce proceedings, Society ought to condemn them and shun them until they have shown signs of repentance.

The wonder of it all is, not that so many homes have been shipwrecked or that the modern youth is foolish, but that in spite of all the negative influences of our modern life, we have so many happy homes; so great a number of wholesome young men and women.

The problem is not one of disobedient children, so much, as of disobedient parents in many cases.

If parents want their children to be honest, pure, and true, they must keep the standard high, and by example and precept lead their children to see what is best in married life.

Young people need to be reminded that there is only one royal road to matrimonial happiness, the royal way of true love, good old-fashioned love, that has stood the test of centuries, and all the passing fashions and phases of human life have not changed it.

There is a reason: the Creator put it there to serve the highest ends of human life, in the making of a home.

People who play false with this God-given instinct need to be told they are fools, because love perverted turns to hate, and hate lets loose the evil passions of men, and soon changes hearts and homes into living hells.

Let us remember some of the beautiful lovers of history and keep them before us as our ideal. We think of Ruth and Boaz, Joseph and Mary, Abelard and Louise, Dante and Beatrice, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort—the ideal sweetheart, wife, mother and Queen. To the pure all things are pure and we need to teach our youth that love alone can keep them above all that is base, and low conceptions of married life. Only by patience and perseverance, through sunshine and sorrow, joy and gladness, storm and calm, can men and women find the things that are right in the married state, and that it leads into the holiest of human fellowships and home becomes a gateway to heaven.



After Dawn Comes Day

By Kenneth Dane

*The Dawn,—
Cold, gray and wan,
From out his Eastern bed
Steals forth, and drives the lingering Night
To distant realms where she again may spread
Her welcome cloak; but oh! what sadness
does this sight,
This bleak, this cheerless prospect, in the
heart incite!*

*Hark! the silence of a slumbering world is broken!
Now upon my ears there falls a sound—
a token
Of life, of hope! for now bursts forth in
silvery song,
All Nature's feather'd songsters: now
appears more strong,
The rosy flush of morn, and soon arrives
The Radiant Sun that brings along
Another day, and drives
Existing fears
Away.*

or you will awaken, to your sorrow, to find that their pure minds have been poisoned by some moral leper.

Take an interest in the kind of books and magazines they read, spend a few dollars and see that they get the best, and they will not want to read the immoral bunk which is being handed out to our young people today.

The State can do a great deal to keep the standards high, by making it more difficult to enter the married state, and not make it more easy to break the bond through the divorce court. The marriage laws of the Province of Manitoba are in need of revision right now. The Government ought to control the sale

Meal time *has now* become **Health time** *to thousands!*



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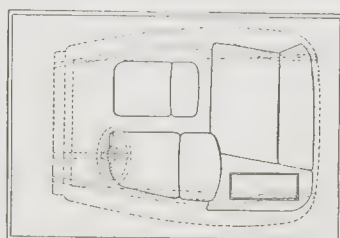
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mum weight; its engine is quiet, its operation is wonderfully smooth. There is no rough riding in the Victory, even on the bumpiest roads; no doubt of its certainty of performance arises at the foot of the highest hills—the Victory takes them all quietly and easily.

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Medusa's Head

Continued from page 7

"they're afraid the average rich man mightn't pay such a large ransom for his wife!"

"Perhaps they are," said Mr. Glaenzer, seriously.

"But it so happens that in this case the rich man would," Motherwell reminded him. "I take it there are no children?"

"None."

"As a matter of fact, it wouldn't be at all impossible to abduct a rich man's wife," Motherwell persisted. "I admit it's not a fashionable crime, but it could be done. He would pay anything, wouldn't he?"

"Anything he owns."

"That's generally known, isn't it?"

"His devotion to her? Naturally."

"Well, then," said the young man, "I hardly see how we can help considering it as a possibility."

"White thinks so, of course."

"I hope it is so," said Motherwell, "for then it will be easier."

"Easier?"

"Why, of course. It's much easier to find a woman who doesn't want to be lost than one who does. And one thing that makes it easier in any event, in this lady's case, is her spectacular beauty. It must be fairly difficult to keep such a person unnoticed, I should think. Do you know what she had on, when she left the house?"

"No," said Glaenzer despairingly, "we don't. And we can't very well ask. As it is, Crandall couldn't have faced her maid to give her any reasonable message. I made him telephone her from my house."

"What did he say?"

"Why, let me see—he said," 'Coggeshall, your mistress had decided suddenly to stay out of town. She's not quite up to the mark, I'm sorry to say, and wants you to pack her clothes for a few days, negligees and simple things, you know. Send them to the office' (I thought of that, Mr. Motherwell) 'and I'll take them.'"

"I suppose you don't know what she answered?"

"Why, yes, as it happens, I do. I asked him, because I wondered, of course, just what the servants were thinking. You see, she hadn't been back all that evening, and Crandall was nearly wild. She only said: 'Is that so, sir; I'm truly sorry. I'll pack directly, sir. I suppose she won't want you to bring any of her jewels, sir?'"

"So then he said no, and I nudged and whispered to him to ask if she had enough, or something like that. I thought it would be an excellent chance—"

"Exactly, and had she?"

"I'm sure she had only her wedding ring and guard, Mr. White, and the Medusa, of course," she answered."

"What's the Medusa, sir?" Motherwell asked.

The jeweller handed him for the second time the magazine, still open at the portrait.

"She has it on," he said.

Against an evening dress of iridescent white, cunningly massed against her marvellous skin, there shone but one jewel, a lambent green thing as large as a silver dollar, or nearly. In low but exquisitely clear relief was cut upon it a woman's beautiful face, framed in a mass of tossing serpents, too tiny for belief. At first you thought them wild locks of hair, merely, but in a moment you knew them for what they were and wondered, since the painter was so gifted, what must the gem-cutter have been.

"Whew! Motherwell exclaimed, "what a wonder! It's jade?"

"It's only equal is in Peking, I believe," said Glaenzer. I gave it to her as a wedding gift. She took an absurd fancy to it and always wore it—called it her lucky piece. It was safe enough—all the jewellers know it, and it's been in all the big loan exhibitions."

"It would give me the creeps — to wear," said the young man.

"I know, but women are different," the jeweller answered.

"This doesn't look as if she'd been spirited away for her jewelry, does it, sir?"

"No," said Glaenzer quietly.

"Didn't she wear more than that, usually?"

"Always, when I have seen her."

"What, for instance?"

"Her betrothal ring—a large black pearl set in diamonds; a small triple string of pearls, usually; a sapphire link bracelet, perhaps. The medusa she wore as a brooch, either at her neck or sometimes as a pendant to the pearls. But she always wore it."

Motherwell considered a moment.

"Her maid has said nothing more?"

"Oh, yes, she went directly to White the next morning and asked if her mis-



The Fairy Piper

By William Thompson

Illustrated by Flora White

*There is a fairy piper
Who plays all fairy tunes;
He plays his pipes the livelong day
And never stops to eat or play;
So far as anybody knows
He never stops to sleep or doze,
And no one ever saw him eat—
He has a mushroom for a seat—
His wings are just like butterfly's
And silken gauze enclose his thighs;
And on his head he wears a bonnet
With little pompoms poised upon it.
And if you'd like to hear him play
Just stroll along some sylvan way,
And listen with attentive ear
And you'll the fairy piper hear.*

trass didn't want her. He said he understood not, but would make sure. She said: 'I hope Mrs. White has nothing serious, sir?' and he said he hoped not, indeed, was sure not. This morning she asked if the clothes had been satisfactory and if there was any message for her. He said yes, of course, and that there was none. He hadn't left, then. This noon I sent him away, and I was to be called if he was wanted. She called me up here at about five and asked if any message had been sent her from Mrs. White. I said not that I knew of.

"If there's no room for me, sir, she knows I could easily sleep out," she said.

"I'm sure she'll send, if she requires you, Coggeshall," I said, and she answered rather dispiritedly: 'Yes, sir, I suppose so.'"

"She's English, I suppose?"

"An extremely high-class woman for that position. She has been a trained nurse, as a matter of fact, and took this up because it was steadier and less of a strain. She is devoted to Clelia and earns, I imagine, all of her undoubtedly high wages."

"Mrs. White is difficult, then?"

"I shouldn't say so. But she is certainly exacting and knows how to get herself taken care of. As of course she is quite justified in doing. Now, poor Nettie's servants all loved her — and steadily imposed upon her. I have never yet known anyone to impose upon Clelia."

MR. MOTHERWELL looked into the fire in silence, and his host forebore to break it. At last he spoke.

"I'm afraid you'll feel yourself leaning on a broken reed, Mr. Glaenzer," he said slowly. "If I was one of these Johnnies in a book, now, I'd have taken a lot of notes and asked a few piercing questions, and dashed off and arrested somebody—Mr. White, for choice. But the only thing I can do is to wait until something strikes me. And this is really very difficult, you know. I'm afraid I think it looks rather bad for Mr. White, sir."

Glaenzer groaned.

"Don't!" he said, and went on after a moment. "On the contrary, Motherwell, 'you impress me very much. Very much, indeed. And some of your questions strike me as sufficiently piercing—even for a Johnny in a book. But I am a little surprised that you didn't notice one thing—I thought you would have.'"

"In the letter you mean?"

"Yes."

"What thing, sir?"

"Why this odd sentence," said Mr. Glaenzer. "Poor White and I have worn our brains out over it. Yet you skip over it very easily. Perhaps you didn't notice it, though."

"You might read the sentence," suggested Motherwell.

Mr. Glaenzer took the letter and read:

"I told him that I tell you know I love you." Told whom? Poor Crandall thinks her brain was upset—"

"But you think she simply made a slip, in her excitement?" said Motherwell quietly.

The older man gasped slightly.

"You—it's hard to conceal one's feelings from you, my clever young friend," he said. "I suppose that's what I meant, yes. But anyway, what does it mean?"

"I told him that I (would) tell you?"

"Forgetting that Crandall knows no 'him'?"

"Oh, no, I shouldn't say so."

"But you did notice it? You think you understand it, perhaps?"

"Why, yes, I think it could be explained," said Motherwell absently.

"Then perhaps you'd—" Mr. Glaenzer's tone was almost imperceptibly edged. He was very tired.

The young man blinked and apologized with his whole mobile face.

"Please excuse me!" he cried, "I got thinking—you know," he explained. "I can only see things like this in pictures. A little like the movies, if you understand me, sir. I read that part of the letter a little differently. If you will hand it to me—"

He took it, laid it on the arms of his chair, and bent over it, as if writing.

"I am quite well—no one is hurting me—" here he flung back angrily over his shoulder.

"I told him that, I tell you,"—then again writing: "'You know I love you!'"

"Doesn't that make sense, sir? She did tell him that before, you know?"

Mr. Glaenzer started.

"For heaven's sake!" he murmured, "for heaven's sake!"

"There's one 'you' left out, but she thought it was the 'you' of the sentence that was coming, you see. And in her excitement she wrote it all down, just as she said it. At least, that's the way it seems to me."

"You mean that you think somebody really was there—"

"Why, naturally. Somebody who was hurrying her along, too. She must have written like lightning. Never dotted an 'i.' And scared to death. I'm afraid.

This letter is like the writing in your note, grown years older—don't you notice? I'm afraid I'm not up to this, Mr. Glaenzer. Better tell the Chief."

"You mean that you can suggest nothing?"

"Not at all. I can suggest one or two things. I don't mean that I think this lady couldn't be found. I think she's too beautiful and too young and has too many perfectly obvious reasons for getting back—if she can—not to be found, ultimately. But it looks to me as if she was afraid she couldn't see her way to getting back—very soon—to put it mildly. You can't get around that. And what staggers me is the short—the terribly

Continued on page 48

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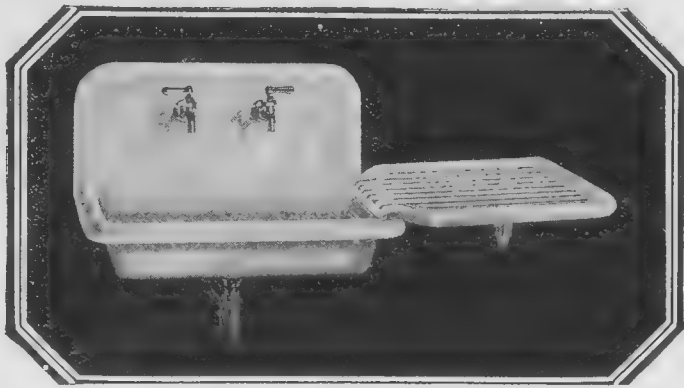
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Medusa's Head

Continued from page 47

short time at our disposal, Mr. Glaenger. You can't lose one of the loveliest and richest young women in the country in broad daylight in New York, and expect to get away with it very long, can you? People, even if they are reducing their weight, can still write to their friends. How long will Mr. White hold out? How long can you fool the servants? What are you going to say? What's become of her? Everybody will want to know."

"She ought to have thought of that," said Mr. Glaenger in a low voice. "What can Crandall do?"

"Of course," Motherwell went on, apparently not noticing this bitter reply, "of course Mr. White can say that she has been obliged to be put temporarily—"

"I suggested that, but he turned on me and refused point blank," said Glaenger. "He said she would never forgive him."

"Well, then, what does he want to do?"

"He wants you to find her," said the jeweller.

Motherwell laughed angrily. "Because I'm not the 'police,' I suppose?"

"Just so."

"You don't think that's rather a quibble?"

"We think it's a pretty near thing," the older man admitted, "but we also think that she ought to be very glad of that 'quibble,' Mr. Motherwell, in case she wants to come back, and that she can hardly blame us, legally speaking, in case—"

"In case she doesn't?"

Motherwell rose and stood, slim and young and tired, in front of him. "So he doesn't quite believe in her, either? Is that it?"

"He is only human," said Mr. Glaenger, "and he is fifty-four, and she is barely thirty. Do you believe in her, Mr. Motherwell?"

"I don't know," said Motherwell, "but I'll be back tomorrow morning and try to find her!"

BRIGHT and early on Saturday morning, a dark, distinguished gentleman evidently quite at home in the White household, escorted up the old gold velvet of the much-photographed stairway a slender, bearded young man in heavy shell glasses and a worn, soft, felt hat. He was clearly of the professional or high-class artisan type, and he followed his guide in respectful silence. In Mrs. White's little sitting-room they were met by her maid, a severe Englishwoman of middle age.

"Good day, Coggeshall, good news from Mrs. White, I hope?" the friend of the family asked kindly.

"Indeed, Mr. Glaenger, I've just had no news at all from Mrs. White," she returned, and her voice was the voice of a woman with a serious grievance.

"Well, well, I expect Mr. White will bring us plenty, when he gets back."

"To speak by Mr. White's voice on the telephone, Mr. Glaenger, when last I heard it at eight o'clock this very morning, he'll not be leaving his bed, if he's wise!" the woman retorted triumphantly. "He's sent for Hollis already."

Again the grievance.

"Ah, well, a man under the weather needs his valet, really, more than ever, you know, Coggeshall!"

"And how about a woman, sir?"

"Well, well—"

Mr. Glaenger looked drawn and preoccupied.

"I want to take all Mrs. White's jewels and have them gone over thoroughly, Coggeshall," he said. "She thinks one of the sapphires in her bracelet is loose, and there are other things, I am sure. And they shouldn't be left here with both of them away, anyway. She keeps too much here. If you will give me the keys—or it's a combination, isn't it? my young man here will list them and give you a receipt. Meanwhile, I will telephone to Atlantic City."

"It's a key and combination, sir, and Mrs. White keeps the key, always. I don't know the combination, sir. You'll have to get it from her," said the woman. "Hasn't Mr. White a key?"

"He had, sir, but Mrs. White mislaid her key, and was alarmed someone should

find it, and had it changed, and the combination too. There only came back one, and she was vexed at the forgetting to order the two, but only last Wednesday (the day she left, sir) she mentioned to me that she could not seem to remember about ordering that duplicate key. So I am inclined to doubt he has one, Mr. Glaenger."

"Then, in case of a fire, the safe would have to be taken out bodily? No one but Mrs. White could get at it?"

"It looks so, sir," the woman said quietly.

"This is idiotic," the jeweller declared, and seizing the telephone he called up his establishment angrily, and demanded that the best "safe-man" in the place be sent up to him immediately. Fuming, he paced out into the hall to wait and the young man was left alone with the maid.

Getting out a pencil, he began to sharpen it carefully, his eye on his job.

"I'm sorry to hear Mrs. White is so ill," he said politely.

"I don't know that she's so ill!" the woman returned briefly.

"Ah, I'm glad to hear it," he said lightly. "You'd be the one to know, of course!"

She glanced at him suspiciously, but he was evidently barely interested; his heart was in his pencil-point. His ingenious flattery came just at the right moment.

"There's more than you thinking that, young man," she announced bitterly, "but it seems I'm not the one, after all. It's not that I mind a lady's walking out, just as she is, and dressed more for what you might call—walking in the country on a rainy day, than for New York. And of course if she wishes to appear that way on a visit, why, it's for her to say, after all. But to be told to pack a bag with simple things—pah! What are 'simple things'?"

The young man emitted a soothing, respectful sound.

"If a person's ill—well and good. If they're worried to death, well and good. But there's a difference in the clothes required," the woman announced.

The young man mumbled something about "a little of both, maybe," and began to write busily with his now sharpened pencil.

To which the Englishwoman replied tartly, that all men were alike, in her opinion.

At this moment Mr. Glaenger hurried back into the room.

"I'm leaving immediately for Atlantic City," he said briefly. Mr. White's got a real bronchitis out of this, I'm afraid. I'll get Dr. Flershing and take him with me, if possible. Coggeshall, this is Mr. Wells, one of my young men. As soon as the safe is opened, he will list the various pieces and give you a receipt for them. Take them directly to Lillenthal, the head of the repairs, you know, Wells, and be sure to get your own duplicate receipt from him."

"Very good, sir," said the young man, "and there are some things I'd like to ask you about—"

In the hall he spoke low and quickly. "It can't be helped, Mr. Glaenger. It's just as I felt from the beginning—I must have it out with the maid."

"You really feel—"

"There's no one else, Mr. Glaenger! Why, nobody even knows where she started for! Why should she have taken a taxi and not her own car, for instance?"

Mr. Glaenger sighed.

"This woman says that she was dressed as if for 'walking on a rainy day in the country,'" the young man went on, "and Wednesday was a perfectly clear day. No, Mr. Glaenger, I must have some help. And I think she's the woman to help me. She's worried about something, too, you know. I'd like to know what it is."

Mr. Glaenger shrugged one expressive shoulder.

"Very well, my dear young man—whatever you say!" he murmured. "We can't keep this up, you know, very long. A few days, perhaps—Personally, I should have long ago—Well, no, I can't say that. But I doubt if my poor friend's scruples—At any rate, use

your own judgment—and that flair, that flair!" he repeated with almost a smile.

In Mrs. White's sea-green and ivory bedroom a swarthy, squat little man was kneeling beside a safe in the wall, when Mr. Wells returned. Coggeshall stood on guard behind him.

"Pretty tough nut, eh?" suggested Mr. Wells, watching him with interest, as the artist listened, touched daintily, listened again with closed eyes, most like a great heart specialist.

The swarthy one sniffed scornfully.

"No much!" he answered. "They think so, but, gosh, there ain't much to it. There she goes!"

As the door swung open, he picked up his bunches of keys and file, and swept them into a shapeless bag.

"Hardly what I'd call a job!" he said. "Sign here, will you, Missus?" and he scuttled out.

The woman sighed.

"I expect you'll want them out of the cases?" she said. "Have you a bag with you?"

"They would take up less room," he agreed, "but Mr. Glaenzer didn't tell me what I was wanted for, exactly, and I'm afraid I didn't come provided—"

She moved, without a word, to a closet, and produced a leather bag.

"Put them in here," she said briefly, and taking out a monogrammed morocco case, she pressed its spring.

"These are the small pearls—" she began, but the box was empty.

Muttering something about an emerald pendant, she pulled out an exquisite green case with tooled edges. But this also was empty. Under his keen eyes she turned out every one of the cases and small drawers in the safe, but there was nothing in any of them. Her face was as white as their velvet linings.

But Mr. Wells was quite unconcerned.

"Now what do you think of that?" he said lightly. "She took them with her, after all! Good joke on us, what?"

She stared at him a moment, and then dropped her head into her hands and wept. He waited in silence while you could have counted five, and then twitched her hands away suddenly.

"Where'd she go?" he asked. "Where?"

"I don't know!" the woman sobbed, instinctively altering her manner, even through her tears, to something new in his tone. "They won't any of them tell me, sir!"

He searched her pale grey eyes, but they hardly wavered under his. And yet—and yet—there was something—he could swear there was something—

"Sit up," he said abruptly, "and listen to me. They don't tell you, Coggeshall, because they don't know. That's why. Nobody knows. And we've got to find out."

She listened to him, wiping her eyes. He talked to her. It was quite clear to him that although she was not entirely unprepared for some disagreeable news of her mistress, she was honestly ignorant of her whereabouts.

"But what's happened to her, sir? What's happened to her?" she repeated mournfully, smoothing and rumpling the damp handkerchief on her knee. "Where would she go? And why couldn't she send us word? You mean there's been no word at all?"

He looked her straight in the eye.

"Yes, there has," he said, but it doesn't do us much good. She will come back, if she can, she says, but not if the police are notified. She swears she means it. So they are not to know it—if it can be helped. If you have any idea, Coggeshall, the remotest ghost of an idea, as to where she might have gone, and could get any word to her, now's your chance to help her."

She looked drearily back at him.

"Yes, sir. But I haven't," she said.

He scowled.

"All right," he said shortly.

"Now, these jewels. She's got them, of course. Took them with her, undoubtedly."

"No sir," said the maid definitely, "she didn't do that, sir. That I know. I went straight down to the front door with her, and all she had was her beaded bag on her wrist and a square box with the big onyx paperweight that broke, that I'd done up myself, the evening before. She was to take it to the jeweller's herself, and talk it over. I knew the package, for I'd tied it myself."

"Then she had them on her, somewhere."

"On her?" the maid repeated scornfully. "Will you tell me where, sir? The way the ladies dress nowadays, where would you put what came out of those boxes? Bunched out like that, indeed!"

"Couldn't you sew them in?" he began, but she cut him short.

"I tell you I dressed her!" she cried, and he gave way.

"Well, anyhow—" he said. Now see here. Either she wanted to run away, or she didn't. If she wanted to—well, that's that. I don't see that there's anything more to be said. Or done. We'll know soon enough. If she didn't (which I believe) then she wants to get back. And the question is, can we help her? And if she didn't want to come back, why did she write that way? Why not just go?"

"What way, sir?"

"She said: 'I hope to come back' and 'I must leave you for a little,' but she also said that she was frightened to death," said Mr. Wells, slowly.

"'Frightened to death!'" the woman repeated, "'frightened to death! Oh, dear me! Dear me!'"

She took to her handkerchief again, but he seized her hand.

"But she said, more than once. 'No one is hurting me,'" he added.

"'No one is hurting me!'" she repeated slowly.

"Ah, dear! Ah, dear! And poor Mr. White on the flat of his back! But if she said she'd come back, sir—"

"That's very well," said the young man, "but suppose she can't? She said she hoped to come back. That's a little different, you see. There may be some funny business here, you know. When I thought she had no jewels, I felt very different about it. But with all that junk on her—well, she must have known all that, when she wrote."

He swung to the safe door, having tumbled the boxes back into it.

"Now where was she going on Wednesday?" he asked. "Was she upset at all? Mr. White seems to think not. He thought her in excellent spirits, I understand."

Coggeshall smiled scornfully.

"Yes. He would," she answered.

"Well, wasn't she?"

"Mrs. White had been worried for some weeks, sir, but I can't say why, and it's no good asking me," she said, facing him obstinately.

"What? And you pretend to be devoted to her? Don't be an idiot, Coggeshall."

"I'm not an idiot, Mr. Wells," she said quietly, "or if I am, it's news to me, sir. I know you're here helping Mr. Glaenzer, and I'd help you all I could, if this had any ways to do with Madam's going-off, sir. This what I mean hasn't—I'll swear to it before anybody, police or otherwise. Ladies have their worries, Mr. Wells, and my lady has not been herself to say herself, for some time. It might make her careless and forgetful like, the way I told you about the duplicate key. But it's got nothing to do with dreadful things like this, and disappearing away and all. I know nothing whatever about this."

"But my dear woman, you can't possibly judge—"

"Excuse me, sir, I can judge about this," said the maid, obstinately, "and you would agree with me, directly you knew. Of that I'm sure. It's this way," she went on, almost pleadingly, and quite honestly, he was certain. "If she don't come back, sir, I'll tell you, and ten to one you'll laugh at it—a gentleman would," she added bitterly. "But if she does (and you think she means to) then she'd never forgive me in God's world, if I'd tell you, sir! Well I know that. You see? It's that kind of thing! But nothing like you think," she ended, looking keenly at him.

THERE was something convincing about her. She was no fool, this woman.

"Why did you tell me at all, then?" he asked her.

"Because I shouldn't be honest, and not," she answered promptly.

"And she's forgot a lot of things lately, Mr. Wells, and let a lot of things go, and—and—why didn't she mention to me about those jewels, now? And where are they?"

Her face worked painfully.

Continued on page 50



Eat Bran MUFFINS

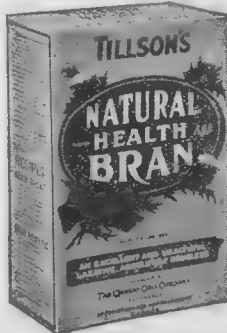
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Now when his master, Roy J. Wensley, calls him on the 'phone, Televox answers in a deep bass voice telling who he is and that he is ready to go to work.

Becoming articulate is the special preparation "Televox" has made for his visit to Atlantic City, where with other outstanding figures of the electrical industry, he will attend the annual convention of the National Electric Light Association. His Atlantic City appearance is his first public opportunity to demonstrate his new-found vocal powers.

Mr. Wensley, inventor of the Televox and an eminent member of the Switchboard Engineering Department of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, at East Pittsburg, Pa. enabled his automaton to talk by incorporating into its parts of another outstanding development of the electric art, talking "movies." The result is that when Televox hears the telephone ring, a roll of film carrying pictures of appropriate sound waves is set into motion, producing a suitable sentence and sending it back over the telephone wires to the operator.

For example, under the present arrangement, Wensley dials Televox's number, Marine 2608, on an ordinary automatic telephone. After a moment's pause, he hears this reply:

"This is Televox speaking from Marine 2608."

Since the Televox was first constructed it has been able to carry on a conversation with the person at the other end of the telephone connection. Heretofore,

however, it has had to rely on a code of buzzer signals, rather than words, to communicate what it had to say. The new feature makes it possible for a person unfamiliar with the code to understand the Televox.

Upon order from Wensley, the Televox immediately performs any prearranged operations. For instance, it turns a light on or off, starts or stops an electric fan or vacuum sweeper, blows a horn, or lifts his arm.

This man of copper veins, porcelain bones, and vital organs of vacuum tubes, is more than a toy or an engineering curiosity, Mr. Wensley declared. It was constructed to meet very definite and important industrial requirements.

"By means of the Televox," Mr. Wensley says, "a load dispatcher of an electric power company or street railway can call up on any telephone unattended power plants or substations, receive reports on the status of every machine in the station, and start or stop machines, open and close switches and perform other operations at will.

"Automatic operation of electric machinery has been in use for several years, but all systems now employed require special wires run from the supervising point to the station. Where stations are many miles away, numerous such installations may be very expensive. Telephone connections to all points always exist, however, and by using these lines for supervisory control, the cost of the control system is greatly reduced.

"Distance is no barrier to the operation of the Televox," said Mr. Wensley. "The operator may be in New York and the Televox in San Francisco, yet the apparatus will operate just as readily as if directed from the same room."

Medusa's Head

Continued from page 49

"She hasn't drawn any checks," he said, watching her. "There's a big balance at the bank."

"Oh, it's not that!" she cried impatiently, and then: "Can't you do something, sir?"

It was extraordinary, the way she appealed to him, seemed to trust him. A man she had supposed to be a jeweller's clerk, ten minutes ago! But women are that way, he pondered. They believed in you—or they didn't.

And men?

He realized in himself a distinct alteration of feeling; that flair of his had shifted with the wind. How much did he really believe in Clelia White, the glorious-haired, just now? How philosophical he had become, all of a sudden!

Sensitive as a clairvoyant, he had experienced a real thrill of terror—the terror of the writer of that jumbled, blotted letter—when first he read it. Why did it seem to him now that she knew her own business best, probably?

"I'm afraid she'll have to do a little something for us, first, Coggeshall," he answered dryly. "I must telephone Mr. Glaenzer and see if he's started yet."

Mr. Glaenzer had not started, and listened in rather noticeable silence to his young friend's communication.

"The articles that were wanted for

repair, sir, don't seem to be in the closet you suggested—no, sir, nothing whatever, absolutely certain, yes, sir. Lady must have taken them herself—yes, sir, obviously—of course, that alters the situation—I imagine the lady I met this morning could be of little more help than she's willing to be at present, but I don't despair of her—Oh, absolutely trusty, yes, sir—no doubt of it at all—deeply devoted—Of course I understand that money is no object—I advertised to that effect this morning—Yes, I think we shall hear again, myself. Good-bye, sir."

He came back to the bedroom. Coggeshall was sitting just as he had left her. She looked dazed and helpless.

"I must get along now," he said kindly, picking up his bag. "I'll look in later. Of course it depends on you, you know, whether this gets out or not. You'd better say I'm doing some estimating on some work for Mrs. White, from Glaenzer's."

"Very well, sir," she said listlessly. "you may depend they'll get nothing out of me, sir. I'll be here. There might be a message for me."

Mr. Wells went lightly down the stairs, bag in hand.

"You'll be here, will you?" he muttered to himself; "now—I wonder?"

(Continued next month)

One Wet Day

*Rain falls.
Within the deep, green hedge
Willow-wren unto moorhen, calls,
While at the house-beam's edge
The swallow and her younglings wait
Listening to unseen streams singing from
slate to slate.*

*Rain falls
Drenching dejected barley sheaves,
But on the apples, in and out the leaves,
Each raindrop weaves
Roundels and virelays day long.
Rain falls.*

*Man keeps his house,
Grudging the earth's carouse,
Till, swiftly pacing down the lane
Leaping brown ruts and tawny pools,
grown wide*

*With the choked ditches' tide,
The postman comes, all unawares
Of leaves and apples with their rain-
sweet airs,*

*And wakes my groaning knocker into
labored song.*

—A. Doris L. Wilson, in The Poetry Review.

A Pair of Moose Horns

Continued from page 14

Looks like storming. Better get up an' give me a hand with the spuds."

Daniel turned over in the bunk. "All right," he agreed sleepily, and was soon snoring again.

Thomas ate his meal in seething silence. When he had finished he called the other. "I've eat," he told him shortly. "Get up an' give me a 'and with the spuds."

The easy-going Daniel replied: "All right, but there's no good gettin' in a sweat. It'll be all the same a hundred years from now."

Thomas would not trust himself to speak. He turned abruptly and left the shack. When he returned at noon, Daniel was missing with his rifle. "If we lose them spuds," he muttered darkly, "the lazy old codger can get out of 'ere. I've stood for all I'm a-goin' to."

Daniel returned at sundown. "Thought a little meat'd be welcome," he said by way of opening, "but there ain't a darn animal left in the country."

The scowling Thomas was silent. He was listening to the rising nor'west wind and the first flurry of rain on the shingled roof. The hunter did not notice signs of a brewing disturbance, for Thomas was often taciturn to the degree of sullenness. He kept up a running chatter of light conversation throughout the supper meal, and then sat back and smoked comfortably while the aching-backed Thomas did the washing up.

Next morning, daylight showed the ground under a carpet of snow several inches deep. Thomas, fiery-eyed, shook his partner roughly.

"Get out of 'ere, you lazy cove," he cried angrily. "I've stood all I've a mind to from you."

Daniel blinked his eyes open uncertainly. "Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" he gasped.

"I've 'ad enough of it," Thomas roared. "Snow! An' there's nigh a third of them spuds still in the ground, lost. We could 'ave got most of 'em in if you'd 'elped instead of beatin' it like you did. I'm sick of cookin' and tendin' you like you was a baby. Get up an' get out of my 'ouse as soon as you like."

Daniel awoke to the fact that this was no ordinary row, that Thomas meant business. "If that's the way you feel about it," he countered, feeling none too amiable himself, "I'll be tickled to death to go. I'm fed up with your dirty, sneery ways, you crusty old walloper. Think I'm the hired man around here?"

"No, and you ain't no honored guest, neither," Thomas snapped. "Get out."

"I'll get, soon enough," Daniel assured the other. "But you—you poor double-blanked old boob, you'll starve to death without my money."

"I lived for over seventy years without your assistance, Mister Adams," old Thomas was dignity personified. "An' I'll live for another seventy without it."

Daniel's reply was a scornful laugh, as he took his rifle off the hook, gathered his few belongings and hit the trail for his own shack.

The settlement smiled and wagged its head when smoke was observed from Danny's stove-pipe. "What did I tell you?" and "I told you so," were the chief comments.

The two old men said little about their disagreement. They passed each other with averted heads, yet, often of an evening, Thomas would look wistfully up the hill to where the dim light in Daniel's shack was blinking fitfully; often old Daniel would finger the greasy pack of cards reminiscently, and yearn for a renewal of the nightly rubbers at crib with his old neighbor.

Bereft of Danny's ready money, Thomas felt the drain even as the other had prophesied. Prices had soared to the peak, and the loss of a third of his potato crop, with potatoes at famine prices had robbed him of a substantial sum. He lived close to the weather, resorting to rabbit snares for his meat supply.

Daniel, for his part, found he could no longer stay at home, so lonesome had he become. To remedy this, he busied himself with a trapline, one day out and one in, with a cabin shelter in the bush for overnight stay. His outgoings and incomings were not lost on Thomas, who

watched for the smoke from the chimney, the light in the shack, even as in other days he had watched for the coming of Daniel. He knew to the hour when to expect his old partner, and was always uneasy when the trapper failed to show up at the usual time.

One February afternoon, Daniel did not return home. By the hour, into the night, Thomas watched for the light in the hillside shack. He slept little that night. "The old fool," he muttered as he blew out his own light. "'E's too old to be gallivantin' around the bush in winter. 'E'll get 'isself snowed in an' froze to death, that's what 'e'll do."

No smoke appeared from Danny's shack next morning, and Thomas became really alarmed. It was mail-day, and enquiries at the post-office drew forth no news of the trapper. Nobody—save Thomas—seemed at all concerned, for all knew that old Daniel was at home in the bush.

Thomas, however, had strong doubts. Daniel was getting on in years, was not as strong as formerly, and he had visibly aged during the past three years. At times he was quite tottery and feeble.

He looked in at Danny's shack on his way home. It was in its usual state of chronic untidiness. He walked home thoughtfully. If Danny did not show up before morning he would start after him. He knew just where the old trapper's shack was located. There was a bush trail, which would be well packed by the old man's journeyings. The thought of wandering so far afield scared him so that his old heart pounded with excitement at the dangerous possibilities. For the second night in succession he slept but little.

No light in Danny's shack, no smoke from his stovepipe the next cold, cloudy morning, and Thomas nerved himself for his ordeal.

He shouldered a light pack of food, grasped a staff and resolutely started off. Perhaps twelve miles separated him from his destination, twelve miles of well packed snow; not a terrific feat for one accustomed to walking and the bush, but Thomas had not walked more than three or four miles together for the past few years.

"It'll snow afore night," he muttered, sniffing at the nor'west breeze which tingled his cheeks. "The crazy old codger oughtn't to be let out in them woods by 'isself."

Up fire-killed ridges, down again into deep, wooded valleys, across frozen creeks and muskegs, plodded Thomas, ever into the face of the freshening, biting wind.

At five miles his overshoes started pinching his feet, his old legs ached. At six, his pace had slackened, one heel was blistering badly, he paused occasionally on the up-grades for breath. Eight miles out, he flung himself down under a giant spruce and smoked a reflective pipe.

When he dragged himself to his feet and stretched his stiffened muscles to resume his journey, he noted that dirty grey masses of clouds were scurrying low across the sky at high speed.

"Don't like the looks of the weather," he mumbled, "I'll need to push on, or it'll snow afore I get to 'is shack."

In heavily wooded country now, sheltered from the wind, he carried on steadily at a very sober gait until he rounded the trail and sighted the half shack, half dug-out which was old Danny's bush home.

As he plodded up to the door, he gave a querulous hail. Receiving no answer, he pushed open the door and entered. Two fresh lynx and several weasel pelts were stretching on their frames against the wall. A blackened pot half full of frozen porridge and a tea-billy stood on the wee stove. A disorderly pile of blankets lay in one corner on a bed of spruce boughs.

Thomas was muscle-bound and weary, yet the one fact that registered was that old Danny was out in the bush somewhere, perhaps sick, perhaps injured, and that he, Thomas, must find and succor him.

He gathered from the evidence on hand that the old trapper had not spent the

Continued on page 54



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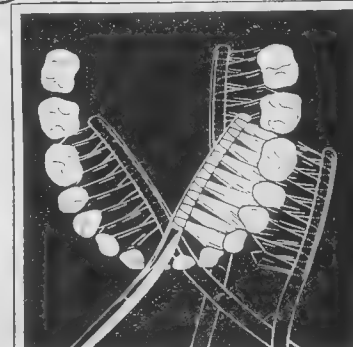
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65



THE Dominion of Canada is receiving very close attention from investors all over the world and this renewed interest is due largely to the wonderful possibilities opening up daily. An explanation of this interest is found in a consideration that the estimates place the 1928 crop at over 600,000,000 bushels and that the profits derived from the working of the natural wealth of the community are increasing by leaps and bounds. A very striking illustration of this is found in a report of the 27th annual meeting of the British Empire Trust Company held in London, England. After dealing with the position of the Company, John Davidson, Managing Director spoke in part as follows:

"As you can well imagine, our faith in Canada and Canadian investments continues undiminished. I know of no country in the world which combines with itself such a variety of natural resources. Canadian agriculture and the fame of her wheat fields are known throughout the world. Many agricultural countries depend upon agriculture alone, and are rich; but Canada also possesses vast timber resources suitable for pulp and paper and also for building purposes. Canada also comprises vast natural wealth in fisheries, both inland, and deep sea. Her resources include 85 per cent of the world's known asbestos supply, 90 per cent of the world's nickel, and she is now the third largest gold producing country in the world. The production of gold in Canada last year amounted to over \$38,000,000 or £7,800,000, and I venture to predict that she may yet become the greatest gold-producing country in the world. I am glad to say that we have many interests in Canada, and I trust and believe that our interests will continue to expand."

The following figures as published in one of our leading Western papers adds further proof to the ever increasing development of our trade relations. The article in question reads as follows:--

"Canada's total trade for the month of June was \$219,842,355 an increase of over \$11,000,000 compared with June, 1927. Of the June figures, imports are represented by \$110,703,773 and exports, including foreign exports \$109,138,582. This was a balance on the import side of exports of over six million dollars the figures then being; imports \$101,018,386; exports \$107,200,611.

Agricultural and vegetable products accounted for almost half of the country's exports, those commodities amounting in value to \$50,029,854. Wood and paper represented \$24,956,706 and animal products \$11,000,770.

On the import side iron and its products constituted the largest items, the value amounting to \$32,871,085 with agricultural and vegetable products totalling \$21,164,806.

For the twelve month period ending June 30th, Canada's total trade reached the figure of \$2,385,305,964 divided between \$1,142,004,494 imports and \$1,243,301,470 exports a balance of exports over imports of \$101,296,976.

In June the United Kingdom imported \$33,235,185 worth of Canadian goods, while the total exports to all parts of the Empire was \$41,649,533. For the same month Canada purchased \$16,701,112 worth of British goods, and a total of \$22,970,573 from the Empire as a whole. Australia received from Canada goods to the value of \$1,025,790 and sent to this country commodities totalling \$422,496. New Zealand exported to Canada \$578,130 and purchased \$1,356,553.

Germany was an importer of Canadian goods to the extent of \$4,560,789 and exported to Canada \$1,815,396.

The United States imported \$40,384,354 worth of Canadian goods and exported to this country commodities valued at \$75,473,044."

The Royal Bank of Canada in its monthly summary of the wholesale and trade conditions in Canada for the month

of July reports that in the Maritime Provinces conditions remain satisfactory, a large volume of sales being recorded in the mining centres. Business is reported good in all lines of hardware, but the dry goods has been handicapped by unfavorable weather and the decline in the production of lumber. Increased tourist trade along with the pulp and paper development has quickened business considerably. In Ontario and Quebec better weather conditions have been beneficial to the trade and dealers in groceries, hardware and boots and shoes report a general improvement. In the Prairie Provinces the volume has been considered as very satisfactory, particularly in view of the excellent prospects of the coming crop. On the Pacific Coast the warm weather has assisted the sale of clothing and boots and shoes. Except in Vancouver wholesalers report business conditions as good. Automobile sales during May were 15 per cent above last year's figures.

The Turner Valley, the report continues, is experiencing the greatest activity and development in its history. Three big wells and numerous small ones are producing steadily. Royalite No. 8 which has been brought in only recently produced more than 7,000 barrels last month, nearly one and a half times as much as was produced by Royalite No. 4. Total production figures for May amounted to nearly 38,000 barrels valued at approximately \$146,000.00. On June 3rd in the Wainwright field a well was brought in which flowed under its own pressure at the rate of 300 barrels per day.

Rapid headway is being made in construction of the concentrator at Noranda. The steel work is almost completed and it is expected to be in operation early in the autumn. Daily tonnage at the smelter is averaging 725 to 750 tons, and production in gold and copper is at the rate of about \$500,000 monthly. It is reported that amulet will be included among the producers some time before the close of the coming year.

Recent drillings in New Brunswick indicate the presence of potash salts, and investigations are to be conducted to ascertain the extent of these deposits. At present, Germany controls the potash markets of the world and as there is no commercial development of this mineral anywhere in the British Empire, it would be a discovery of great importance if these deposits were found to be sufficiently rich.

The Dominion Government has voted \$150,000 to aid in a test movement of 400,000 tons of Nova Scotian coal to be shipped to Canadian markets in localities where American coal has for many years been free from competition. In addition to ascertaining the actual cost of bringing coal to markets in Ontario and Quebec the movement will also encourage the use of Canadian coal and show how far Nova Scotian coal can compete with United States bituminous coal on a basis of quality.

Decadence

When I can hear no siren voices call
From woodland glen, from mountain or
from plain;
When there is neither music in the rain
Nor melody in brook and waterfall;

When children's laughter is but noise, and all
The tuneful lays of bird and bee in vain
Are sung to me from hedge and bowered lane;
When God's great out-of-doors begins to pall:

Then am I deaf indeed, and Nature seems
To touch with palsied hand the thousand
strings
Of her once perfect harp; then joy has fled,

All happiness is gone, and even dreams
Have ceased to wake again those silent
springs;
Then am I dead: the soul that sleeps is dead.
A. W. Sylvestre, M.D., in The Writer

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This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

A CASE of considerable interest to the grain growers of the prairie provinces was recently decided by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Alberta. A farmer entered into a verbal contract with his neighbor to thresh his entire crop for him, and threshing was commenced in accordance with the contract. After the threshing had continued for about a week, a heavy snow storm came on, winter set in, and threshing was delayed indefinitely. The question arose whether the thresher was entitled to payment for the work done or should he have to wait until the entire contract was completed in the following spring. Since the question could not be solved by the terms of the contract, the Court came to the conclusion that it must be determined in accordance with the provision which reasonable men would put in such a contract if such a point were in their minds at the time, and the only reasonable provision to cover such a case would have been that the thresher should be entitled to payment for his work done to the time when his operations were suspended by force beyond the control of either party. It was accordingly held that the thresher was entitled to immediate payment for the work which he had done up to the time when the permanent change in the weather had taken place. Another point also arose out of the same case. The owner of the grain suffered considerable loss through deterioration of the grain and delay because of the discontinuance of threshing, and his contention was that there had been a breach of contract, and for that reason, he should be entitled to receive damages from the thresher. There can be little doubt that there was a breach of the threshing contract, but it occurred without either party being in fault. On this point also, there was nothing in the verbal contract dealing with this situation, and the Court, after adopting the same reasoning as they had used to determine the first problem, decided that if the parties' minds had been directed toward such an occurrence, the contract would have contained a stipulation against the thresher's liability for such damage, and accordingly held that the thresher was not liable for any damages resulting from the cessation of threshing. What was really laid down, therefore, was this:—the risk of the weather is ordinarily the grain owner's risk. If he wishes to shift that risk by a threshing contract, he must insert an express stipulation to that effect.

A salesman who had a mistaken idea as to the amount of commissions payable to him, received from a customer a cheque for \$100.00 in payment of an article he had sold for his employer. Honestly believing that his employer owed him \$60.00 for commissions on previous sales, he tendered the remaining \$40.00 to him, but his tender was declined, and he was threatened with arrest unless he paid the entire sum of \$100.00 to the employer. When the salesman failed to make the payment demanded, he was charged with theft of the \$100.00, but the action was quickly dismissed by the magistrate who heard the charge, it being at once apparent to him that this was a case where an attempt was being made to collect a civil claim by criminal process. In an action for malicious prosecution which the salesman later brought, it was shown by the evidence that the employer knew that the salesman believed he had a right to retain the money, and it was admitted that if the salesman had paid the money the prosecution would not have been instituted. On this evidence, the court held, not only that the employer had no reasonable and probable

cause for instituting the prosecution, but that his attempt to collect a civil claim by criminal process was sufficient evidence of malice to enable the salesman to recover damages for the injury that had been done to his character and standing in the community.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. In 1920 I incurred a debt with a man but have paid nothing to him since then. However, in 1924 my father in answer to threatening letters sent by the creditor to me without my knowledge or consent paid him \$10.00. Now I am informed that my creditor intends to sue for the balance. Isn't the debt outlawed?—T. L.

A. Under the Statute of Limitations a claim under a simple contract such as this is barred six years after it becomes due. If however, the debtor agrees in writing to pay it or actually makes some payment on account the period is extended for a further period of six years from the time of giving the writing or making the payment. The payment must be made by the debtor or some one acting under his instructions. In this case your father paid the money without your knowledge or consent and this payment does not give the creditor the right to add a further six years. If you are sued you will be required to defend, and if so you will succeed if you plead the Statute of Limitations.

Saskatchewan.

Q. Some time ago I was in a motor car accident and was very seriously injured. I lost my job and I have a lot of doctor's bills to pay. I have not been able to pay my rent of the house which I am renting from the Municipality. I have received a letter from the Municipality threatening to put me out if I do not pay at once. Can they compel me to pay when I am out of work through no fault of my own?—F. S. B.

A. The Municipality in its capacity as landlord has full power to evict you from your house if you do not pay your rent in accordance with the terms of the lease. The fact that you are incapacitated through no fault of your own, although it might afford grounds of compassion, does not disentitle the Municipality to exercise its rights as a landlord.

Q. About a year ago I promised to marry a young lady but owing to a certain fact which I do not need to disclose to you I decided to break it off and told her so. I have received a lawyer's letter threatening to take action against me for breach of promise unless I am prepared to make some payment in compensation for the pain and suffering which he says she has suffered. I will not be 21 until next year. Have I got to pay?—A. L.

A. In view of the fact that you made the contract with the lady when you were under age you are not bound by her, particularly in view of the fact that you have repudiated it before coming of age. We would suggest that you consult some lawyer in your district and have him communicate this aspect of the law to the lawyer who is pressing you.

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. My husband and myself have been living for the last six years in Ontario where he has been engaged as a welder. Previous to that time he worked in Winnipeg where he was born. Owing to his misconduct with a woman in Ontario I was obliged to leave him and return to my parents in Winnipeg. He stayed in Ontario until recently when he came and saw me and admitted his wrong doing. He intends returning to Ontario

Continued on page 79



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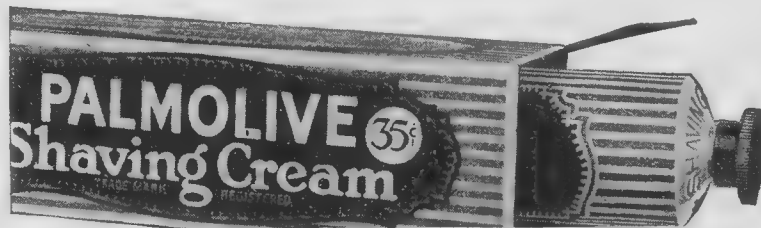
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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1581, The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto 8, Ontario.

(Please print your name and address)

A Pair of Moose Horns

Continued from page 51

previous night in the shack, and without waiting to prepare a meal he left the shack to search for tracks.

At the northwest corner of the shack he found them, a line of tracks that led him down the long, fairly open willow flat. Slowly, wearily in the loose, unpacked snow, he followed them. Very different travelling this, from the trail in.

A quarter of a mile from the shack, another track converged and joined the track he was on—the track of a moose.

He straightened painfully up from his close investigation of the moose tracks and looked back over the flat. The shack was in plain sight, and the meaning of Danny's absence clear. Danny had sighted the moose from the shack and had gone after it. Thomas, not given to cursing, came as near now as ever: "The crazy old condemned fool," he burst out. "Out after a moose in midwinter at 'is time 'o life. 'E might get snowblind or lost or something."

Thomas was well aware that neither snow or hunger could turn old Danny from his hunting, once he was on the meat trail, and, for the first time, he hesitated to follow farther.

The first scurry of snow preceded a stiffening of the wind. Tiny spirals of snow whipped up and fell into the tracks. Old Thomas thought of possibilities, squared his shoulders manfully, and headed stoutly forward into the wind.

Thomas came of a race that carried on a started task to completion or exhaustion. Although night was approaching, and the fear of getting "bushed" strong within him, he would not admit defeat. A better bush man would have camped for the night or retraced his track, but Thomas was "green." Moreover, his brain was ever singing the refrain "Old Danny needs me—I must find him."

The wind increased, the swirling snow almost choked him, that he was forced to turn around for the bare chance to breathe. Doggedly he kept on his trail. The breath froze on his cheeks, one foot had gone unaccountably dead. The fierce wind held him still, spun him around, left him lying gasping in the clouds of drifting, suffocating snow.

Beaten now, whimpering, with the tragic realization that the last of his fighting strength had gone, that he was alone, lost, in the heart of a raging blizzard, that darkness was at hand.

With a supreme effort he struggled to his feet, back to the wind. Some twenty paces the wind literally blew him before he was down again, panting for breath.

Longer, this time, before he essayed to regain his feet; shorter, this time, before he was again gasping in the snow.

Once, twice, he exerted himself to stand upright, but his muscles refused action, withheld the necessary strength. Summoning his remaining faculties he started crawling, crawling blindly through the snow he could no longer feel, towards the shore he could no longer see. Seconds seemed as minutes, minutes as hours. His hands went numb, motion slowed and finally ceased. With mind a merciful blank, he curled himself up in that snowy vastness—and slept.

"Gosh! You give me a scare, Tommy." Daniel's voice, sort of quavery, was speaking, for Tommy's eyes had opened for the first time in twenty-four hours. "I sure thought you'd cashed in your checks."

Tommy's eyes wandered round the small shack—the hunting cabin. The savory smell of boiling meat was abroad on the hot air. Old Daniel was standing by his side, his face half averted.

"Here—take a swig of this. Better than beef tea," continued Daniel.

Old Thomas meekly swallowed the proffered drink and sank back to the pillow. "Feel sort of tired," he murmured weakly. "Tired an' stiff."

Daniel adjusted the blankets carefully. "Sleep as long as you have a mind to, old-timer," he counselled. "Do you all the good in the world."

Thomas slept, and when he again awakened, his eyes rested enquiringly

on a pair of gigantic moose-horns propped against the wall.

Daniel was sitting regarding him with quizzical eyes. "Dandies, ain't they?" he said proudly. "Biggest I ever see. Well, have another sup of what grew underneath, 'em."

"No," he continued, as Thomas strove to rise. "You get your breakfast in bed this morning."

Thomas gulped eagerly at the nourishing soup, and ate his sopped biscuits with obvious relish. "Ah! that's better!" he sighed with complete satisfaction. "Sort of makes a cove feel better. Say, what happened, Danny? How did I come to be here? Last thing I remember I was gettin' blinded an' suffocated with snow."

Danny puffed away at his cornucopia while before replying. "Why did you come out in these jungles in the first place?" he wanted to know. "A man your age's got no right to be wanderin' so far from home."

Thomas perked up at this. "Who're you callin' an old man?" he sounded peeved. "I come to look for you. You're too old—gettin' childish. When you didn't come home I figured you'd got hurt, so I come to see."

Daniel, knowing the other as he did: knowing his dread of the bush, his lack of bush-lore, appreciated to the fullest extent the courage and foolhardiness of old Thomas, and his heart warmed towards him as never before.

This feeling he skilfully cloaked with a scornful laugh and an unduly harsh reply. "You old fool," he rasped. "I kin take care of myself in the bush without no help from you. All the good you done me was to take me out in a blizzard jest when I was about tuckered up from packin' in a quarter of moose. Lucky that lake's only a half mile away or I'd never have made it."

"Half a mile away?" echoed the surprised Tommy. "I thought it was six."

"So it was—nearly—the way you went," Daniel told him.

Thomas shut his eyes to think better. Half a mile away, and Daniel had found him and packed him in, in that raging, suffocating tempest. He visualized the scene, lived again his own battle with the relentless wind; he saw himself lying on the lake and Daniel fighting his way towards him, staggering to shoulder his dead weight of one hundred and thirty-five pounds; he pictured his old partner faltering, falling, through knee-deep snow. Daniel, as old a man as himself, defying the blizzard, winning through to safety. Daniel, exhausted, dead beat, gaining the shack, carefully tending his—Thomas'—unconscious self, building a fire with hands that were powerless to even hold a match. He was now aware that both his feet were bandaged. Daniel must have bandaged them.

His eyes were watering when he slowly opened them again and gazed at Daniel with an expression of almost worship.

"Danny!" he said huskily, "I was an old fool. You should have left me where I was."

Danny's own voice was none too clear as he replied: "No chance, Tommy. Your Charlie was a good boy. He pulled me out of the creek once, when I was a goner."

"An' your Elmer found me when I got lost that time."

"Guess we're both right, Tommy," Daniel said. "Both old fools. See them moose horns?"

Thomas nodded.

"Well," continued Daniel, "they're goin' on the door of our shack, an' they're goin' to mean more than jest ornament. It's all through that old bull that we're goin' together again, that—" his voice shook with emotion—"I'm partner again with a man who's got more everlastin' honest-to-gosh 'guts' than I'll ever have. We're both old and we're both tarnation cranky, Tommy. We'll get sore and argufy jest like we always done."

Thomas nodded once more.

"When we do, we can jest look up at them horns, Tommy, and remember."

"We sure will"—their hands met.



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The Lure of Northern Manitoba

Continued from page 13

proportioned and very active. The men are first-rate canoe men and live chiefly by freighting, fishing, trapping, hunting and guiding. The women, when young, are very comely.

THE Cree Indians are, of course, originally from Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and ranging eastward down the Nelson River to Hudson Bay and northwest toward Athabasca Lake. Nomadic in their habits, their movements were largely governed by the food supply. Now, however, they have become more settled.

The Crees and Chippewas are closely related in language and religious beliefs, besides having many other characteristics in common. They have always been friendly to the British and French-Canadian fur traders and have habitually settled close to Hudson's Bay Company trading posts for convenience in trade and barter. Their settlements are widely scattered. According to the census of 1911 there were estimated to be 18,000 Crees in Canada.

The natives around Norway House are of the branch of the tribe known as Swampy Crees. Many of them are descendants from old York Factory men who settled in the district around the fort and they are as proud of their York Factory ancestry almost as are the people of Kildonan of their descent from the Selkirk Settlers.

THREE religious bodies look after the spiritual needs of the Indians, the half-breeds and the scattered whites—the United Church of Canada at Rossville with its six hundred members and adherents, the Anglican Jack River Mission with some 235 and the Roman Catholic Mission with about 200.

A visit to the afternoon meeting at the Anglican Mission on the Jack River was full of interest.

The congregation was gathered on the lawn and seated in groups on the rocks in front of the church, talking quietly and waiting the arrival of the pastor. One of them, evidently the layman, church warden, janitor and volunteer handy man, threw open the church door.

Inside, all was neat and clean, with a flavor of mustiness pervading. Subdued light filtered through a stained-glass window in front. There was a memorial window on the left side, depicting Christ blessing a mailed crusader and bearing the names of the congregation's Great War veterans. On the archway, above the pulpit, faded and almost undecipherable, were to be read the inspiring words which have been a comfort and an uplift to so many dispirited beings down through the Christian era—"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

The congregation numbered about fifty souls; Indians and natives (half-breeds)—elderly wrinkle-faced women in black silk shawls, younger matrons with youth behind and portly discomfort just ahead, giggling girls in multi-colored. How the Indian girl in her teens does giggle and simper to hide her lack of composure, and how fond she is of gay colors!

There were some young men, shy and diffident, clean-faced, healthy looking, bright-eyed, nicely dressed boys and a smattering of grown men. All were decorous and apparently attentive during the service. The pastor, keen, hard-working, and tremendously in earnest, wore gown and surplice. He announced the hymns as from the "York Factory Book" which had a significance for those present that the pastor never overlooked.

The hymn books and Bibles were printed in the Cree syllabic characters, the invention of the Rev. James Evans, an early minister of the Wesleyan Church in this very district of Rossville, which made it possible to reproduce the Cree language in writing and in print.

Evans' first books in the Cree syllabic were made with birch bark instead of paper and on this the characters were imprinted by hand with ink manufactured from soot. Later, Evans cast type from the lead procured from Hudson's Bay Company's tea chests, and a font of same was completed in 1841. With a jack-press, used for pressing furs for shipment, he succeeded in printing five

thousand pages and in binding one hundred copies of a hymnal consisting of sixteen pages. Still later a printing press was brought out to Evans from England and this enabled him to carry on his wonderful work among the Indians in a much less primitive manner.

The Bible, hymn books, prayer books, the Pilgrim's Progress, catechisms, tracts and other books have been published since in the Cree syllabic. The natives communicate in these characters when writing letters.

Some of the Rev. James Evans' original books, deerskin-covered, bearing the imprint of Norway House, 1841, are in the library vault, Victoria College.

It is said that the white man who knows Cree can learn to write the fifty characters which comprise the syllabic in a few hours, while an intelligent Cree has been known to master them thoroughly in the course of a week.

Just what a boon this invention is to the Cree and other Indians can well be imagined.

The hymns chosen on this particular occasion were the old-time favorites, "Rock of Ages," "There is a Happy Land," and "Holy, Holy, Holy," etc. The congregation sang in Cree, timidly as to volume but pleasing and tuneful. The singing of the hymns and repeating of the responses demonstrated that more can be said in any given number of syllables in English than in Cree, for we who sang in English were finished far ahead of the native congregation, who had to race and crowd their words to finish properly with each bar of the music. The singing occupied a large portion of the service and seemingly was much enjoyed by the participants.

The warden, appropriately enough called Moses—black-haired, leather-skinned and kindly and earnest of countenance, read the lesson and also prayed fervently on his knees toward the close of the service, all in the crooning music of the Cree tongue.

Moses was invaluable to his pastor, for the latter had his hands full as preacher, leader of responses, organist, hymn-leader and host.

A baby at the back of the church commenced to take part in the service, joining more and more loudly until it threatened to tie up the whole proceedings. The minister mentioned the name of Moses in his discourse. Moses rose and went to the rear. Soon thereafter the crying stopped, and a gurgling sound and satisfied grunts conveyed that the baby was being cared for in the time-honored and only sensible way.

Finally the youngster was brought forward in the arms of its mother, a solemn, matronly Indian woman in a black skirt, mauve sweater, thick grey stockings and moccasins. Her shoulders were draped with a fine, black, silk shawl, nicely fringed, of the type so dear to the heart of the married Indian woman, and costly, too, for good, black silk shawls are not to be purchased for less than twenty dollars. No hat marred the mother's glossy, jet-black hair.

The baby—a chubby little girl with coal-black eyes—was being received into the church in a sort of confirmation of her christening, which had taken place at the home on account of sickness. She was dressed in white, edged with pale pink, with a huge mauve ribbon in a bow about her neck. From the waist down she was laced into a dark-blue velvet mossbag.

The little lady resumed her vociferous objection at this apparent fresh publicity. Her mother jolted her, patted her, crooned to her, and whirled her about unavailingly. Then the pastor, thinking he could improve the situation, took her in hand and tried a rock-a-bye-baby motion. But the baby was having none of it and was determined on making a duet of what should rightly have been a solo. And she succeeded admirably to the close.

However, all ended happily, with the little objector fully received into the bosom of the Church, to the satisfaction of the father and mother, if not to herself, for the Cree Indian Christian has more than a sneaking fear that unless a baby is christened—and in church too—its abode in heaven in case of death is in considerable jeopardy.

Keystone

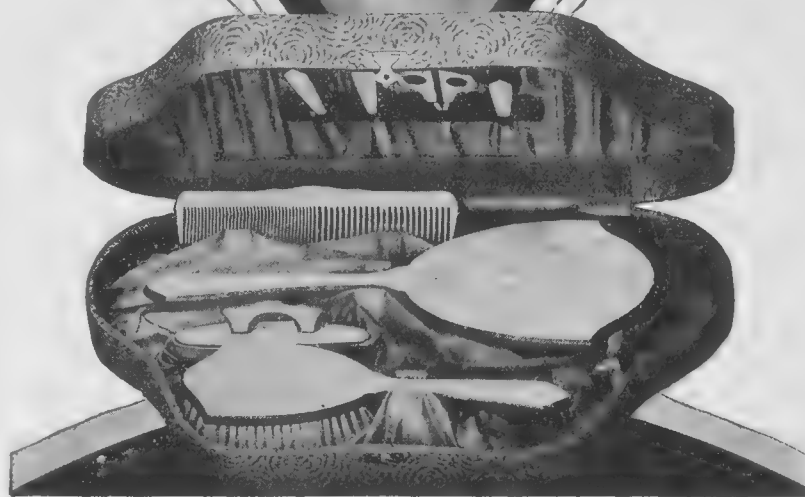
Pearl, Tortoise Shell, French Ivory

For that intimate shrine, the dressing table, women choose the sheerest touches of lace, the slenderest bud vase, the most delicate shades. Yet all is but a background for its crowning touch of daintiness and taste—exquisite toilet articles.

In choosing a gift for a woman you could select nothing which would more appeal to her sense of the personal and lovely than one of the new pearl toilet sets in white, blue or rose.

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Spain

Continued from page 9

America, for, strange as it may seem, this type of story seems to be the favorite not alone in Spain, but in France, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. On this first Spanish news-stand I ever saw, more careful inspection revealed works in Spanish by Rider Haggard and Mary Roberts Rinehart. Other writers of English no doubt have been translated, but I saw no other names either here or later on in other places. With my eyes still on the news-stand I gave a tremendous start. There, gleaming up at me from its red cover was "Captain Billy's Whizzbang," a magazine of rather "broad" humor published in a small town in Minnesota. Later in Madrid I saw piles of this on several news-stands and in leading bookstores of the city. What a triumph for America! I bought two Spanish magazines. They were full of pictures of the United States: polo games in California, surfing in California; motion picture stars in California. Half the advertising pages were also devoted to American advertising of motor cars and oil. Everywhere you go today in Europe the enormous influence of American modes and methods are apparent.

As I had an hour to wait for the train I walked down the long, plane-lined principal street. I sat down and bought a cup of coffee. I paid for it with a 25-peseta bill. The man handed me four huge silver five-peseta pieces, about the size and weight of an old American silver dollar, four silver pesetas about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, and five ten centimos pieces of copper nearly the size of a fifty-cent piece. Before giving me the money he wiped it carefully on his towel. I held the money in my hand, and sighed. Here was a problem of ballasting. The combined weight in silver and copper was nearly half a pound. I spread it about my various pockets carefully so as to keep an even keel, and then moved slowly down the street like a Lake Superior barge low in the water from its cargo of coal, wheat or ore. The Spanish money is frightfully inconvenient. The smallest bill is twenty-five pesetas, about the equivalent of four dollars. The smaller denominations you must carry in silver or copper. From the point of view of the tourist the only consolation is that the prices are so high in Spain you don't have to carry your weighty money about very long. But while you do you jingle pleasantly at every step and encourage beggars, who don't need any, to try to relieve you of some of your load.

THE train leaves Irun, and moves on through the Pyrennes, here a little more than foothills, but a sight of surpassing beauty, for almost every inch of ground to the very summits of the highest is cultivated. The green fields of this year's cultivation, the brown irregular spaces of fallow, make a patchwork quilt of landscape whose charm is heightened by low stone fences and grey ribbons of roads, and now and then a little village. Oxen drawing carts with wooden wheels; oxen drawing a wooden plow; men and women turning the ground over with forks, cutting hay with scythes, raking it with huge wooden rakes, everything delightfully primitive, slow without efficiency, work carried on as their forefathers did it. From the car window every now and then one catches glimpses of little trains, and one and two cars long, dodging among the hills. In Spain every place there is a mountain worth climbing they have built a funicular railway to save you the trouble.

Presently the mountains give way to rolling, almost treeless country oddly reminding of certain parts of Southern Saskatchewan. Great herds of sheep, brown goats, yellow cattle that look like Jerseys wander in pleasant fields. The train is going thirty-five miles an hour, and the accompanying rocking tells any experienced traveller the roadbed lacks proper manicuring. One is struck with the emptiness of the land. Here and there only a village appears. Like in France the farm workers live in little centres. Because of this the country appears more lonely than the Canadian prairies.

For twelve hours you watch the Spanish landscape slip by. You look with interest at Vitoria, and are reminded of Wellington whose first great ability as a general was shown on this Spanish soil. And now darkness has fallen.

You come to Madrid, a city of 700,000 people, and, remembering the past twelve hours of riding through an apparently almost empty country, you are filled with the same old wonder felt so many times before: how so many cities can be supported when so few people are on the land.

Madrid, "new-old Madrid," in many ways strangely reminds of Paris. It has the same very wide, beautifully tree-lined avenues. Magnificent parks confront you in every quarter of the city. But the clashing of the new and the old are more strikingly apparent in Madrid. The modern city gleams and screams its newness of white and brown buildings. No other city, probably, in the world, goes in so much for elaborately decorated buildings. The post office looks from the outside like a ducal palace, and inside like a cross between a railway station and an opera house. But it is in the adornment of the top of the buildings, banks in particular, that Madrid stands notable. From the top of the Bank of Bilbao, two enormous reproductions in stone of Roman charioteers and their four prancing horses look down on the busy modern street where race automobiles, taxis and motor trucks, a hundred times more powerful and fifty times more rapid than were the originals of these stone representatives of the high speeds of ancient days. Not far away upon another building stands a she-wolf suckling the two infant founders of Rome. Wherever you go you come upon some monumental stone group of figures mythical and historical: Neptune with his trident and his rearing sea-horses; a Roman goddess driving her team of lions, and, most impressive the Plaze de Orient, where thirty statues are raised to the greatest figures in Spanish history from the long ago until now. As I have said the post office of Madrid is unique. It bears the name Palace of Comunicaciones, and I hereby apologize to it and to the good citizens of Madrid, for daring to use in connection with it so ordinary a word as post office. However, despite its name, a postage stamp costs money within its walls just the same as in any other place.

MADRID is the smallest city in the world to have a magnificent Metro (underground railway system). It is patterned exactly upon that in Paris, even to the name. And the only difference is that the tile work at the ends of the stations are worked in a pattern of the most beautiful mingling of gold and dark blue, an imitation of some Moorish design of olden days so gorgeous in effect, you quite forget you are in anything so commonplace as a subway station. There is only one class on the Metro and also the tram. Madrid has no bus system. Though the streets in the new town are wide, and kept spotlessly clean by gangs of men with hoses, the traffic is badly managed, and the street names not well marked. Little brown street cars, with little men in brown uniforms to match give an excellent service.

But though in many ways Madrid resembles Paris, you may walk through the streets day after day and never once be accosted, as you are twenty times a day in Paris, by slimy gentlemen who offer to sell you naughty pictures at greatly reduced rates. And those really sad ladies, to whom the world has given the title "gay," are far less numerous and never insistent as in the French capitol.

Just how any one ever accomplishes anything worth while in Madrid, or for that matter any of the Spanish cities, is a matter of wonder.

The stores open at 9.30 in the morning. At 1.30 they close until 3.30. They then open again until 8.30. Thus they really put in a long day, and at the same time break their evening for anything worth while in the way of recreation. Or so it seems to one judging from a

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practical western standpoint. The banks open from ten in the morning until two in the afternoon. Then close until four. Greatly rested after this two hours' respite the staff come back and actually stay another hour. At five o'clock the banks close finally for the day. In keeping with such regulated hours of living the times for meals also seems fantastic to a stranger. Breakfast is from 7 to 11; luncheon 1 to 3, and dinner from 9 to 11. Thus in keeping with work and meal hours the theatres conduct their programmes accordingly. The "afternoon matinees" are at 6.30; the evening entertainments open their doors at 10.30 and end at from two to two thirty. As with everything else in Spain the theatres are expensive. I visited three different ones. Two were bad imitations of that type of "revue" made famous by the Folies Bergere and the Moulin Rouge. But the third! It deserves a whole article in itself.

The Teatro Avenida is a 100 per cent Spanish theatre. And on the particular occasion of my visit had as a headliner fifteen Spanish gypsies taken out of their natural surroundings and placed for the first time upon the stage.

Upon the narrow strip of stage in front of the curtain an awkward young man in an ordinary ready-made suit of clothes made his appearance accompanied by an older man similarly attired. The latter carried a guitar. They sat down awkwardly upon two kitchen chairs. The older man strummed a few bars on his guitar, then nodded encouragingly to the awkward youth. The young man opened his mouth and there began pouring forth a series of harsh and grating sounds, a long series of wailings mounting ever higher and higher. No sad coyote on the lonely Canadian hills crying to the waning moon ever emitted sounds half so lamentable as this Spanish gypsy.

Sitting beside me were my two Irish friends who I had met on the train, and a young American bacteriologist, met at Madrid. As this disharmony, which had in it something of the cadence of a bagpipe (my apologies to the Scotch) went on and on, my friends shifted uneasily and we exchanged glances. "It reminds me of an Irish wake," whispered my friend Egan. He need not have whispered, for that long ululation from off the stage filled the world with sound. Finally the song ended in one last shrill clamor in which I'm sure was reached the highest note ever flung from a tortured human throat. We sat back relieved, and half expecting the audience to hiss. Instead there now broke from the crowded house a veritable pandemonium of applause. The youth, who had risen awkwardly, smiled a sickly smile, and made a motion.

"Good heavens!" Egan cried. "He's going to do it some more."

And the young man did. Finally he went away. We four from another land relaxed, and waited hopefully that the next act would be better. But the curtain remained down. Now another youth, just as gawky, with a tired-faced fat man, carrying a guitar, appeared. They sat down. The youth, staring straight ahead of him, without expression, suddenly opened his mouth at the first notes of the guitar. His jaws worked from side to side, grinding out more lacerating sounds to our already injured ears. As far as we could judge, he sang the same song as the last chap. But it must have been different, for this time the crowd's enthusiasm rose to the point of cheering. Finally, after howler number two had rendered two encores, the crowd let him go.

"There's bound to be something different now," Cornell, the bacteriologist from New York said with that calm assurance of a man of science.

Now from the curtain's side appeared a young woman, and with her the man with the guitar who had accompanied the first youth. They took their seats. The man began abusing his guitar, and actually smiling the while a beatific smile. The girl opened her mouth. And we had some more caterwauling, very much as before. But this girl was beautiful. Ah, such a dream of feminine loveliness, your eyes were held hypnotically. Her face was like a rose at dawn, and liquid dreaming eyes; and the plain white muslin dress, embroidered with

red flowers, set off a slim girlish form so perfect that had any of the Jewish glove and cloak merchants, who are now Tsars of the motion picture world, seen her they would immediately have whisked her off to Hollywood. Looking upon her I was reminded of the man who had married a very homely woman who was also a famous singer. Rising in the morning and gazing upon his wife, the man had suddenly cried; "For heaven's sake sing." In the present case my position and that of my friends' was reversed. We endured the cacophony emitted by her lungs and lips for the sake of her physical and facial magnificence. When the lady had taken her departure, the four of us exchanged glances of mingled wonder and hope. Surely such vocal obstetrics could not go on forever. In all of which we were badly mistaken. I give you my word that there followed in succession thirteen numbers of exactly similar violation of the human throat. The only variety was that they changed the singers, now a woman, then two men, then a woman etc. Assisting in this, to us, modern form of the inquisition were three gentlemen. These wielders of the guitar were particularly annoying as they smiled a self satisfied smile all the time they played, and occasionally would nod with great approbation toward the singer and emit a little clicking sound of encouragement which spurred the vocalists to emit further bombs upon the air. And we four poor dupes from other lands sat on and on, because after the retirement of each singer we felt absolutely certain it was not possible they could offer more of the same bill-of-fare.

In our particular case thirteen proved a lucky number, for just as we were about worn out, and had mutually agreed to assist each other in staggering from this scene of musical slaughter, the curtain went up on a real Spanish dancing lady. Then came the usual intermission, long drawn out as they are in France. As you file out into the foyer you are greeted with a large placard: Descend to the vestibule where you will find an American jazz orchestra. Just another evidence of the vast influence of the United States. American typewriters, American sewing machines, American gramophones, American jazz, and popular songs translated, American motor cars, American brands of cigarettes. From the wilds of Africa to the villages of Spain the products of the new continent have penetrated!

SPAIN is the land of big cigars. Fat men pass you endlessly, slim men, old men, young men, from their lips protruding veritable clubs in the form of cigars. Leaving the theatre we set out in search of a "tabac shop." While you have no trouble in finding a Spanish lottery shop, tobacco stores are few and far between. I was first to pay for my purchase with a big five peseta silver piece, huge and heavy as an old silver dollar. The girl took it from my hand, then to my astonishment, instead of putting it in the till, she raised her arm high and threw the piece with all her strength upon the marble top of the counter. It bounced up jauntily with a clear ringing sound. She put it in the till and gave me change. Each of my friends paid for his purchase with a similar piece, and each time she repeated her performance. It seems there was at the time a large number of counterfeit coins in circulation and this was the method of testing the genuine from the false. Certainly the young lady must be tired at the end of the day. Cashiers in Spanish cigar stores should be recruited from the ranks of baseball pitchers.

While on the subject of money, it is certainly worth while telling here for the first time in print the shrewd trick of a poor American writer by which he reaped a profit by a unique method of exchange. And while he did not wax fat like that Boston financier, with the Italian name, a few years ago, he kept himself in cigarettes for nothing during his sojourn in Spain. The Spanish ten centimos piece and the French ten centimes piece are both of copper, both exactly the same size, and either would pass for the other unless carefully scrutinized. But at the present rate of

Continued on page 58

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The greatest of nerve restoratives

Spain

Continued from page 57

exchange the French coin is worth slightly less than half a cent, while the Spanish centimos is worth nearly two cents. So this poor American writer, or rather this American writer who is poor (the English language has its queer twists too) on leaving France took with him a bagful of ten centime pieces. Arrived in Spain he mixed with them a few centimos. And through this profit on exchange kept himself in cigarettes during his stay.

Madrid's growth in the last eighteen years has been phenomenal. It had started to become an important modern city when the war broke out. The vast fortunes made out of the war by Spanish industrialists helped on the development. Yet for all this, despite the streets are crowded with the latest type of motor cars, the mule still holds his own. In the narrow streets of the old town you see the green grocer pedlar astride a mule, his entire stock in trade loaded on two baskets slung from either side of the animal. On the other hand (and by linking these two things together, I am not intending to make any comparison between a woman and a mule) the women of Spain, at least in the larger cities are tending more to adopting the more varied and distinctive types of headgear as worn by the women of other lands. One stands on the street and watches the procession of women pass by, and there are less mantillas worn than in former days. This is rather unfortunate for the poor husbands, as a good mantilla was not very expensive as compared to a modern hat. The mantilla lasted all the year around, and thought many seasons. But modern hats! Well every husband who reads this, will sigh sympathetically for the Spanish gentlemen. Let's introduce the mantilla into Canada and cut down the cost of living.

Unlike Barcelona, where labor troubles are common, Madrid has been very quiet since 1923. In travelling in strange countries I have always preferred to hunt out things for myself, to see a place with eyes uninfluenced by the tales of guides, and their deadly, monotonous set routine. But not knowing a word of Spanish, and not finding my French adequate to converse with a Spaniard who spoke French as badly as I did, I one day hired an intelligent young fellow, who had lived in New York, and made a survey of labor. The rate of pay for the following trades and work seemed to be very low compared with the cost of living. An ordinary laborer on the street receives 6 pesetas a day; a carpenter 12; a street car conductor 10; a housemaid from three to five, a store girl six, a bank clerk ten. The peseta is the equivalent to slightly over 16 cents.

STROLLING down Alcala, one of the principal streets, a street with a long procession of shops, cafes, and business houses, a street that might be transplanted to Winnipeg or any other western city and not cause much difference in the facade of the street, so greatly alike has modern standardization made the world, I suddenly stop. My eyes open wide with interest. Here before me facing upon the sidewalk are two huge doors, black wooden doors covered with a intricate and magnificent scroll work. Above the doors is the sign Billiard Hall. But what have such doors, what has such a spacious entrance and the long imposing corridor beyond to do with a billiard hall? This at least you would hardly find in another city. For these great portals, hand carved and black with the patina of countless years were made for finer things. This, my friends, was once the ancestral home of the Marquise de la Tarrecilla! Truly time and billiards, conquer all!

I pass on down the street and turn into the old portion of the town. A long line of booths fill the centre of the street. On either side are the stores of antique merchants. This is the "Flea Market" of Madrid, a place where you can buy anything from an old master to a moth-eaten donkey. To any lover of Spanish leather this is a spot worth

visiting. But I was hungry, and went on seeking a restaurant. And there at the end of the street, to show you how oddly one meets those one knows, I came upon my two Irish friends and the American bacteriologist. They had started out from the hotel that morning and after circling the town come to this spot at the same moment as I. We wander on and come to the Antigua Casa Botin ("the old house Botin") famous for half a century. We enter and ascend to the second floor. As we take our seats a huge sign on the centre post confronts us: For the sake of our health do not spit on the floor.

Now ordinarily I would never have thought of spitting on the floor of a restaurant. Why do people put up signs? They put bad ideas into one's head. All during the meal I found myself possessed of a most violent desire to violate that order. Herein is probably the psychological reason for the failure of prohibition laws of any kind. The waiter brought us in a whole baked kid on a vast earthen platter mounted on little wooden feet. I am quite sure that the mother of that kid had the best intentions when she brought it into the world. It was undoubtedly a good kid, but by the time it reached our table there is no doubt that all the kiddishness had been kidded out of it by the passing years. However, having survived two hours of Spanish singing a few days previously, we were now sufficiently recovered so that no mere Spanish goat was going to get ours. We masticated manfully, and then departed.

On our way back through the principal streets both in the old and new portion of the town we were stopped continually by sellers of Spanish lottery tickets. Old men and women were the chief vendors, though young men and women also earn their living at this work. The Government of Spain is an amusing casuist. All public gaming such as roulette and cards, formerly played in casinos, have been banned for five years. But the streets of every city and smaller places are dotted every little way with Spanish lottery offices. They are more numerous by far than tobacco shops. You can also buy tickets in the tobacco stores. In addition to the many stores devoted solely to such sale, the streets swarm with vendors. Chances for a fortune beckon you on every hand. With a fortune of a quarter million dollars awaiting the lucky winner and hundreds of lesser prizes it is no wonder that practically every man woman and child takes a chance. A full number costs about the equivalent of 80 cents. The poorer people often take shares in a ticket. Recently a poor laborer won the major prize, and dropped dead with joy on hearing the news, proving conclusively that money has its drawbacks.

IF YOU ever journey to the city of Madrid, by all means stop at the Hotel Nacional, and perhaps you will have an adventure such as I did. That is if you ask the hotel clerk to put you on the sixth and last floor.

For the sixth and last floor of the Hotel Nacional is unique in hotel floors. From this storey along the entire front of the hotel extends a wide stone balcony with a balustrade of low stone pillars some five feet high. The long French windows of each room give upon the balcony, and a guest can step out upon it and leaning upon the railing look over part of Madrid and on to the treeless rolling country, dreary and desert like that surrounds the city. Myself and three acquaintances had been assigned rooms scattered along the sixth floor. And after our first day there had fallen into the habit of visiting each other through the window. One night we dined late, finishing dinner about 11.30. There is no harder work in the world than sight-seeing. If I were forced to make a choice between spending the rest of my life working eight hours a day at chopping wood and eight hours a day at forever sightseeing, I think now from considerable experience, I would chose the wood chopping. Anyway, we

were all tired, and came up to bed. Only after arriving at my door did I find I had forgotten my key. Rather than descend for it, I entered the room of one of my friends, passed through his window and along the balcony. It was a glorious night, and I paused to lean over the railing and gaze at the varied foliage of the Botanical gardens, now one solid dark blur against the night. Then I went on to my room. It was quite a distance down the corridor, but having walked it several times before, I went ahead quite confidently, intending to telephone down for my key. The hotel is very up-to-date, keeping clerks who speak "commercial English." The toilettes announce themselves in signs printed in English, French and Spanish. On the key is printed the snappy North American motto. "Don't carry this away." I reached my open window and stepped in. Crossing the room I snapped on the light, and there, good heavens, still calmly sleeping was a lady, her hair . . . of all things . . . her hair done up in mid-Victorian curlpapers.

This was awful. In a Spanish woman's room, and not able to speak a word of explanation she could understand. In that fleeting space of time following the electric light's soft glow, I saw myself in prison a suspected burglar. In the next second I started to flee while still she slept; for the carpet in the room was very thick. They manufacture excellent ones in Madrid. I believe Madrid is noted for its carpets. At the moment I just don't remember the figures, but the output is very great. I am not telling you this because I am interested in boosting the rug business of Madrid, because I am not, but merely to heighten suspense a little. I had entered soundlessly without intention. But now as I turned to flee, suddenly there was a commotion beneath the cover beside the sleeping lady and up popped the head of one of those toy dogs called griffon, that look like a cross between a monkey and door-mat. The little brute would have fitted easily into my coat pocket. Yet with a yap that would have done credit to a beast three times his size, over he came to the edge of the bed and opened fire on me.

The lady's eyes opened. I thought she was going to scream. Then the first spasm of fright gave way to a glance more calm. No one with felonious intent could possibly have looked as I did. Something in my manner must have carried conviction. Yet, knowing not a word of Spanish, I stood there dumb, my hand upon the window, my eyes upon the lady.

Then, heaven bless the English nation and their leisured class who dearly love their homeland, and spend most of their time travelling abroad. From the bed there came in tone slightly ironical: "Well, go ahead and say something."

Never have I felt relief as came to me at that moment. I explained, and, finishing, complimented her on her nerve and poise. And then I made my exit.

I met the lady again at breakfast. Curlpapers may be old-fashioned, but though the lady was no longer young, she was impressive. I shall always think of her with admiration, and thank my luck it was not into the boudoir of a young Spanish senorita I made my blundering way.

AT THE time of my arrival at Madrid there was being held the Centenary of Goya, a painter whose fame bids fare to surpass Velasquez as the years roll on. Here at the Prado in Madrid were exhibited 91 of the painter's principal works, and in addition the regular works that are a part of the institution. Here were assembled the work of this one man which changed into dollars would go a long way to paying off the Canadian National debt, pictures estimated in value at \$168,200,000. I had intended in this article to tell of this Centenary, of the interesting life of Goya. I had intended to tell of the King's Palace and the changing of the Guard and the Real Armeria with its wealth of ancient reminders of chivalry and war and mighty kings, and several other things, but, glancing up and happening to notice the number of pages already written it has suddenly occurred to me there might possibly be some other fellow who wants to contribute a piece to this month's issue of the magazine, and so it will all have to be continued in our next.



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6242

6194. Cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. The underbody requires $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 32-inch lining. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards. Price 25c.

6215. Cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material, together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.

6218. Cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. To underface the drapery portion on the upper flounce will require $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 18 inches wide. The foundation skirt of lining will require $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 32 inches wide. The width of the lower tier with fullness extended is $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard. Price 25c.

6225. Cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material in a contrasting color. To finish with narrow bias binding as illustrated will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard. Price 25c.

6235. Cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 14-year size with the cape, requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Without the cape $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. Price 25c.

6242. Cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material, together with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is about 56 inches. Price 25c.

Patterns of above mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps. The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

For the Autumn Bride

A shower of silvery "Wear-Ever" makes a happy cook always

OF all the Showers bestowed upon the bride-to-be, the Kitchen Shower holds first place in popular favour. Coming as the climax to the other festivities, it is the "shower of showers"—especially when the ware selected is silvery "Wear-Ever".

The aluminum cooking utensils that bear the "Wear-Ever" trade mark are stamped from thick, hard aluminum sheets, then polished like silver. They not only wear for many, many years, but look well all the while.

The "Wear-Ever" equipped kitchen is a modern kitchen, an efficient kitchen, a delightful kitchen to work in.

Plan now to give the bride a Kitchen Shower of the utensils every house-keeper wants—genuine "Wear-Ever".

All the utensils she will ever need are included in the famous "Wear-Ever" line and the nearest "Wear-Ever" dealer will gladly help you make your selection.

"Wear-Ever Showers for Brides-To-Be" is the title of a little booklet that contains a number of novel ideas for arranging a Kitchen Shower. May we send you a complimentary copy?

Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd
Sterling Road, Toronto



"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Kitchen Utensils



Over One Hundred Million "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Kitchen Utensils Are Now In Use



Storing Summer's Bounty for Winter's Use

THE thrifty habit of canning fruits and vegetables for winter, increases every year. So thoroughly understood are the basic principles, that now-a-days, there is no uncertainty about the process, and with a reasonable amount of care, no spoiling of good food.

The principle factors in successful canning are:

1. The condition of the fruit or vegetable when canned.
2. The preparation for canning.
3. The compactness of packing in the jars.
4. The length of time of processing.
5. The perfection of seal of the jars.
6. The temperature of storage after canning.

The fresher the food is when canned, the better we find its keeping qualities after canning. Vegetables, especially, should be canned at the earliest possible moment after gathering. The texture and flavor of the vegetables is much better, and the chances of spoilage, enormously less. It is very doubtful if it is wise to buy vegetables for canning, partly because of the very doubtful state of freshness, and as a matter of economy. Canning the surplus from one's own garden is a different matter, and so is the canning of fruit. We are unable to grow most of what we wish to use. The addition of sugar to fruit, also lessens considerably the danger of spoiling.

Shall we follow the cold-pack or the hot-pack method? With a few vegetables, such as asparagus, there is little difficulty in having the heat penetrate to the center of the jar, so that it may be packed cold. The product is a little easier to handle when cold. On the other hand, heating causes it to shrink, and if a hot vegetable is put in the jars they will be much fuller when cold, after the canning process is entirely finished, than if the shrinking takes place in the jar.

After the hot vegetables are packed into the jars, the remaining spaces should be filled with the boiling water in which the pre-cooking has been done, as it contains valuable minerals. The packing should not be done so tightly that the heat will not readily penetrate to all parts of the jar. Because the processing time is counted before this desired temperature has been reached in the center of the mass, all bacteria have not been killed, and spoiling results. This danger is lessened by packing the jar with hot rather than cold vegetables.

A teaspoon of lemon juice added to each pint of vegetable, is not enough to affect the flavor, and seems to insure its better keeping. Vinegar may be used, but is more apt to give a sour taste than the milder citric acid.

Canned vegetables and fruits must be stored only in perfect jars, with new rubber rings.

The processing time depends on the product. Fruits, which may be in a syrup of any sweetness desired, require from 8 minutes for berries to 20 minutes for such firm fruits as peaches, pears, etc. Of the vegetables, tomatoes should be processed 25 or 30 minutes; greens, such as spinach, Swiss chard, beet-tops, etc., if they are first blanched for 20 minutes, preferably in steam, should have 1½ hours or a little longer; peas, 3 hours; corn, 3 hours; string beans, beets and carrots, 2½ hours; asparagus, 2 hours, after 20 minutes blanching in steam. Beef, pork and chicken, if packed, boiling, in the hot jars, with boiling stock or water added should have 3 hours.

After canning, the foods should be kept in as cool a place as possible, where there is no danger of freezing, because any bacteria which may still be present, will be prevented from developing in a low temperature. If the storage place is dark, the fruits and vegetables will be less likely to fade.

The Canner's Catechism

1. What is "cold-pack" canning?

The raw or partly cooked and cooled food is placed in a sterilized jar, water or soup stock, boiling hot, or hot syrup or fruit juice, added, and the jar and its contents processed for the required time in boiling water or steam.

2. What is "hot-pack" canning?

The food is first heated in steam or boiling water, then packed, while still hot, in the jars, and then the procedure of cold-pack canning followed.

3. What is "open kettle" canning?

The food to be canned is completely cooked in the kettle, put in sterile jars, sealed at once, and no further processing done. This is a satisfactory method for many fruits.

4. What is "oven" canning?

The sterile jars of fruit are processed in an oven. This is not a satisfactory method for vegetables or meats, as it is almost impossible to destroy all bacteria by the dry heat, which is less effective than the moist heat of the other methods.

5. What is "pressure" canning?

A pressure cooker is so constructed as to hold in the steam, creating a pressure, which raises the temperature above that of boiling water, thus shortening the time required for processing.

6. What is "processing"?

Cooking the jars of food for the length of time that experience has shown to be desirable for that particular food.

7. What is a "hot-water bath"?

Any utensil with a tight-fitting cover, and a rack or false bottom which will permit water to circulate under the jars, into which the jars may be placed, and submerged in water, to at least an inch below the surface.

8. When does the "processing" begin?

When the water surrounding the jars is actually bubbling.

9. What is "blanching"?

The food to be canned is placed in a wire basket, or a square of cheesecloth, and immersed in boiling water or in steam, for from 1 to 20 minutes.

10. What is the "cold dip"?

The blanched food is at once plunged into cold water, where it is left till cool enough to handle.

11. What "seasonings" are used?

One teaspoon of salt is added to each quart of vegetable or meat. A teaspoon of acid, such as lemon juice or vinegar, may be added to insure the destruction of bacteria.

12. Is the use of commercial "preservatives" advisable?

Never. They may be decidedly harmful. We have no means of knowing just what they contain. The fact that their use is not permitted in commercial canned goods is reason enough why they should be avoided in the household.

13. If the jar has too much empty space after it is sealed and cooled, should it be opened and filled?

No, because bacteria would be introduced with the additional food product, and spoiling would be almost sure to result.

14. What causes empty spaces?

Everything expands with heat and contracts with cold. While the food is hot, it may entirely fill the jar. On cooling, it contracts, leaving a vacuum, which is as sterile as the food, so will not develop bacteria.

15. What causes spoiling of canned goods?

Either the development of bacteria which were not destroyed by the processing, or of bacteria which entered later through imperfect sealing of the jar.

16. How may we know if food has spoiled?

When the jar is opened, an escape of air or liquid, indicates the presence of gas formed by the spoiling of food. Any peculiar odor indicates it. Do not taste such food as it is probably poisonous.

A cloudy appearance is a danger signal.

By the presence of mold, or too soft and pulpy condition of the food.

"Flat sour" is a condition often present in peas, beans, corn, and greens, detected by its sour odor and taste.

It is well to heat all canned vegetables for about 5 minutes to be sure there is no spoiling, as it is sometimes not to be detected when cold.

Never take chances. It is better to waste a doubtful jar of food than to run the risk of illness, if not death.

17. Should the liquid from canned foods be used?

Yes. It contains valuable minerals, which we should not waste. It may always be used in gravies and soups if not with the vegetable itself.

18. Are vitamins destroyed by canning?

We do not know yet, but in case some of them are, as we believe, canned foods should be supplemented by as much fresh fruits and vegetables as possible.

Pickles for Piquancy

During the winter months variety may be added to plain meals with relishes and pickles. They stimulate dull appetites. Many vegetables and fruits not quite fresh enough for canning may very satisfactorily be made into pickles, or the fruits may be used as jam and conserves.

A large enameled kettle should be used for cooking pickles, or if a fire is to be kept in the range for some hours, a bean pot of pickles may be put in the oven for long, slow cooking. A long-handled wooden spoon is best for stirring, to avoid danger of using metal with the acid of vinegar.

Pickles may be stored either in glass jars or in larger quantities, in big crocks. In the latter case, the pickles must be kept below the surface of the vinegar. This is usually done by weighting them down with a plate. A well-washed stone has been used on top of the plate, by some housewives, and seems to be quite satisfactory.

Pickled Cauliflower

Divide the cauliflower into suitable pieces, remove all leaves, wash, and boil in salted water for 10 minutes. Drain and drop at once into cold water to which a little lemon juice or vinegar has been added. Pack in jars and cover with spiced vinegar.

Spiced Vinegar

To each quart of vinegar add:

Sugar, ½ c.	Whole cloves, 1 t.
Stick cinnamon, 1 t.	Mace, 1 t.
Allspice, whole, 1 t.	Celery seed, 1 t.
Mustard seed, ½ t.	Peppercorns, ½ t.
Chopped onions, 2	

Boil till flavored to taste with the spices, then strain and pour over the cauliflower in the jars.

For exhibition purposes, a few long red Chili peppers may be put in the jars to add to the appearance.

After the pickles have been used, the spiced vinegar is excellent for salad dressings, instead of plain vinegar.

Ripe Cucumber Pickles

Large ripe cucumbers, 12 Vinegar, 3 c.
Sugar, 2 c. Stick cinnamon
Whole cloves, 2 t.

Pare the cucumbers, and cut in long strips. Remove the seedy pulp. Let stand a few hours in a brine made of 2 tb. salt to each quart of water. Make a syrup of the vinegar, sugar and spices, and boil 5 minutes. Drop the pieces of cucumber in it and cook gently till tender and almost clear. Cool in the syrup. Then pack in jars, boil the syrup again, then pour over the cucumbers in the jars, and seal.

Syrup for Pickled Fruits

Brown sugar, 4 lbs. Vinegar, 1 qt.
Mixed spices, 1 c.

Choose any whole spices one likes, and tie in a cheesecloth bag. Make a syrup of the vinegar and sugar, add the bag of spices, then remove when flavored to taste. Any fruit liked may be cooked in it—cherries, gooseberries, pears, peaches, melon rind, etc.

Pickled Peaches

Peel the peaches, and cook in boiling water till nearly tender, stick whole cloves in each one, and

Continued on page 65



The old-fashioned mother who "bakes her own"

SOME people say that modern mothers are not such good home-makers as were the mothers of olden days. But that's not true. Human nature doesn't change a great deal.

The world is still full of good mothers whose chief aim in life is to make their children comfortable and happy and to set them forth in life with sane minds and healthy, well-nourished bodies.

There is, perhaps, less cooking by mothers in the larger cities, where more "boughten" delicacies are used on the table. But the ever-increasing sales of Magic Baking Powder prove that Canadian children are still eating plenty of tasty, wholesome, "mother-made" cakes, biscuits, etc., just as they did in the good old days.

All over this broad Dominion, when the children romp home from school on baking day, eager eyes brighten with hopeful expectation, and hungry little mouths water for the dainties just fresh from mother's oven.

And there's a vast legion of modern mothers who are old-fashioned enough to take a joyful pride in their baking skill and to feel a deep glow of satisfaction at their power to protect and promote the health of their children with good, wholesome, home-made food.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

½ cup butter	3 teaspoons
1 cup fine sugar	Magic Baking Powder
3 eggs	¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups pastry flour	½ cup milk
	½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, gradually adding sugar, beat till light; add beaten yolks; mix and sift thoroughly flour, baking powder and salt, add to first mixture alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs, add flavoring. Turn into well greased layer cake pans. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven 375° F. When cool, spread between layers and cover top and sides of cake with chocolate icing.

ICING

1½ cups icing sugar	1 teaspoon butter
¼ cup chocolate powder	2 tablespoons milk
	½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix thoroughly together sugar and chocolate powder; bring milk to boiling point, add butter; remove from stove; add sugar mixture, and vanilla, beat well, till of a consistency to spread.

E. W. GILLET CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

BRAN—DE LUXE



Bran food that does everything but taste that way

THE big problem in insuring that the family really does more than *believe* in bran foods and actually *eats* them is in finding one that does not come to the table as a "bran food."

Over 20% of Quaker Puffed Wheat is bran. But you would never guess it. Long before the present enthusiasm for bran spread over America, thousands of homes served this unique cereal, not particularly for any "health" quality, but because of its deliciousness.

Millions know Quaker Puffed Wheat as the great breakfast adventure. A cereal so utterly different from all others, that it tastes good when no other

With Some Thoroughly Unusual Suggestions for Service

cereal may. Now we want everybody to know it, too, for the bran it contains.

It is WHOLE WHEAT, steam exploded to 8 times normal size and crisped to rare deliciousness. Served with milk or cream it supplies bran, needed wheat elements and important vitamins.

Served in the ways suggested on this page, it marks a positive way of attracting the most wayward appetite. Children love it like confections. Investigations reveal that some 75% of children who ordinarily don't take to cereals will eat Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice (selected rice puffed like the wheat) without urging.



Juicy pears in their own juice, Puffed Wheat and cream — a breakfast change



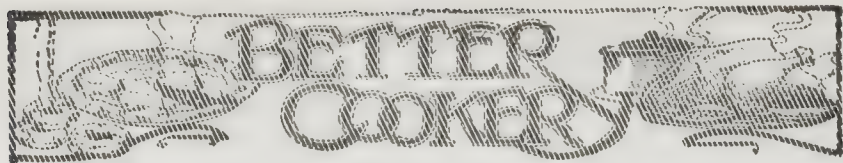
Sliced peaches, Puffed Wheat, with milk or half-and-half to tempt their appetites anew



THE QUAKER OATS
COMPANY



The season's best! Luscious ripe blackberries, Puffed Wheat and rich cream



Continued from page 62

Beet Relish II

Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cauliflower, 1
Vinegar, 2 c. Celery seed, 1 tb.
Cooked chopped beets, 2 qts.
Chopped cabbage, 2 c.
Chopped celery, 1 c.
Chopped onion, 1 c.
Sweet red peppers, 2
Mustard seed, 1 tb.
Salt to taste

Mix all together except the beets, in a kettle, and cook till the vegetables are nearly tender (about 15 minutes), add the beets, and when they are hot, seal in jars.

Celery and Tomato Relish

Tomatoes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Red pepper, 1
Celery, 4 bunches Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Onions, small, 6 Vinegar, 2 c.
Salt to taste.

Peel and chop the tomatoes, chop the celery, onions, and red pepper. Add the other ingredients and simmer till tender. The proportions of celery, onion and tomato may be varied.

Mustard Pickle

Let the vegetables to be used, stand overnight in brine—sliced unpared cucumbers, sliced onion, beans, etc. Drain, add to the hot dressing, and cook for a few minutes, stirring to prevent scorching, then seal.

Dressing

To each pint of vinegar add:
Sugar, 1 c. Flour, 1 tb.
Mustard, dry, 1 t. Turmeric, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Celery seed, 1 t. Salt if needed.

Mustard Pickle II

Chop and mix together 1 qt. green tomatoes, 1 qt. onions, 2 small heads of cauliflower, a small cabbage if liked. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ c. salt, and cover with boiling water. When cool, drain and add to a mustard dressing made of:

Vinegar, 2 qts. Flour, 1 c.
Sugar, 3 c. Mustard, 2 tb.
Turmeric, 1 t. Salt if needed

Vary the amount of mustard to taste. Scald 15 minutes, and seal.

Mixed Mustard Pickle

Cook separately:
String beans, 1 qt. Celery, 2 qts.
Small onions, slightly, 2 qts.
Green tomatoes, 2 qts.
Corn (cut from the cob before measuring), 1 qt.

Small carrots, or larger carrots sliced, 1 qt. Mix and add 2 qts. shredded cabbage, 2 qts. cucumbers, either small or sliced larger ones, 1 chopped sweet red pepper, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 4 qts. vinegar, 1 tb. celery seed, 1 tb. mustard seed, and 2 tb. dry mustard and 2 tb. flour, mixed to a paste with a little of the cold vinegar. Scald the mixture for a few minutes, and seal.

Spanish Pickle

Onions, large, 6 Peppers, 6
Cabbage, 1 Mustard seed, 1 tb.
Brown sugar, 3 c. Mustard, 2 tb.
Turmeric, 1 tb. Flour, 2 tb.
Peeled large cucumbers, 12
Green tomatoes, 2 qts.
Vinegar, 2 c.

Chop the tomatoes, cucumbers and cabbage, add a little salt, let stand an hour and drain well. Add the other ingredients, the peppers and onions chopped, and simmer for an hour, taking care that it does not scorch.

Gooseberry Catsup

Use slightly under-ripe berries. To 5 lbs. add 5 c. sugar, 2 c. vinegar, spices and salt to taste, and simmer till thick.

Apple-Raisin Relish

Brown sugar, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Vinegar, 1 qt.
Medium onions, 4 Green peppers, 4
Raisins, seeded, 1 c. Mixed spices
Large tart apples, 8 Salt to taste
Sweet red peppers, 1

Pare the apples, chop them, and the onions and peppers and raisins. Make a

syrup of the vinegar and spices, mix all together and simmer till thick.

This may be varied by using different spices.

Ripe Tomato Relish

Apples, 6 Onions, 6
Green peppers, 3 Vinegar, 1 c.
Brown sugar, 3 tb. Spices
Ripe tomatoes, large, 1 doz.

Green Tomato Relish

Sour apples, 1 doz. Brown sugar, 2 c.
Onions, 4 Vinegar, 1 qt.
Salt to taste Spices to taste
Green tomatoes, 1 doz.
Raisins, seeded, 1 pkg.

Pare the fruit and vegetables, and chop. Simmer all the ingredients till thick.

Spiced Currants

Currants, 5 lbs. Powdered Sugar, 4 lbs.
Vinegar, 2 c.
Spices to taste

Simmer gently till thick, and seal.

Finish cooking in the syrup. The fruit should not be cooked till too soft.

Apples, crab-apples and pears may be pickled in the same way.

Sweet Muskmelon Pickle

Use muskmelons or cantaloupes, not ripe enough to be too soft. Cut in pieces, removing the rind and pulp. Make a syrup of 4 tb. sugar to a quart of water, boil to dissolve the sugar, then cool. Pour over the melons and let stand overnight. Next day, drain, and cook the fruit very carefully so as not to break it, in boiling water till tender. Lift out into a dish, cover with a syrup made of brown sugar, vinegar and spices, and let stand overnight. Put the pieces of melon in jars, boil the syrup down till a little thicker, fill the jars with it, and seal.

Pickled Watermelon Rind

Remove the green peeling and the pink pulp from water melon rind. Cut in pieces. Cover with cold water, then boil till tender. This will take 20 or 30 minutes. Drop into cold water to chill, then dry and put into a syrup of vinegar, brown sugar and spices, and simmer till clear. Pack into sterile jars, and fill them with the syrup. Some people think the flavor is better if the pieces of rind are soaked overnight or for some hours, in a brine made of 1 tb. salt to a quart of water.

Sweet Pickled Carrots

Wash and scrape tender carrots. Cook in salted water till tender but not too soft. Cook a few minutes in a syrup of vinegar, brown sugar and spices.

Pickled Onions

Scald small white onions with hot water, to remove the skins. Let stand 24 hours in a strong brine. Pour this off, and let stand another 24 hours in fresh brine. Put in a kettle in cold water, and bring to the boiling point. Skim out into hot jars, scatter small red peppers through them, and cover with hot vinegar, or with hot vinegar to which any spices liked, have been added. These pickles should not be used for a few weeks, till the flavor has well permeated them.

Mixed Sweet Pickles

Use tender young vegetables, in good condition.

Tiny cucumbers, 1 qt.
Large sliced cucumbers, 1 pt.
Tiny white onions, 1 pt.
Small green beans, 1 pt.
Yellow wax beans, 1 pt.
Sweet red peppers, 3 or 4
Chili peppers, 4 or 5
Vinegar, $3\frac{1}{2}$ qts. Sugar, 4 c.
Spices to taste Mustard seed, 1 tb.
Celery seed, 1 tb. Salt, 4 tb.
Water, 6 qts. Cauliflower, 1 or 2

Wash all the vegetables, slice the large cucumbers, divide the cauliflower into flowerets, cut the wax beans in inch pieces, leaving the small cucumbers, green beans and onions whole. Remove the seeds from the red peppers and cut in

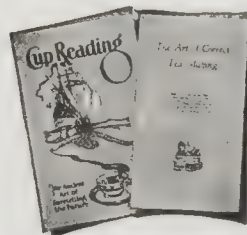
Continued on page 66

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Write your name and address on this advertisement, state the kind of tea you now use and how much you pay for it, and mail to the Salada Tea Company of Canada Limited, 461 King St. W., Toronto. We will send you, at once, a 19-cup package free, for you to try, also copies of our booklets "Cup Reading" and the "Art of Correct Tea Making."



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All meats used are "Canada Approved".

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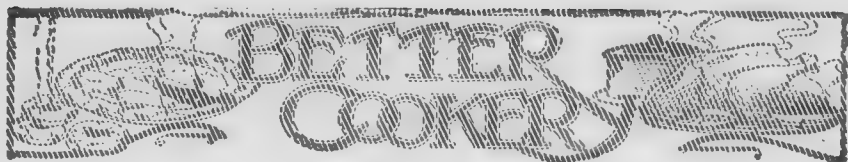
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The Housewife of Western Canada is known as a careful yet liberal buyer for the household. Products advertised in Western Canada's Only Magazine are as carefully watched by the Publishers and we hope as liberally purchased by our Readers.



Continued from page 65

pieces. Make a brine of the salt and water and let the cucumbers and onions stand in it overnight. Next day, drain them and let stand in cold water while preparing the other vegetables and vinegar. Cook the cauliflower and beans in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Drain and rinse in cold water. Boil the vinegar and sugar, and the spices tied in a cheesecloth bag, for a few minutes. Pour over all the vegetables mixed together, and the mustard and celery seed. Let stand till cold, drain the juice off and again bring to the boiling point, and pour over the vegetables again, which in the meantime, have been placed in glass jars or stone crock. These pickles will be better if allowed to ripen for six weeks before using.

Pepper Sauce

Green peppers, 12 Vinegar, 2 qts.
Red peppers, 12 Sugar, 3 c.
White onions, 12 Salt
Mustard seed, 1 t.

Wash the peppers, remove the seeds and white membrane. Peel the onions. Chop the onions and peppers till quite fine. Cover with boiling water and let stand about 15 minutes. Drain, add the vinegar and seasonings, and cook 10 or

15 minutes. About 2 tb. of salt, or a little more, will be required. Seal while hot.

Cucumber Pickle

Slice cucumbers and let stand a few hours in weak brine. Drain and cook 15 or 20 minutes in a syrup made of: Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Celery seed, 1 t. Turmeric, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. to each quart of vinegar.

Cucumber Pickle II

Soak sliced unpeeled cucumbers overnight in a weak brine, using 1 c. salt to 5 qts. water. Next day, drain, add sliced onion, vinegar and sugar, turmeric and celery seed. Bring to the boiling point, and seal in sterile jars.

Beet Relish

Cabbage, 2 qts Horse radish
Sugar, 3 c. Vinegar
Salt, 2 tb.

Cooked chopped beets, 2 qts.

Add to the mixed beets and cabbage, the sugar, salt, and grated horseradish to taste, about 1 c. or more, put in jars and cover with cold vinegar.

Let Your Pantry be Your Beauty Parlor

By Julia W. Wolfe

YOUR pantry is a well-stocked beauty shop. The use of these humble things seems endless.

Take salt, for instance; if used as a dry body rub, it is a wonderful awakener and stimulant. Take one cup either sea or table salt and dissolve it in one quart water. When dissolved take a large rough towel and place it in the water until the salt has permeated every fibre. This will only take a few minutes. Lift the towel out, but do not rinse it, and hang it up to drip until dry. Place the towel aside, and every morning upon rising vigorously rub the body. The same towel can be used continually until all the salt has been used. Salt is a good mouth-wash which hardens the gums and keeps the tissues in excellent condition. A cool footbath in which coarse salt has been dissolved is a good sedative for aching feet. If the hair is falling out, add 2 tablespoonfuls ordinary salt to the final rinsing water of the shampoo.

Soda may be used in making bath salts. Break one pound of common soda into small pieces, spread on a large tray, and dry in the oven three hours. Then put into a wide-mouthed jar, add half an ounce of any desired perfume, and leave uncovered for a short time. Cork and put away for use. Soda is useful as a remedy for tired feet. Let them soak in warm water to which a flat-net heaped-tablespoonful of soda to sufficient water to cover the feet. Let it be well over the instep and ankles, as they are the parts liable to get puffy when the feet are tired.

Pumice comes in handy. Rough elbows can be considerably improved by being rubbed with pumice stone smeared liberally with cold cream. Rub the stone round and round until all the cream has been absorbed by the skin. When corns

have been troublesome and have been removed, a drop of castor oil on a piece of pumice stone rubbed into the place from which the corn has been taken will often prevent further growth and annoyance. The yellow stain of nicotine can be instantly removed by squeezing a little lemon-juice on some pumice stone. Smeared with soap, pumice stone will remove ingrained dirt from the hands and leave them soft and smooth.

Bran comes in handy many a time. For the care of the hands it is useful. Sprinkle bran on wet soapy palms and rub it in. This effectively removes stains. A bran paste for the hands can be made by taking a tablet of ivory soap and shaving it finely. Add to this one and one-half cups of boiling water. Let it simmer until the soap has been dissolved. Then add a bare half-cup of bran, stirring constantly until it is smooth. Then add one ounce glycerine.

Bran is useful for the dry shampoo. Part the hair in various places and sprinkle on the bran from a large salt-shaker. Spread the hair so that the bran can get through and reach the scalp. Allow it to remain for about five minutes. Rub the scalp until it feels all aglow; then take a small, rough towel and rub the hair vigorously. Next remove the bran by a thorough brushing.

The bran friction-bath is one of the very finest cleansers and circulation tonics for the skin. Use bath mittens thoroughly wet and soap rubbed in. Then generously sprinkle the body with bran. The friction makes the skin feel aglow.

Alum is used when the hands are too hot—dissolved alum in hot water removes this complaint.

Bicarbonate of soda is used for prickly heat, for relieving under-arm perspiration, for sunburn and for indigestion.

Mother and Home

By Martha Shepard Lippincott

*Mother and home, how dear these words
That fill our souls with tenderness.
Never in all the world we'll find
A joy that will our lives so bless.
Mother will love and e'er forgive
Us even when we're doing wrong.
For our redemption, her dear heart
Will pray and never cease to long.*

*All through the night, will mother pray
That God will her dear children guard,
And safely guide them through life's way.
Although their ways seem dark and hard,
Her faith and love will call us back
From all ungodly, evil ways.
No matter where we idly roam,
Dear mother's love, with us, e'er stays.*

*Mother and home, we'll ne'er forget,
Although our footsteps go astray,
Still will her love and earnest prayers
Recall us back to God some day.
We cannot e'er forget her love,
Or what, for us, she'd gladly do.
For our dear home and mother's smiles,
Our hearts will soon be longing, too.*

Tasty Dishes of Smoked Meats

By Rilla Rhinesmith

WOMEN who live far from the city and near villages where there are possibly no meat markets and who have no meat rings in their neighborhood are forced to depend upon canned meats and smoked meats for summer use. As the canned meat is quite expensive that means that most of the meat is of the smoked variety.

Now, I have so often wondered why most women seem to think that there is only one way to cook smoked meats and that is to everlastingly fry them. What is hotter than a hot, hot cook-stove, on a torrid summer day, a gang of men coming in to eat, and fat bacon or sizzling ham sputtering and frying in the frying pan? There is nothing that seems to make the old thermometer go up faster than the mere smell of frying smoked meats.

There are so many ways to fix up the smoked meats so they are tasty.

Take ham for instance, have you ever tried it smothered in cream, Southern style? Is there any place in the wide world besides our farms where the ham may be prepared that way.

Cut a slice from a mildly cured ham, say about three inches thick, put it into a bake dish, cover it with a sprinkling of flour, pour in a pint of sweet cream and a length of cinnamon stick. Bake this until it is tender, thicken the gravy a bit more if necessary and serve with mashed potatoes and scalloped tomatoes.

Baked ham is far more tasty than fried ham and when you have prepared one you have meat for a number of days and for a number of dishes.

For this I take a medium sized ham and parboil it, adding a bit of thyme to the water. If the ham is very salty I change the water once during the process of parboiling.

I remove the ham from the water and take the skin off, trimming some of the fat away if it seems too thick. The remaining fat is scored with a sharp knife into small squares. Brown sugar is spread thickly over the ham and a whole clove stuck into each square of fat. The mere sight of this dish smoking hot makes one hungry, then what is left may be sliced in pinkish slices for tea and served with creamed potatoes. Even then there will be left overs, but there is not a bit of waste.

Put all the left over pieces through your coarse knife in the meat chopper. Now you have a spread for the school sandwiches, and also a basis for several tasty luncheon dishes, namely Winkdum Diddy, and Royal Scallop.

We always liked the Royal Scallop for a Sunday night Supper. To make this you require the cooked ham, hardboiled eggs and a cupful of buttered crumbs.

Put some butter in the bottom of your favorite casserole, then a layer of ham chopped then a layer of hardboiled eggs, also chopped, then ham and then eggs until the dish is nearly full. Put the buttered crumbs on top and pour over all a thin cream sauce. If you use one of those popular glass casseroles you have no idea how attractive this Royal Scallop is. The pink of the ham combined with the white and yellow of the egg is very attractive.

Or if we have been working Royal Scallop overtime we use the minced ham with the yellow of the hard boiled egg add a bit of prepared mustard and restuff our eggs, first cutting the hard-boiled egg lengthways. These are nice for a lap supper as they are easily handled and still are nourishing.

Winkdum Diddy is a bit fussier but daughter will like to make that in her chafing dish when the best young man calls or a party of young people come in from skating.

Put butter in the hot chafing dish, brown the mince ham and add what thickening you need, then pour over this two cupfuls of strained tomatoes. Add paprika and some melted cheese or spread the soda biscuits with cream cheese and put a spoonful of the Winkdum Diddy over the biscuit on an attractive plate. A few sprays of parsley from the kitchen window garden and you have a

hot dish that just hits the spot on a thirty-below zero night.

Then there are many other ways of using the minced ham, in omelets, or made into a creamed dish and served up in patty shells. The patty shells should be made every time you make pie crust and baked and put away to freeze. When thawed out they are just like fresh and are useful for so many things.

Scalloped ham with potatoes is simply delicious. This is a good busy day dish. If the housewife is very busy or wishes the stove top for canning or other cooking she can easily make the scalloped ham dish and have the top of the stove free.

To do this butter a baking dish, slice raw potatoes until the bottom of the dish is covered. Cut smoked ham into individual servings and put a layer of ham, then another layer of potatoes, making the top layer of potato. Pour sweet milk over this and bake slowly. This made in the casserole makes less dishes to wash.

Then comes that old fashioned Dutch dish from Pennsylvania, Snits and Kenepi. To make this dish you require a meaty ham bone. Put the bone into the big kettle early in the morning parboil it and pour off the first water. Then put on the fresh water and add about a pint of the snits or sweet home dried apples that one can buy in the market. Simmer on the back of the stove until just before dinner time. About fifteen minutes before dinner time make up some light dumplings and drop these into the kettle covering the lid tightly. Keep the pot boiling and do not take off the lid until you are sure the dumplings are cooked, if you do you will have sinkers instead of those delicious fluffy morsels of goodness.

Take the meat from the ham bone pile it in the middle of the largest serving platter you have, put a ring of dumplings around the ham and the dried apples around the dumplings. This is far better than it sounds and once you try it you will never forget to include Snitz and Kenepi in your menu at least once a month.

Pigs in blankets are good in oyster time, or one can use the tinned oysters if the fresh ones are not in market. By using the tinned oysters the farmers' wives can make this dish even if they do live far from market.

Take thinly sliced bacon, wrap it around a plump oyster, pin it firmly into place with a toothpick and fry it brown in a hot pan. This is another dish that is easily prepared in the chafing dish for an evening lunch.

Another Pennsylvania Dutch dish is to dice the bacon and fry it brown. Have about a cup of the diced bacon. Take cider vinegar and add it to the bacon, first pouring off some of the extra grease. Have ready a dishful of diced cold potatoes with either green or dried onions, you may even add some celery or green peppers if you have it handy. When ready to serve put lettuce leaves in the serving dish pour the hot vinegar and bacon over the potatoes and serve on the lettuce. This is called "Heis Cartufflen Salade," or Hot Potato Salad. It is a Pennsylvania Dutch custom to use hard boiled egg with hot salad. They also use the bacon with the fresh greens in the same way and then decorate the greens with halves of hard boiled eggs.

These are just part of the different ways there are of preparing smoked meats so as to make them palatable. One has any number of different combinations to make, for instance instead of using the potatoes with the ham use a can of tomatoes and season it well with paprika, or if you have ripe tomatoes in your garden stuff them with the minced ham and bake in the oven. Use a bit of bread crumbs with this dish it adds much to the finished product, also a bit of onion.

So as long as we have plenty of smoked meat we need not be at a loss for dainty and nourishing dishes to serve during the summer months.

FAMOUS FEET



© B. & R., 1928

how they're kept free from corns

Hoot Gibson's Famous Feet

"IT ISN'T only the tenderfoot who has corns . . . but it's a soft judgment that keeps them . . . when you can lasso Blue-jay at any drug store" . . . So writes "Hoot" Gibson, Universal star and idol of sixty million movie fans.

IN ITS 28 faithful years Blue-jay has conquered many millions of corns. It has conquered them with a plaster that stops shoe-pressure at once and ends the pain in an instant. And with medication, in just the right amount, which removes the corn without injuring delicate skin-tissue. The new Blue-jay, with the new creamy-white pad, is now at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price. For calluses and bunions, use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE new Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

HOLT, RENFREW & Co., Ltd.

Important Announcement

AUGUST FUR SALE PRICES

continued until

SEPTEMBER 15th

Owing to the unusually large number of requests from customers away on summer vacations to share in the savings of our August Fur Sale we are extending the customary discount period till September 15th. The advantages of this extension will appeal strongly to out-of-town customers.

Buy your Fur Now on our
BUDGET BUYING PLAN

10% deposit at time of selection; one-third before taking delivery; the balance on convenient terms. No interest or storage charges.

20% to 30% Reductions

on all furs until September 15th

Among the Outstanding Fur Coat Values are

Electric Seal, Plain	\$79.50	Hudson Seal, plain or Alaska Sable trimmed,	\$295
Reg. \$110 for		Reg. \$375 for	
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Reg. \$250 for			

All other coats, higher and lower priced at similar reductions

Write today stating your preference in fur and giving your height, size and weight. We will pay charges both ways on a selection of coats for examination in your own home.

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WINNIPEG

Makers of Dependable Furs since 1837

TORONTO

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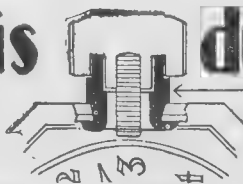
Before Mars patented dust-tite case no wrist watch escaped the damage of dust. Particles of talcum, lint, dust entering, usually around the stem, caused untold damage to delicate mechanism. Now you can have the Mars -- dust-tite -- bound to be accurate.

Mars

Your jeweller will gladly show you Mars in several models. From \$25.00 up. Or write for the booklet "What every Woman should know about a Wrist Watch." Canadian Distributors, The Levy Bros. Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.

Mars is dust-tite

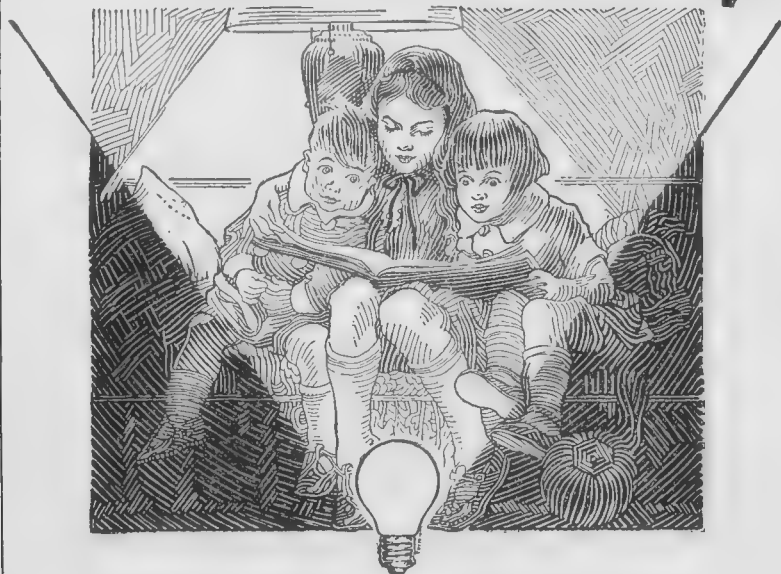
By makers of small watches for over 70 years.



Notice the Mars patented shoulder which prevents the entry of dust.

Do You Know of Better Value or Anything More Distinctly Canadian Than The Western Home Monthly?

Save your Children's Eyes With Inside Frosted Lamps



The Inside Frosting prevents harmful glare and diffuses light into soft, restful rays that guard the eyes of youth.

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EDISON MAZDA
INSIDE FROSTED
LAMPS

A CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

Johann Lind

Continued from page 30

heart speaking. "So, poor little one! Poor little one! Quick, the spirits of ammonia from the cupboard—no, leave her to me, my old arms are strong . . . Ole—it's got to be; you'll have to bring Lena. Nu, da, don't stand there staring! Can't you see? Lena must come. Ja, and that quickly."

But Ole hadn't heart to face a woman, broken, half dead with such news. Herre Gud, no! Better that Johann, whom she trusted, be the messenger.

Strange how the weakest natures sometimes rise to sublime heights under final punishment. Lena received the tidings in dignified, tearless silence, unbroken until the Boen farm buildings flashed into view from a bend in the road. Then, it is true, she caught Johann's arm in sudden soul-sweeping terror: "She isn't gone? I'll see my Eli smile again . . . hear her voice—?"

Johann looked very grim and forbidding, but he assured her as best he knew, stressing the good they would do one another; the joy they would bring—stressing, too, the need of caution. Lena heard him with closed eyes and a hint of smiles around the lips. "Johann Lind, Johann Lind," ran her thoughts, "I'd never imagined lies could be so gallant."

Eli sank very rapidly. Once in her mother's arms it seemed she neither cared nor knew that life was slipping from her. Like lovers under doom of separation they could not bear to be apart. Hour upon hour Lena sat beside her—and here was the miracle—smiled in the face of death. Smiled always, except that early dawn when Eli spoke of Andre; of Johann Lind, and Haasji Van Meiris.

But even then black anger sustained her. She had lost much, would lose more yet this remained: Helga, nor all their little world, should hug their slander longer! As if in confirmation of the thought, Eli touched her hand: "You'll not forget, Johann, Mama? You'll tell them everything?"

"I'll tell them, child, have no doubt of that!"

Eli bethought her of another debt: Haasji Van Meiris . . . how was it she had forgotten? "Dear Mama, I must see Haasji. Tell Johann I must see Haasji."

Left together a terrible silence twined round them. Words seemed impossible, thought an effort. But at last Eli found strength to begin retelling the tangled story in feverish vehemence. Yet neither relief nor joy sprang to Haasji's face. "Haasji, Haasji, you understand, don't you? Dear Haasji, say you do!"

Haasji shook her golden head roughly. "What for, Eli Lind, should I say it? A man like that to love you—it is enough."

"Haasji Van Meiris! Can't you believe—"

"Neen! Eli Lind, I don't have to believe. I know. Shame on you for such talk! Didn't I hear him with my own ears tell your papa that he loved you?"

Only that intolerable iron-weight in her breast prevented Eli's bursting into laughter. Never before was Haasji so funny; so like a little angry red hen. Very beautiful her smile as, little hand clasping Haasji's, she whispered shyly: "Kiss me, Haasji, and—and, don't quite forget me . . . He said that to Papa, Haasji Van Meiris, because he knew I could hear. He didn't know I should see his face!" If a dying voice can be said to be fierce it was Eli's when, a moment later, she pushed her friend from her. "There, Haasji Van Meiris, I've paid my debt . . . No, no, leave me. Leave me, dear Haasji, to Mama."

IT WAS a changed Lena faced her one-time confidant in the dreadful quiet of the Boen kitchen the day of Eli's funeral. "You're satisfied, I suppose, Helga Boen, with the fruits of your pride?"

"My pride?" Lena laughed harshly. "Ja, what else? Now I think of it, Simon and you aren't so different. Money for Simon, Andre for you—false gods, Helga Boen, for the ruin of us all. You may well look surprised, for it's queer that Johann Lind came never to your mind. Yet who, can

Continued on page 71



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**PLANTERS
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Gray Hair Gone

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN know it is needless to endure gray hair or to experiment with preparations which often produce weird colors far worse than gray! Instead, they use Kolor-Bak—the clean, colorless, scientific liquid which brings color back, whether blonde, auburn, brown or black. No worry over shade—the one bottle is right for all. Nor is the hair harmed—it keeps its life and sheen, and the scalp actually benefits! There's no uncertainty, either—Kolor-Bak is sold on a money-back guarantee.

For Sale at all Drug and Department Stores

Kolor-Bak
Banishes Gray Hair

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Federated Women's Institutes

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

B.C. Home Economics Survey

THE Provincial Board of the B.C. Women's Institutes, acting in co-operation with Mrs. Vangie G. MacLachlin, Superintendent, is conducting a survey of conditions under which families are living on the farm homes of British Columbia. The women are anxious to find out why some people are saying "farming in B.C. does not pay," that "farm life is too hard on women," that "maternity and illnesses are too dangerous" and that "children have a poor chance of education in rural communities." They are anxious to know why rural B.C. does not feed the Province, what each district raises and its marketing facilities. They wish to know as far as possible the conditions under which most farm women are living. Do they carry every drop of water for household use from a point outside? Have they no means of keeping food cool in summer and protected from flies? Do they do their washing and churning by the old heavy hand methods? Do they swelter in the summer, cooking on a range that has many points in common with Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace? Do they work 365 days a year and many of the nights?

They also wish to know what cottage industries can be established and how districts may co-operate in the marketing of the same.

This information will be valuable to immigration authorities in the Province, the Dominion, Europe and U.S.A. It will also inform Provincial and Federal Government Departments, B.C. manufacturers, heads of public utilities, and especially the Agricultural Department of the University of British Columbia, to which the country women are looking for scientific help in rural work and problems.

Women's Institute in India

A WOMEN'S INSTITUTE is being started at Gujrat, India, in the Punjab district. The programme which will be put before the members includes classes in personal and household hygiene, cooking Indian food, some English dishes, and invalid cooking, sewing, hand and machine knitting, cutting out, mending, embroidery, laundry, elementary agriculture and gardening, home nursing, with simple first aid and baby craft, games and exercises, arithmetic for domestic account and possibly classes for reading and writing. A social afternoon will be held once a week. The members will have the use one day a week of the newly equipped Gujrat library, its vernacular books and papers, being especially helpful.

The promoters of the new Institute hope that a house in the city, with a good court yard for the games, in order to provide a playroom for babies will be the headquarters for the enterprise. At least \$200.00 per month will be needed to support it. Half will be paid by the District Red Cross Society and half by the Gujrat Red Cross Society until April 1929, when if the scheme is approved by the Education Department, a grant will be available from the Provincial Government.

Indian women must find out the solutions for their own special problems with the sympathetic help of other women. An English woman, who attended the all Indian Women's Conference on Education, held in Delhi recently, reports that representatives from every Province and even from most of the big States were present. Those who know India best regard this gathering as a great achievement.

English W.I. Convention

THE English Women's Institutes have just held their Twelfth Annual Convention, or "Country Women's Parliament." Some of their activities may be gleaned from the following notable saying: "I have seldom seen better acting," said Lady Denman, the national chairman, when alluding enthusiastically to the "Drama Festival," of the previous evening.

Dr. Esther Carling, moving a resolution on the health policy of the National Federation of Women's Institutes said, "We have to remove the reproach that it is safer to be a mother in Holland than in England. We have 4,000 W.I.'s. Let them be 4,000 health centres."

Mrs. Winttingham moving a resolution stressing the importance of the report on education of women in rural life, stated, "We want more women on the various education committees."

Mrs. Wilkinson in speaking on a resolution to secure the use of a humane killer in the slaughter of animals said, "Forty thousand animals are killed in this country every day, of these 95% are killed by the old barbarous methods."

Present Princess Mary

At the Women's Institute Handicraft Exhibition in London last fall Princess Mary, Vicountess Lascelles, was presented with a hand-woven bedspread of blue linen, a part of the Canadian F.W.I. exhibit sent by the Cercles des Veraieres of Quebec. The flax from which the linen was made was grown, dyed and woven on the farm from which the bedspread came.

News from Australia

THE annual conference of the New South Wales Country Women's Association, Australia, an organization similar to the Women's Institute, lasting for three days, was attended by delegates from 191 branches, the total membership of which numbers 9,245. The discussions on the different items on the agenda was very keen, and the organization of the meetings and of the social functions connected with the conference was admirable.

Represent Prairie Provinces

MRS. T. L. GUILD, Regina, Convener of the Committee of Home Economics of the Federated Institutes of Canada has had a signal honor paid her. She has been appointed by the Interior Tree, Fruit and Vegetable Committee of Direction of the British Columbia Government, as the woman representative of the Prairie Province consumers to obtain first-hand information concerning B.C. fruit in order to promote the inter-provincial market.

The purpose of this Committee, which functions under the B.C. Produce Marketing Act is the stabilizing of conditions for the producer and the consumer, also the encouraging of a greater consumption of the Canadian products by Canadians, especially those living nearest this market.

Mrs. Guild has been addressing meetings, and through the press has been keeping the prairie women informed as to when to expect cherries, apricots, tomatoes, etc., their prices, conditions that have retarded various crops, the best time to buy, etc.

Alberta W.I.'s become Independent

THE passing of the "Alberta Women's Bureau Act" recently, cut the Alberta Women's Institutes adrift from the government and incidentally several thousand dollars which was yearly to finance their running expenses. This meant that on a short notice, the Institutes had to make plans to run themselves. At the recent annual convention this was the most important business. The delegates agreed unanimously to levy an emergency tax on the branches at the rate of one dollar per member. The government also promised a reconstruction grant to tide over the next five years, this to grow less each year until the W.I.'s had established themselves on an independent basis.

Manitoba W.I. Activities

MANITOBA Women's Institutes are busy organizations. Forty-one have libraries containing from 22 to 680 books. Twenty-three held health conferences last year and approximately 800 children were examined. Twenty-three have club or rest rooms.

Continued on page 70

Ashes of Roses Bourjois



For You The Perfect Powder

For your type, Bourjois has produced in Ashes of Roses Face Powder, the exact "nature tone" that will give your skin a soft, peach-bloom loveliness — the sweet freshness of youth.

It emphasizes the brightness of your eyes, the curves of your lips, the soft contours of your face. Its effect is enchanting — without a trace of artificiality.

Buy the exquisitely fragrant Face Powder at the better shops—in smooth leatherette boxes and dainty Parisian Compacts.

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Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

New -
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Bourjois has created a ravishing new fragrance, exquisite beyond belief.

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Ask for them at exclusive shops.



Stop the Cry from the Cradle

Gripping pain, wind and indigestion, throbbing gums . . . these wreck Baby's sleep. Stop the trouble — instantly — with Woodward's Gripe Water. A teaspoonful of it sets things right at once . . . healthy sleep follows. Even a new-born baby can be given Woodward's Gripe Water with perfect safety. Purchase a bottle from your druggist.

Most famous corrective of all for—
Colic, Flatulence, Acidity, Teething, Looseness, Peevishness, Indigestion, Disordered Stomach, Constipation

WOODWARD'S
"Gripe Water"

KEEPS BABY WELL



When sending for Patterns of Fashion Plates, remember to state the size.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

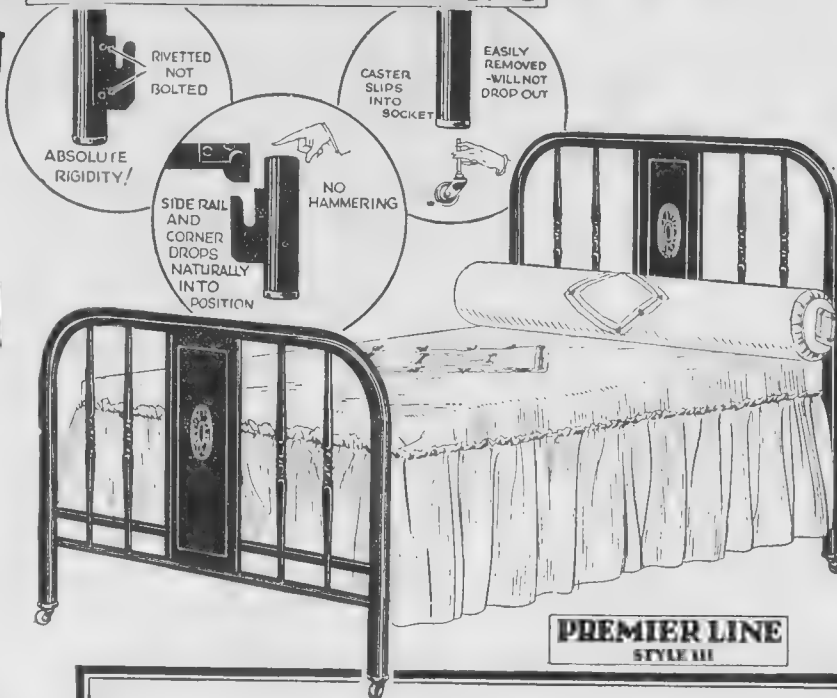
PREMIER LINE

Worth many
times its
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features

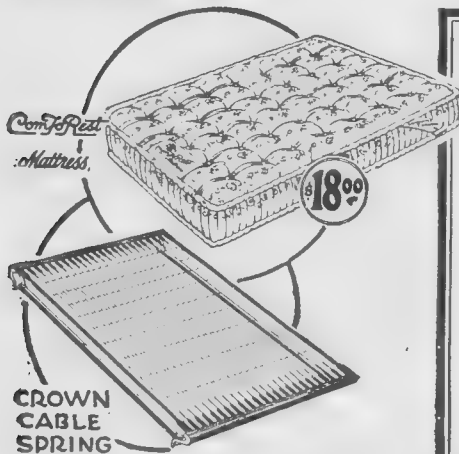


Invest in Rest

NEW IMPROVED FEATURES



PREMIER LINE
STYLE III



FOR those of artistic taste, yet to whom *Value* is so important, the PREMIER LINE of Beds will appeal to discriminating housekeepers. These beautiful models are the newest vogue in design and may be had in all wood finishes, as well as in colors to harmonize with artistic furnishings and a definite color scheme.

The New Improved Exclusive Features mean—no squeaks—no groans—no loose bolts—no bother-fitting casters and rails. Each model is a striking example of artistic craftsmanship—each sets a new standard in *Extra Utility and Convenience*!

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4

Acids In Stomach Cause Indigestion

Create Sourness, Gas and Pain.
How To Treat

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist some Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful of powder or four tablets in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

DON'T CUT OUT
A Shoe Boil, Capped
Hock or Bursitis

FOR

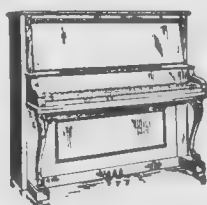
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will reduce them and leave no blemishes. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Book 6 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, the antiseptic liniment for Boils, Bruises, Sores, Swellings, Varicose Veins, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Price \$1.25 a bottle at drug-plus or delivered. Will tell you more if you write.

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New Piano Values

All finishes, styles and makes, from which to choose, in standard uprights, players and grand pianos. Easy payment plan on Ennis, \$415; Bell Studio, \$445; Canada, \$345; Lesage, \$395.

Used Piano Bargains

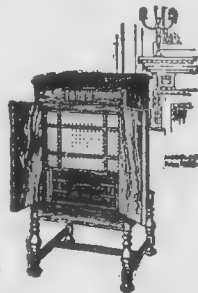
Used and shop-soiled instruments—a great selection—all thoroughly overhauled. Price from \$225.

New Orthophonic Victrola

These superb new Victor instruments represent the very latest in the science of phonographic reproduction, in which a more powerful conception of music by the world's greatest artists may be enjoyed right in your own home. All models on easy payment terms from \$115 to \$385.

WRITE US TODAY for catalogues and easy terms plan, but state what particular instrument you are interested in.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 333 PORTAGE AVE.



PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Federated Women's Institute

Continued from page 69

Manitoba Women's Institutes are now publishing a paper. This is a small four-page pamphlet, pages the size of the ordinary magazine. It is edited by the superintendent Miss Esther Thompson, and sells for ten cents a number. It is called "Institute News" and is a very creditable sheet.

The first step toward the publishing of the history of the Women's Institute movement in Manitoba has been made. The W.I.'s, especially the older branches are asked to look up and send in their old records.

Manitoba W.I.'s are studying the question of the high maternity death rate. Dr. Helen MacMurchy was one of the speakers at the recent convention. The W.I.'s have given over \$2,000.00 to the Salvation Army Grace Maternity Hospital in Winnipeg. Each branch gives at least one meeting, when the local doctors have been asked to give a talk on the subject.

Over 100 immigrant boys have come to Manitoba this spring. The Institutes are taking a very live interest in the new settlers. Members call on them, give them "showers" to start their pantries and most of all extend a real welcome to them.

Miss Esther Thompson, Manitoba Superintendent reports: "Our eleven district organizations are growing and have become quite independent units. We were greatly pleased and encouraged by the programmes which some of the districts have planned for next year. One has decided to hold a handicrafts exhibit and another a musical festival.

ALBERTA

FROM every angle the last and Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Alberta Women's Institutes, held in Calgary, was considered one of the best on record. It had the largest attendance for a number of years. The entertainment features, a banquet, fashion show and old timers' evening were "different," instructive and amusing. It was faced with the tremendous problem of re-organizing from a financial viewpoint. It was a call for leadership and the provincial board arose nobly to the situation, presenting a constructive scheme that was agreed to unanimously.

This was that W.I. members be taxed one dollar per member. Heretofore the provincial fund has been raised by a per capita tax of fifty cents. Authority also was given the provincial board to make all changes in the Women's Institute Act to conform to the new legislation "the Alberta Women's Bureau Act," which was responsible for cutting the W.I.'s away from the provincial government.

Other resolutions dealt with suggestions re the changing of the wording of the indigent laws to the effect that indigent persons be required to make oath and state the fact that they are wholly destitute, thus bringing them under the Canada Evidence Act; that the residence clause be stepped up from three to nine months, or that rural districts take care of their bonafide residents and taxpayers only and the government take care of transients.

The Convention endorsed a resolution to petition the governments to take the necessary steps to protect the wild flowers, trees and shrubs of Alberta from being destroyed. The settling of non-English speaking immigrants in colonies was not approved by the W.I.'s and they will ask the Department of Immigration to stop it. Another resolution concerning more careful inspection at ports of departure for immigrants was passed.

Some of the extension work put over by the W.I.'s included 150 courses in cooking, sewing, millinery and basketry. There were 38 constituency conferences and two district conferences, an attendance of 2,000 at the former and about 300 at the latter. During the year 75 traveling libraries were in circulation, 90 baby clinics were sponsored by W.I.'s, the attendance being from 30 to 100.

The slogan of the Committee on Agriculture has been "Beautiful Alberta, the Land of Plenty," and nursery men report that the sales of trees, shrubs, etc. have more than doubled and they have great difficulty in supplying the demand.

Johann Lind

Continued from page 68

you tell me, keeps the farm together and the roof over your ungrateful head? Shame to you, foolish woman. Ja, and for all I've lost I'm happier than you, Helga Boen, with such a conscience!"

"Lena! Lena! Lena Berg, for the sake of the past—"

But Lena had no intention of laying down the cudgels, not until Helga cowered before her, pride in tatters, the last illusion wrested, would she halt her righteous destruction. But then, for such is the perverseness of human nature, the spectacle of Helga broken and contrite, dismayed, more than gratified her. Ja, it was right the stubborn old creature should suffer, but after all wasn't she to be pitied? Poor thing! God knew, sorrow for the living was no less bitter than decent grief for the dead.

Sensible to the suffering in Lena, Helga fumbled towards her with nervous, groping hands: "Pity, Lena, pity! I see my blindness. Ja, my wickedness and sin. No wonder the Lord has taken away my son!"

That desperate cry swept down the last barrier. Foolish old women, what good this drawing swords over the graves of their dead? Better, like Norsemen, to bury the blade and shame together.

"Helga Boen," Lena's voice was warm and glowing, "God give we never forget friendship again!" Arms entwined, grey heads close together, they neither heard nor saw that Johann had discovered them. Lost in the sublime comfort of ills forgiven they sat far removed from earth. And Johann, seeing them, felt something of their strange peace lodge in his heart also.

IT WAS fall before Herman heard from Herr Lind; a cryptic message in keeping with character. "Good sir," wrote he, "have the goodness to expect me six weeks hence. I suffer shocking curiosity concerning the young fool you call my son."

Nu, da. Clearly Herr Lind had changed very little. Perhaps he had been a fool to write at all. He should have known Life could adjust its own problems. With peace restored, what need for Herr Lind to arrive at all? What need indeed! Even Simon, humbled at last, said never a word though Lena stayed on at the Boens'!

Very like a troubled child Herman laid the message before Helga. She looked at him in utter bewilderment over the rim of her reading-glasses. "Herr Lind? Herre Lind—Herre Gud! Not OUR Herr Lind coming here?"

"Ja, our Herr Lind. I wrote him when things were bad. Nu, da, when it comes to that, Johann should know."

"Shame on you, Herman!" Helga chided sharply, entirely losing sight of the real issue. "Shame on you, foolish old man, not speaking before. Look at the house! Ole, Ole; get right to Hawthorne for paint and brushes. Not to such a dullness will I welcome the master!"

The six weeks ran to six weeks more and Helga's now shining house still waited its visitor. Perhaps he'd changed his mind; wasn't coming at all; hadn't intended to come, thought she, and grew strangely nervous about it. God knew he owed them something!

But at last he came driving a fine black cutter behind a dashing team that twinkled gaily to the tune of many bells. Helga was the first to see him. "Ole! Herman!" she shrilled, "it's he! Herr Lind, as I live! Quick, Lena, put on the kettle—ja, da, where is that Johann, do you suppose?"

Scarcely less hurried, Ole hurried out to greet the distinguished visitor. "Welcome, welcome!" he stammered awkwardly.

Herr Lind leaped lightly to the ground, his dark face smiling. "Devilish cold, Ole," said he. "I'm not sure I like it, though the air is fine and the sunshine dazzling." Off flew the gloves and Ole found himself gripping a lean white hand, steel-fingered and immaculate. "Well, well, Ole, so we meet again. A small place this world of ours."

"Ja, ja," Ole was thankful he had the horses to unhitch; those eyes of the master always had unstrung him. "Ja,

Continued on page 72

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Johann Lind

Continued from page 71

not so big . . . Be so humble, Herr Lind—Helga waits inside."

"So Helga waits inside. My good Ole, that reminds me of better days."

But the Helga stiffly curtseying before him in her spotless prairie home was not the Helga of better days. Pity, thought he, how time robs a woman—only her voice was familiar.

"Herr Lind, welcome, welcome! Lena Berg, this is the master I served long since." No hand at bowing, Lena offered a chair and turned quite red at the gracious thanks he gave her.

Only Herman, sitting apart, found it difficult to forswear the past now the man was come. Troll take it if he'd get more than a curt nod from him!

Herr Lind shrugged. "A mixed welcome, eh, Helga?" He laughed lightly and the laughter stung them like points of steel. Herre Gud! how like he was that other . . . How like in everything! But what was he saying in that well remembered way of his? "Mistress Helga, be so good, I pray, to tell me where he is—that quixotic idiot I've come to see."

"Herr Lind," Helga flushed, speaking heavily, "you'll find him nobody's fool. You'll find him far from that! Set in his ways—queer maybe, but—"

"My good Helga, spare your efforts. Perhaps I've a notion what Lind virtues should be. I doubt not he has a full share of them."

Happily for Helga, whose conscience urged immediate defence, Ole, with the truant in tow, entered at the moment. The smile died on Herr Lind's lips; his eyes narrowed, every feature of his high-born face expressionless as marble. Devilish queer, thought he, how much a man may give and be no whit the wiser! The humor of it made him laugh. High Heaven! Wasn't it laughable to see himself like that in a perfect copy? Lind length; Lind looks; Lind scorn to the finest detail. Devil take him for an ingrate if he didn't laugh!

The mellow mockery bridged the need of introduction; steel on steel their glances crossed merciless as dueling swords. Herr Lind was the first to offer truce. "Come, come, don't tell me you've seen a ghost."

"No," said Johann curtly. "Devil fits the case much better."

Herr Lind's laughter had a lilt of springtime gladness. "Devil or no, you're true to form, my son. Enheartening, not to say delightful discovery!"

Again their glances crossed, tipped for battle; but somehow, something indefinable, yet strangely compelling, shining in Herr Lind's eyes put an end to hostility. Out flew Johann's strong young hand. "Sir," laughed he—a note of spring there also—"I hadn't thought to welcome such a meeting. But—it seems you've won again."

That evening Herr Lind was at his best; scintillating, brilliant, admirable proof of pleasure in his son. A lad to his fancy. How sad Fru Lind had quitted a sickly world ere seeing again this lively reproach of his! Ah, no dullard either that Johann Lind . . . And when he talked, from down the corridors of time another gay voice sounded. So like the Little-Dancing-One, yet every inch a Lind—devilish queer the whole of it!

Herr Lind had gladly stayed the week had business permitted. But he was due in the Danish capital within the month and much was yet undone that claimed attention. To his surprise Johann suffered a twinge of regret at parting and, still more surprising, found himself confessing his hopes and pride in the land.

Herr Lind heard him through in amused toleration. Such lofty optimism after repeated failures struck him as deliciously funny. Lovable ass, his head still in the clouds! But not till he'd taken leave of the family and he and Johann stood alone at the gate did he hint of his real errand. Said he then, almost humbly: "My son, what would you say to a partnership in a thriving business? A business not so altruistic, mayhap, as this Empire building but infinitely more lucrative, if not soul-satisfying. I'm serious—it's the reason for my coming. Johann Lind, in your own country a position by no means despicable awaits you, should you care to accept. I don't

Continued on page 76



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6241. Simple and dainty is the little model here portrayed. Batiste or voile in maize, green or white is lovely for this. The fulness may be shirred or smocked. On white crepe or batiste, it will be pleasing if stitched with colored thread. Cotton prints or pongee may also be used for this little frock. The neck is low from shoulder to shoulder and the sleeve is gathered to a narrow band.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. To make this dainty frock for a 2 year size will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36 inch material.

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6240. Tab extensions on the right side of the front of the smock button over the left side below the V shaped neck opening. A short sleeve provides comfort and coolness. The trousers are short and finished with inside waistbands to button to an underwaist. This style will develop well in jersey weaves, linen, madras or cotton broad cloth. It is also good in pique. Brown or green linen could be used, and finished with white piping.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. To make the Suit for a 4 year size will require $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material. To finish as illustrated with bias binding will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

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6232. Either with long or short sleeves this style is attractive. The suspenders are smart and decorative. The waist portions are plain above the plaited skirt, and a neat rolled collar finishes the neck. Printed and plain crepe are combined in this instance. Printed and plain linen or pongee is also good for this design. Jersey and crepe is another good combination with or without the suspenders. White linen with green for collar, belt and suspenders would be a cool and pleasing development.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. To make the Dress as shown in the large view, for a 10 year size will require 3 yards of 27 inch plain material and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of figured material. If made without suspenders $\frac{5}{8}$ yard less of the plain material is required. To make waist and long sleeve portions of figured material will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

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6229. This design will appeal to the girl who wants 'something different.' It features diagonal shaping and attractive plait formation to the left side of the centre front. Soft fulness at the shoulders and a sleeve that pouches pleasingly above a band cuff are interesting points on this frock. It may be developed in silk and wool jersey, in kasha or wool crepe. It is also smart in crepe de chene in the new pastel shades, with piping in self or in a contrasting color. In tweed this will be a serviceable school dress.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 3 yards of 36 inch material. To finish with bias binding as illustrated will require 2 yards.

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THE ORPHANS

There's a cave in the rocks where the pine trees grow,

And two little cubs, too young to roam,

Are waiting for food while the blizzards blow;

The food that their Mummy will soon bring home..

There's a big skin stretched at the Trapper's hut,

To dry in the sun and wind and rain; In the cabin there's bear-meat, freshly cut.

Mummy will never come home again. L. Bullock-Webster in *Lariat Poetry Magazine*.

What Old Timers Will Say in 1978

Perhaps, say 50 years from now, fathers will be telling of the good old days when the radio announcers were in the habit of reading anywhere from one to a hundred telegrams saying "the programme is coming in fine."—The Pas Herald.



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DRESSES, bloomers, underthings, a new coat for a lengthening little lady—blouses and pants for a sturdy little man. How proudly they are worn when mother makes them.

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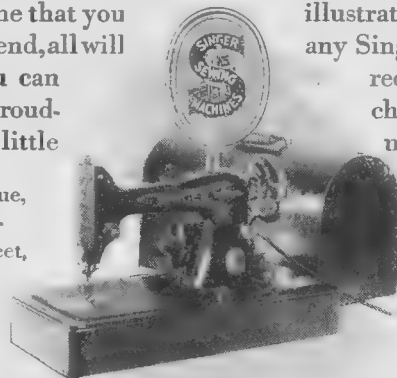
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New Beauty for Your Bedrooms

Continued from page 24

room! It could be done without the big hollyhock rug, too, because one can get these attractive little bedroom ovals, after the French manner, showing a hollyhock design and this would serve perhaps equally well to establish the motif for the room.

I began with several suggestions for the bedroom with green predominating. Let us swing then to the other extreme, and make suggestions for a room which requires the sunny rather than the cool treatment. Let us say that instead of the plain walls, we will give it one of those very fresh-looking Frenchy bedroom papers, with a wandering pattern of yellow flowers and their soft green foliage; the floor, if it is of soft wood, might be painted a warm sandalwood tone and waxed; golden brown scatter rugs might be used before the bed and dressing table—perhaps these rugs would be of the hooked variety, with some clear golden-yellow in their pattern. Golden-yellow voile at the windows would make the matter of actual sunshine of little moment; or yellow dotted swiss would have a crisp charm and might be used for a bedspread as well. This is a color scheme that would be particularly delightful with maple furniture or with walnut in either the dark or light finish.

A SILVER ANNIVERSARY

Alberta College is situated in the City of Edmonton, on the north bank of the Saskatchewan River, overlooking its broad valley and the surrounding country. The site of the College, commanding as it does the finest view of the natural scenery of the valley, is one of the most favorable which could be chosen. It is so centrally located as to be easy of access from all parts of the city and it is sufficiently retired as to be undisturbed by the noise and hurry of the streets.

Alberta College enters upon its twenty-sixth year with every promise of continued success. During the past year over seventeen hundred and fifty students received instruction and the registration in the past ten years has more than trebled. The average attendance for the past ten years has been 1,500. This is the largest registration of any College in Canada where similar work is being done.

As in the past, the College will continue to endeavor to place the right emphasis on culture, scholarship and Christian character in preparing young men and women for leadership.

With large quarters, better equipment and a greater constituency an enlarged sphere of usefulness and service is opened up to this pioneer College of Alberta.

The twenty-fifth anniversary celebration will be held October 5, 1928. Twenty-five years previous to that date Dr. Riddell registered the first student, Mr. C. Ford. The growth and development of the College since that date have been phenomenal. An anniversary fund of \$25,000 is being raised to apply on College indebtedness and make possible the early completion of the second wing of the New College building. It is earnestly hoped that a great many former students of the College will respond to this appeal and show their practical interest in their Alma Mater. The Principal of the College will be pleased to hear from any interested in this Silver Anniversary Campaign.

Page Mr. Volstead.—Here is the best limerick we have seen for five years, clipped from The Bookman:

There was a young lady of Ryde
Of eating green apples she died.
Within the lamented
They quickly fermented
And made cider inside her inside.

There's A Reason For It

Senatos Capper's complaint that wheat in Winnipeg commands a higher price than in Kansas City overlooks the fact that Canadian wheat is so much the better wheat in the eyes and markets of the world.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

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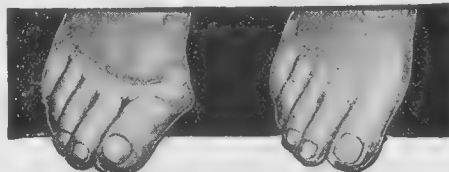
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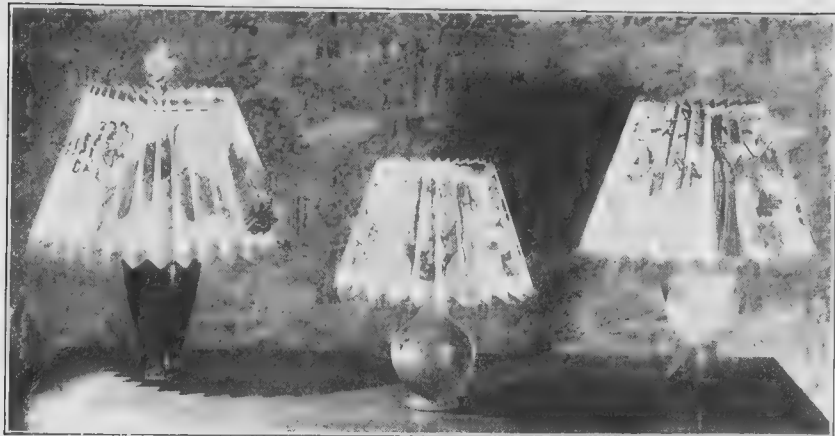
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Scissor Painting

By Dorothy Wright



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THE long evenings will soon be with us again, and nothing can bring more cheer to the home than lamps with the right kind of lamp shades. And at the present time, there are all kinds of interesting shades. Plain and pleated designs, and also paneled shades that form triangles, squares, or six-sided effects are in vogue.

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"Scissor Painting" is most fascinating, and it is very easy, for you have only to select the designs you desire from any of the great number of designs available in crepe paper, paste it in place on the plain shade, and treat it with sealing wax paint.

There are many designs from which to choose, for decorated crepe paper may be had in charming old galley ships, all kinds of flowers, autumn leaves, birds, children's designs, and many others. These lend themselves to all types of rooms, and may be made to harmonize with any kind of furnishings.

The method of decorating any lamp shade, whether it is pleated or plain in design, is exactly the same. One needs only the plain parchment paper foundation shade, the crepe paper, sealing wax, some denatured alcohol, and a pair of scissors.

When you select the crepe paper designs, also choose several small sticks of sealing wax that correspond to the general color in the design, or harmonizing colors to tint the background. For example, the color for the background for a large pond lily design made recently was tinted a pale yellow, and the background in another shade, with a floral design, was a pink-tinted tan. If you wish the background to have a natural parchment effect, then a coat of transparent amber sealing wax paint is necessary. In any case, however, transparent amber paint is required for the foundation, and finishing coat.

To make the design in the crepe paper patterns stand out very distinctly, these may be touched up with sealing wax paint. For example, a more brilliant center may be supplied to the flowers in a design by a daub of yellow sealing wax paint.

To make sealing wax paint, use a separate covered container for each color. Small cold cream or mayonnaise jars are satisfactory. Break the wax into small pieces, and cover with denatured alcohol. Then, make air-tight, and allow the paint to stand until dissolved—usually twenty-four hours. The paint should be about the consistency of thin syrup.

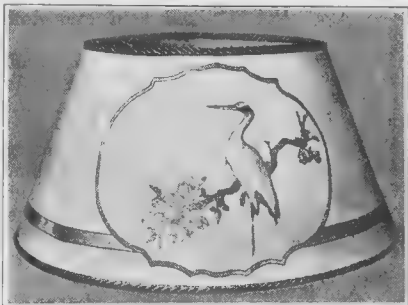
If too thick, add more alcohol, and if thin, remove the cover so that some of the alcohol may evaporate.

When decorating brush the entire shade with a thin solution of transparent amber wax. Then, when dry, brush glue over the shade where the design will be, and fasten the cut-outs in place. Use a piece of tissue paper over the design so that the fingers will not come in contact with the colored crepe paper. The base of the lamp may be decorated in the same way as the shade—in fact, "scissor painting" may be used on articles of all kinds for the home.

When a colored background is desired, saturate a piece of cheesecloth with alcohol, then dip it into the colored paint and rub it over the part of the shade, or any article you are decorating, but not over the design. Several colors may be blended in this way until the desired effect is obtained. When the surface is entirely dry, always apply a finishing coat of thick amber sealing wax paint to the entire outside surface of the shade.

The following instruction booklets will also prove very interesting and helpful.

- Making Crepe Paper Flowers 10c
- How to Make Crepe Paper Costume ... 10c
- Sealing Wax Craft 10c
- Weaving With Crepe Paper Rope 10c
- Tables and Favors 10c
- Gala Book (Suggestions for Parties of all kinds) 10c
- How to Decorate Halls, Booths and Automobiles 10c



Amber sealing wax paint is used to obtain a natural parchment effect

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That Was Long Ago

Venus de Milo must have been an ideal wife. She had no hands to go through her husband's pockets, and besides husbands in those days didn't wear clothes that had any pockets in them.—London Express.

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Johann Lind

Continued from page 72

deserve it, but nothing would give me greater joy than seeing you established in Rene-Dahl—the ancient home of the Linds."

What should he say? Johann knew well where the offer tended. Affluence, culture; all things he'd dreamt of, knowing them his by right of instinct, waited his taking—"Father . . ." the word came heavily, "it's mighty fine—I'll not forget. Still—I couldn't do it."

Herr Lind resumed his armor. Impetuous, cold, he took his place in the cutter. "Don't be a fool," said he, "give yourself time—mail travels swiftly."

Johann spoke with quiet firmness. "Swift or no, it matters nothing. My answer stands. You mentioned country—a place where through chance I happened to be born. You err, sir; this is my country because I love it; and choose to live in it; and give it of my strength."

Herr Lind lost patience. "Poesy and poppycock! What can you know of choice, prisoner here on these primitive plains?"

Johann laughed good-naturedly. "How does the bird know he belongs in the sky? These primitive plains are just that to me. Lind perversities, you know, need room for expansion—" He broke off, suddenly serious. "Look, Herr Lind," said he pointing towards the house, "does that tell nothing of my reason?"

Herr Lind frowned. What he saw: Helga and Lena, crock of cream between them, setting out for the milk-house. What he heard, a jabber of affectionate warnings: "Ja, careful now, Lena, there's ice in the path!" Not so fast Helga, the air's cold for hard breathing—Tish, my leg's all right!"

"Harmony from chaos; admirable, admirable," he shrugged, "but a dull substitute for youthful pleasure."

The tone angered Johann. Every inch a Lind, he shot back swiftly: "Perhaps it pleases me to mock inheritance. To build, rather than destroy!"

Mere slits, the black eyes watching Johann; mere thread, dark scarlet, the taunting mouth; the stern face gray-granite—death in life one nerveless moment. Then the dulcet laughter breaking free again: "Once a Lind, always a Lind! Well, have it your way—the one way ever open to the breed."

Fortunate or no, Peter Van Meiris, with Haasji at his side, turned into the lane. They'd been to Hawthorne and had picked up the mail. Allemachter, Peter wished he'd known sooner about the distinguished visitor. Sure, yes. A man rising from factor to shipowner in Copenhagen was an honor to meet. A shipowner with family to boot!

Haasji of a sudden felt a yokel, blushed and stammered and, furious with herself, fled to the house. Ach it was too much, four black eyes on her face together and the heart like a camel in her breast.

Seemingly lost in Peter's praises, Herr Lind had missed no shade of temper. The quick blush on Haasji's cheek, the dark gloom in Johann's eye—Herr Gud! What delightful idiocy! What delicious blindness!

Van Meiris gone to join his daughter, Herr Lind turned quizzical eyes on that deluded son of his. "So, you've made your choice. This COUNTRY has your heart, weds your youth. Here, I take it, you'll weave your dreams, fight your battles, win your victories. But, one scoundrel to another, let me warn you it's not in the way of happiness."

No mistaking now that hard laughter designed to hide the torture of souls too proud for pain. Hard on heels this reckless mirth Johann spoke of the roads. It was better to turn east at the forks; it saved a mile and was smooth going.

Herr Lind waved a deprecatory hand. "Plague on prudence and pig-headed pride! Devil take it, Johann Lind, at least you'll promise to visit Rene-Dahl some day?"

Johann's smile, luminous, fleeting, seemed a flash of dream from down the dear dead years . . . God's mercy! just so had she smiled— But he was speaking: "Gladly, Father. Believe me, I've always wanted to feel the swell of waves beneath my feet."

Herr Lind picked up the lines: "Well, here's happier days, Johann Lind, and,

don't forget the hills of Rene-Dahl are wondrous green in spring-time."

Every silver bell a-chime, and the mel-low Lind laughter running like a theme through it all, Herr Lind whirled down the lane. Pleased with himself; with his son, and, pleased most of all with the golden Haasji whose warm blushes hovered like dawn at rim of darkest night.

CAME at last a glowing dawn when Johann awakened to the call of spring. Freshness, rapture, a grand leap of pulses everywhere. Mischievous breezes and twinkling showers splashing the cheek of earth; green shoots showing; birds on wing overhead. Another spring; another dawn; a new creation; God speaking in earth and air and sky!

It was early; by walking fast, Johann decided he could cover the west lot and be back in time for breakfast. He'd have to see the poplars with the round sun a great gold wheel behind their tender tracery. He'd have to see the flax-field—Johann shrugged at the thought. What a fool he'd been— What a fool he was still. The heart of him beating high for no better reason than sap ascends.

Walking fast, half formulated ideas drifting like sea-blown fragrance through the casement of his mind, Johann neither saw nor heard Haasji Van Meiris until he was right upon her. Solemn young druid dreaming there in the poplars by his flax-field. They stared at each other like strangers. How was it, thought he, a dark woman was ever called beautiful? Why nothing on earth was lovely as Haasji with the sunlight crowning her head and the pea-green poplar leaves dancing in a swirl behind her! Beautiful? She was more than beautiful, there was about her a grace ethereal, a sweetness transcending the earthly.

But Haasji had no such illusions about herself. Very earthly indeed, the regrets and longings of her warm young heart. Ineffably precious this meeting with the man she loved. "Min Heer," she smiled, "this so lovely place tempts me . . . It is gladness you didn't cut the wood—"

He laughed, unceremoniously pulling her down beside him. "Now, Haasji, I've been scolded enough about that flax-field. All said and done the crime could be worse."

"Sure, yes, and the reward greater," she told him gaily. "Flax, Min Heer, is well enough, but wheat—nice yellow wheat pays better."

"Ach," he mocked her, "you've forgotten flax in bloom."

"Poof! Such sickly blueness makes for me a pain! Blue like fishwives' eyes! Neen, you should know better."

Watching her through half-closed eyes Johann sensed, despite her seeming gaiety and frankness, a touch of melancholy foreign to her sunny nature. Haasji Van Meiris, don't tell me you're moping on a day like this," he teased her.

To his dismay and, ungraciously, his delight also, her lips quivered suspiciously, brave gold eyes quickly veiled. "But yes, it is a mope, sure," she admitted softly. "Min Heer, tomorrow I go to Mevrouw my aunt. She doesn't like it alone, and so dear uncle makes him a trip to Amsterdam for three months."

Johann's eyes twinkled. "But, Haasji, you were happy in Saskatoon before."

"Stupid!" She flung him a contemptuous look. "Before! Ach, before and today, you should know, is very different. In Saskatoon there is much noise, and buying of bonnets. But, ach, what for to say it. You should know, Johann Lind, these so dear woods, the quiet sky and—and this so foolish flax-field, makes for me a loneliness in summer!"

"In summer? Why only in summer— why only the flax-field makes in you this so dear loneliness, Haasji Van Meiris?"

"Stupid! It is hot in cities. Ach, little holes in the pavement your heels make, so hot it gets, and the air like a smell of bad washing."

Never had she heard him laugh like that, joyously, exultantly. Ach, so he found her funny, did he? Color mounting, she treated him to her best Canadian scorn: "I'm honored, no doubt, you find me so amusing, Mr. Lind. I'd

like to serve you, but Mama's waiting breakfast."

He caught her hands fast. "Now, Haasji, be patient. I'm not so much amused as needing advice. I'm thinking of building a house, here in the clearing. What do you say to that?"

Certain her cheeks resembled boiled beets Haasji's temper flared accordingly but the ready retort died under stress of his eyes. Ach, Mama was right. Black eyes were the plague. Sure, yes; and Haasji did her best to glare angrily. For all the effects it had she might have spared the effort. "A little house, chrome walled, green-roofed, with a flax-field for blue lawn; how's that, Haasji?"

She jerked her hands free rudely, but determined to play the game. "Chrome walls, green roof; sure, yes, but the rest—ach, what foolishness! You should know a house like that has soft grass, gravel walks and on the wall scarlet runners, and hollyhocks in a row before."

"And the house should face the road and have a mansard roof and long windows—"

"Neen, neen!" Haasji jumped to her feet. "What for a French roof on a little house here on a Canadian farm? You should know better, Min Heer. Neen, neen, better a Dutch cottage with dear wide-silled windows—ach, you make a laugh at me, I see it in your eyes. Johann Lind, I'm cross with you!"

Away she flew, followed by his laughter. Thought she, tears stinging her eyes, how good to know Min Heer could laugh like that. Sure, yes. Just the same she was glad that Aunt Grietje needed her . . . that little house, in building, would simply kill her!

Secure in certain hope Johann was content to let her go. But after she was gone many were the visits he paid Vrouw Van Meiris; presumably to learn the ins and outs of proper Dutch cottages. A knowledge she was happy to impart. Allemacht, yes—with eyes like that what could a man not ask?

So time moved on peacefully, till the day Johann was cutting his fields, the grain standing ripe and tall, and Helga put an end to calm by bursting upon him excitedly: "Johann, Johann!" she cried, hoarse and breathless from her run to the field. "she's hurt . . . she's home—Haasji Van Meiris is hurt!"

Solid earth a storm-tossed barque, a flimsy, breaker-destined; life itself illusion . . . nothing left but chaos. For a wild heart-beat Johann doubted his senses, dreaded his reason and knew the terror of fear. Herre Gud! Helga's conscience smote her. She hadn't meant to scare the lad like that.

"Nu, da, Troll take me for a fool, Johann. It's not so bad. Just a little burn—Peter stopped by to tell me—"

He was off across the fields leaving her speaking to empty air, the grey team for company. Before the Van Meiris cottage the good vrouw was soberly sweeping the path. "Allemacht!" she gasped, at sight of the wild-eyed visitor. "What is, Johann Lind?"

He was past, and over the threshold, in what to the calm Dutch housewife seemed a single savage bound. "Allemacht, what a fever! What a mad, mad, fever!"

But to Haasji, sitting in an old rocker, bandaged feet on a huge hassock, the sight of Min Heer flying like that was paradise in action. "Min Heer!" she cried. Her dear amber eyes turned like golden stars to the glory of his face. "Min Heer! Min Heer!" He swept her to his heart as recklessly as though she were not half good enough for you.

Vrouw Van Meiris, weary of sweeping, gave a hasty glance into her orderly kitchen. Ach, even more hastily the good Vrouw decided another turn down the walk could do no harm.

Said Johann, struggling back to common sense: "There's something I'd like to show you, dear heart."

"Ach, flax, most likely!" Haasji taunted.

He punished her with kisses. Well, for the fright you gave me, Haasji Van Meiris, you deserve nothing better. Of course, I thought you'd killed yourself. "Ach! Min Heer, you should do better. Hand on heart you should tell me such things!"

Hand on heart I'll tell you this, Haasji. I'm going home for the team—you should know I'd take you to the flax-field."

"Allemacht!" was all poor Vrouw

Van Meiris found to fit the proposal. "Back and forth across the fields in such a heat? For what, Haasji Van Meiris? Foolishness! Little pig, kiss me! Foolishness, sure, yes, but such a grand foolishness!"

"Mama," the radiant Haasji wheedled expertly, "a little box of your so beautiful broodjes, a pie, and cold chicken. Min Heer looks thin. He works too hard!"

"Sure," grumbled Mama, "and it makes for him a rest running like that two miles in the heat? A fat husband you get by it, maybe, Haasji Van Meiris!"

But Haasji returned a look so shining with sheer rapture Vrouw Van Meiris had great difficulty in breathing, much less grumbling. Allemacht! Had she ever looked like that? The whole heart a song in her breast? Neen, neen, love came not often so richly dowered!

Mischief that she was, Haasji burst out gaily: "Mama, you should laugh no more on wishes. A husband with black eyes—you remember? A husband with black eyes and—"

"Haasji Van Meiris! You should know to say such things brings bad luck. Hush! I hear the horses. Sure, yes, running like a race for the doctor!"

They were off at last; the dusty road an enchanted highway before them; the day and the world their own. With definite purpose in mind Johann swung north; the Beckers had a new house she should see; the Swansons a few apple trees and, of course, Mrs. Zekof's garden was worth the journey. On they drifted, through a quiet land drenched in color and clear-fluted song of low-flying meadow larks. On, over lazy trails through a kingdom rich as the golden grain-fields, sweet as their hearts high singing.

Just where the willows swerve and the poplars break in a clearing, bathed in the sunset glow, Mrs. Zekof loomed before them. A great hulk of a woman, barefooted, mud-spattered, begrimed, a huge mound of freshly-dug potatoes beside her. Up flew her hands at sight of them: "Glory be to Thee, O God! Barin, Barin!" She ploughed forward heavily, each step deep-planted in rich wet earth.

Laughing at her plight he checked the horses. "Take your time, Mrs. Zekof, take your time. Eternity, and everything else is mine today!"

Daria Zekof needed no such foolish explanation. Haasji's little bandaged feet was another matter. Infinitely tender, she touched them with toil-roughened fingers, a flood of pity on her lips. Haasji laughed gaily. "Ach, you should know, Mrs. Zekof, it's a small pain for such a big joy—a smart trick, maybe, to catch Min Heer."

"Glory be to Thee, O God!" cried Daria Zekof, and because love made her beautiful Haasji bent and kissed her. Gabriel's summons had startled her less. Amazement, unbelief, rapture, each in turn twisted her wind-baked features grotesquely. "Christos Voskresye!" she whispered hoarsely: "Christos Voskresye!" Then, enraptured, "Barin, it is true, the Lord is risen . . . the heart of your lady tells it! Much luck, Barin. God give you many sons!"

Away again into the crimson sunset over the lanes they loved, never before so rich in beauty. And, down through the poplars at last. "Min Heer!" For all its excitement Haasji's cry was weak. "Min Heer, do YOU see what I see? Johann Lind, is that a little house? A little Dutch 'hofje' on the edge of your GRAIN field? Stupid, you shouldn't kiss me now! Ach, make haste, you horses, I must see that so dear little house."

Johann's laughter spoke inimitable things as he lifted his eager Haasji over the threshold. "A little 'hofje,' Haasji, not half good enough for you, dear heart."

"You should know better! A house with Johann Lind for master is like a castle in the clouds. Sure, yes, a queen could weep to have it!"

"Haasji, Haasji!" Johann's laughter filled the little house. "Don't think to fool me, my golden flatterer."

"Stupid!" She laid her soft warm cheek to his, her eyes twin mirrors of sweetest mischief. "Sure, yes. A man is master of the house but, mevrouw, it is she rules him, you bet!" Then, sweeter yet her sudden seriousness, her long, unshaken faith declared: "Johann Lind, my so dear love, to keep this precious house, and your heart forever, it makes for me a little scare. Ach, sure, yes, and a joy like heaven!"

THE END

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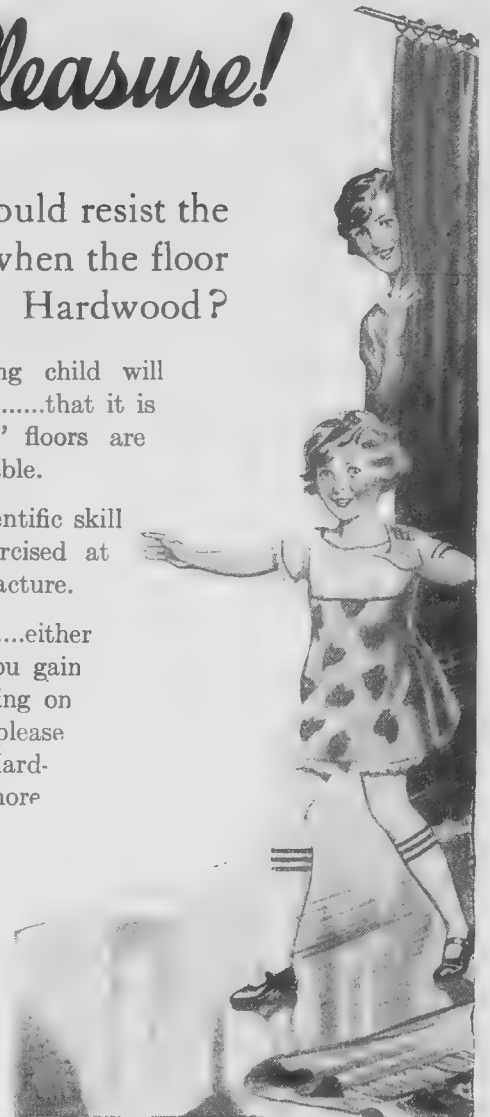
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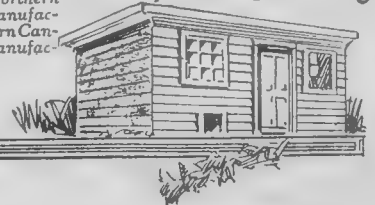
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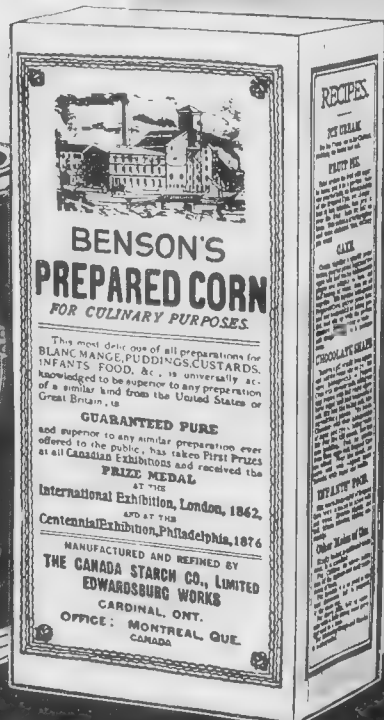
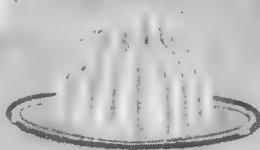
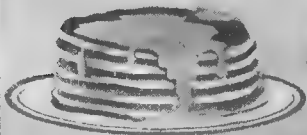
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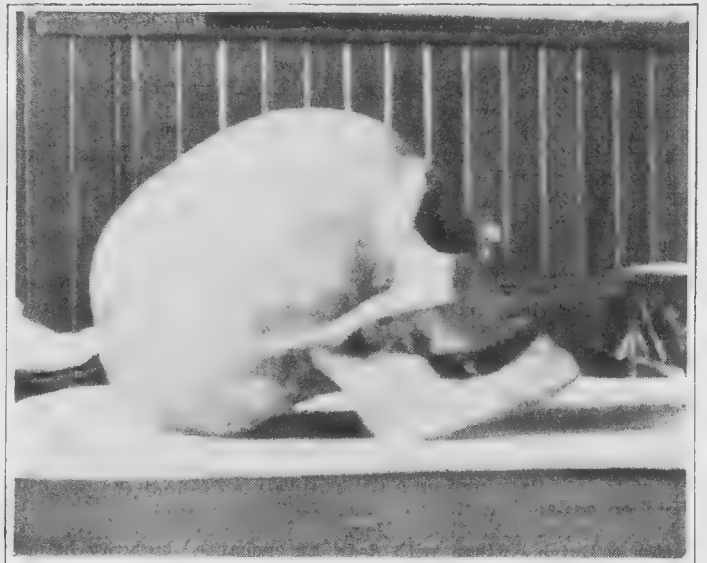
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The Mound Furthest North

By George R. Belton



The Characteristics of the Moundbuilders skull differs considerably from the head of the typical Indian

DID the Moundbuilders whose mighty works are found in Ohio and other central states come to North America by way of Hudson's Bay?

Among the many theories that have been put forward concerning these strange apparently well-civilized people killed out by the Redmen centuries ago, there has been that hypothesis of some investigators that they came from Europe by way of the north, leaving a remnant in Newfoundland in the Beothics who seem to have been very different from any race now known as Indians.

There certainly are mounds in the Hudson's Bay region similar to those of the Ohio and built by the same people. One of these, at Arden, Manitoba, was opened some years ago by Prof. Montgomery of Toronto University. This mound is the farthest north of any that have been recognised by the authorities who deal with this interesting race through its ancient remains.

The mound was egg-shape, about eighty feet long and forty wide at the larger end. From it ran several ridges that had been about four or five feet high and two hundred feet long. These, Prof. Montgomery said, were used as windbreaks for the people as they sat to watch religious dances. The true mound itself was about twenty feet high and was built entirely of black mould while the ridges had been made of gravel. Black earth, or humus, has preservative qualities; perhaps these ancients knew this for this mound was quite plainly a burial mound. In its centre, at the base, a circular pit had been dug in the underlying gravel and six skeletons were found ranged around this pit as if sitting on its edge; one was apparently a chief over six feet high who had been killed in battle, his skull being crushed at the base from the blow of a weapon. On one side was a woman's skeleton—did they inter his wife with him?

The other four skeletons were quite plainly other warriors who fell in the battle that was perhaps commemorated by this mound. One showed a broken leg-bone that had been "set" and healed years before—so neatly done that it must have been in splints. The big chief faced east, as all such are in these burial mounds.

Few traces of civilized art were found in the Arden mound; some metallic substances that were probably native copper weapons, and a few shells. But these were interesting as the shells were from the Gulf of Mexico and the copper from the ancient mines found to have been extensively worked on Lake Superior. These point to an extensive trading system amongst these ancient people. The Arden mound was built about nine hundred years ago according to calculations of Prof. Montgomery

based on the condition of the skeletons. So that the surmise that the Moundbuilders were still in America when Columbus came, though in process of extermination, may be correct.

That they were not Red Indians can be seen from examination of the skulls of the Moundbuilders. The base of the skull is broader, the "peaceful" and the progressive faculties apparently far more greatly developed than the head of the typical primitive Indian exhibits. Yet the general characteristics indicate that they were related to the Indian—probably a race that branched off earlier from the parent stock. That was the theory held by Prof. Montgomery who had earned the right to be an authority by his years of research.

Some claim that the Mandans, a race of Indians that were found in Dakota and Manitoba in early days, were descended from the moundbuilders. The first white settlers say the Mandans were quite civilized, grew corn, and lived near these mounds; there were also some Mandans of almost white complexion and with blue eyes; many were bearded. The first white men to see the Mandans give these details; scoffers say that only meant that white men were there before them but these characteristics were too tribal for that conclusion. Then some say these Mandans were the "lost Welsh colony" that is supposed to have sailed into Hudson's Bay before even Hudson reached it. But that they were descended from the Moundbuilders, perhaps with a mixture of Indian blood, seems as good a surmise as any.

There are those who claim sacrilege in opening of these mounds and say the Indians resent it. The only Indians I ever questioned were old Hokepah who was obviously more interested in saying whatever would bring the highest price, and William Flying Eagle a University graduate who referred me to the works of Prof. George Bryce and some others as the authorities on the subject. First settlers say that the Indians feared the Mounds and would not go near them—said they got small-pox from them, which may be a hint as to what helped to kill out the Moundbuilders.

Whatever the final decision of the scientists as to these ancients, the mound farthest north has contributed some fact and considerable interest to the store of material available for study, as Prof. Montgomery's theses are available at Toronto University.

The illustration is a photo taken by the writer who was with Prof. Montgomery at the opening of the Arden mound, and gives a side view of the head of the big chief whose skeleton was found therein. Though many have seen the "Indian Mounds" few may ever have seen even a photograph of the actual remains of the Moundbuilders themselves.

Legal Information

Continued from page 53

or the States. Can I obtain a divorce from him. Is a husband responsible for the costs of a divorce?—W. F.

A. It would appear to us from the facts submitted that you would not be able to obtain a divorce in Manitoba. You can only do so if this Province is the domicile of your husband, that is to say, the Province in which he either is residing permanently or proposes to reside permanently. We believe that, although he was born in Manitoba yet he has left this Province and acquired a new domicile in Ontario, the fact that he has returned temporarily to Winnipeg will not by itself be evidence of a new intention to reside again in this Province. Unless you can show that it is his clear intention to reside here permanently you would not be entitled to a divorce. You would have to seek this remedy in the Province of Ontario through an application to the Dominion Senate. We would suggest that you endeavor to obtain written admissions from him as to his guilt, and enter into a separation agreement with him without in any way abandoning your rights to a divorce. If he should happen to become a member of this Province you will then be entitled to proceed with the divorce. In divorce matters a husband is almost invariably responsible for his wife's legal costs.

Manitoba.

Q. I would like if you could give me information through the columns of the Western Home Monthly. If the station agent living here does not own a foot of land, can he be a school trustee? — Dugald.

A. The Manitoba Public School Act provides that no person shall be elected or eligible to serve as a school trustee who is not a resident ratepayer of the school district which he proposes to represent. In other words, his name must appear on the last revised assessment roll of the municipality in respect of property situate within the school district.

Second Sight

By Winnifred J. Mott

*There was a time, not so long ago,
When I really believed it true
That I could love almost anyone,
But that was before I knew.*

*I thought that if one should seek my hand,
With love in his heart for me,
If he were but handsome, and good, and grand,
His love I could straightway be.*

*But now I know that it couldn't be.
And my theory shattered lies.
For I see as I never could see before,
Since love has unclosed my eyes.*

*I see with the eyes of the heart, my own,
And their vision is clean and clear.
And though you're not handsome to others,
still
My heart says you are, my dear.*

*I know not whether you're good and kind,
Although you are that to me,
You hold my heart, and I know you will
For all days and all years to be.*

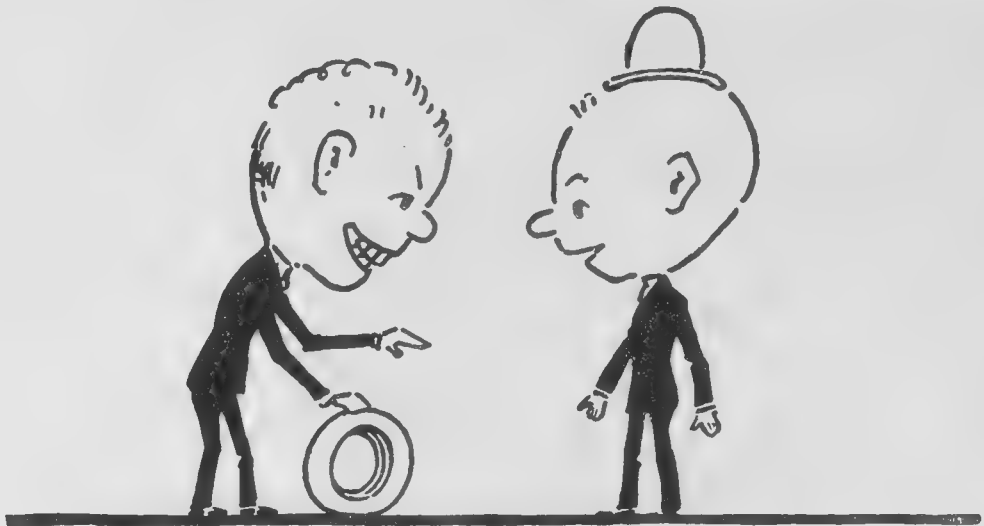
*Oh, my very own, I am glad, so glad
That my theory wasn't true.
That out of the world I can love but one,
And that one, my dear, is you.*

Venus

By Ida Ethel Zink

*Venus! Thou emblem of God's love,
Shining so brilliant up above,
Far from this world's unending strife,
Some story of eternal life
Lies hidden in thy pure, white beams,
Flooding my heart and soul it seems,
With music, soft, celestial, sweet,
As sung by angels, when they greet
The Master at the Mercy-seat.*

*Symbol of Truth! Thy twinkling fire
Doth fascinate, lure and inspire,
Uplift our hearts, and light the way
To bright and everlasting Day!
May all, so blest to see thy light,
Turn from the wrong unto the right;
And let that gentle Power have sway
Whose influence on young and gray
Can keep them on the Narrow Way!*



FACE to FACE

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MAPS

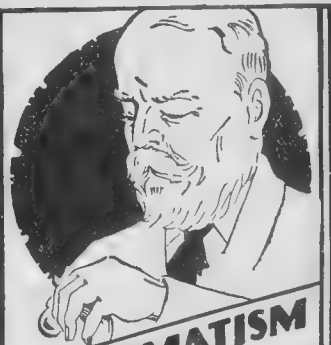
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The New Day

Continued from page 15

The next night she made herself unusually attractive for their evening dinner. Junior and Suzette were large enough to be left with the little maid who sometimes stayed through the evening if they wanted her to. Isabel doubted if Bob would plan to stay at home, but there was a good show playing, and her old desire to go out with him just at this time, came strongly to the surface.

Almost timidly she proposed it. Bob elevated his eyebrows and shook his head.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going down to the Club, Isabel. Hope you don't mind!"

"Oh, no," she smiled with just a little more color than usual in her cheeks. "Go where you enjoy yourself most, Dear, and I'll find something else to do."

Half an hour later, Bob lighted his cigar and went through the front door as usual. Isabel was in the library when he left and he did not look her up. As the sound of his footsteps went down the walk, she laid her head on her arm on the desk where she had written her book, and the hot tears came freely, but not for long. Isabel was too strong and too sensible.

THAT night Isabel made up her mind that she must live her own life; that she couldn't blame Bob for being temperamental—the son of his mother. He couldn't help having a reticent, and decidedly ingrowing disposition, and it was good that he was thoroughly moral and clean and kind and as generous as his means permitted. But those were no reasons why she should be starved, thrust aside, disregarded. That night Isabel put aside forever her yearning for the companionship for which she had longed so earnestly. She would make the best of things. Why not? Bob was suiting himself.

Sometimes she found Bob watching her quizzically in the days to come, as if he wondered what might be passing in her mind. He hadn't been looking well of late, and when he was not able to go to the office one morning, she called the doctor against his rather petulant protests.

It was only the beginning of a long, hard pull, and for weeks and weeks, Isabel tended him, with as tender attention as though he had never disappointed her. They both knew that his recovery was doubtful, although neither had spoken of it.

The sun streamed across his bed on a bright, winter morning, as Isabel moved quietly about the room setting it in order.

"Would you like me to read to you?" she asked gently. "I—I thought perhaps you would enjoy a couple of chapters out of my book."

"No," he retorted almost impatiently, "I want to talk."

Isabel's heart sank at the far-away sound of his voice, and the pathetic crack which came into it at times—the voice of one not far from the border.

"Isabel," he continued with an evident effort, "I think I'm going on—alone, and you'll be left behind, but you'll not miss me much, because I haven't—brought anything—into your life. The fabric—of it is mainly of your own making. But I want you to know that all these years I would have given anything if I could have been in all sincerity—what you wanted me to be. But—I wasn't built that way."

"Don't worry about that, Bobby," Isabel smiled, sitting down and taking his thin hand in hers. "I wouldn't have you changed for the world. And the children and I want you to live for our sake. You have perhaps cared more than I have thought." She hadn't meant to tell so much.

He pressed her hand.

"And Isabel," he went on after a few moments' silence, "I have read your book over and over again, although you haven't known it—and I've read—between the lines. And that night—at the Rotary Club meeting, my heart was bursting with pride. Perhaps—I ought to have said something there, but it was hard before the others—and I've always hated men—who got the big head—especially over someone else's triumph. Then

Continued on page 81

So Invigorating to Tired Eyes

When you come home in the evening with eyes that are tired and heavy, apply a few drops of refreshing *Murine*. It instantly relieves the tired feeling—gives your eyes new life and lustre. A month's supply of this long-trusted lotion costs but 60c. Contains no harmful ingredients. Try it!

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All that a lamp should be—rugged, easily cleaned—and yet LACO Mazda Inside Frosted Lamps are cheaper than standard lamps have ever been.

LACO MAZDA INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS

The New Day

Continued from page 80

when we reached home, the old stone wall closed about me and I couldn't—climb over."

Isabel stroked his white forehead caressingly, and it was hard for her to speak because of the lump in her own throat. But at last she said cheerily:

"You mustn't think about those things, Bob. We are not all alike, you know—and I am sure I understand. I wouldn't have you for the world like some of the men I know who gush and say nice things so easily and mean none of them."

Bob opened his eyes in relief. "That's fine," he said. "We haven't needed to talk like magpies for—we've each been so sure of the other, and each satisfied—to grow in his own way."

Isabel nodded. She was sobbing silently. "Please live," she whispered at last—"I can't have you go and leave us."

"You mean it—really mean it, Beloved," he whispered. There was a pleading note in his voice, which tore at her heart-strings.

She slipped to her knees and put her arms about his thin body. "I do, oh, I do," she breathed softly. "It was I who didn't understand. Bob, dear, let's try the big specialist our doctor thinks might be able to help you—I've wanted to, but feared to oppose you—"

"But think of the expense—"

Isabel laughed almost joyously. "What do we care, with royalties coming in!" She was so happy over that note of interest and anxious hope in his voice. It was like a reprieve at the last moment. Isabel was suddenly conscious that she was just coming to know this husband of hers for the first time, and Bob would watch her every movement with devouring eyes. He would never be demonstrative—but she no longer wished to mould him to the preconceived pattern of her mental image. He was Bob, and she loved him because he WAS Bob and not for the world would she have one hair of his dear head changed.

SLOWLY—very, very slowly, Bob came back, and in each other they found quiet satisfaction, perfect peace and understanding. Isabel found herself relying more and more upon Bob's sound, precise judgment and—besides, she had begun another book.

When he was well enough, he went to the Club evenings, sometimes, just as he used to. But Isabel no longer chafed. Not infrequently she would steal out at the last minute, and putting her cheek to his, whisper: "I love you, dear, because you are you, and I wouldn't have you any different."

And the way he would stroke her hair for a moment, or touch her forehead almost reverently with his lips, or even make a seemingly irrelevant remark, made her glad and thankful. She still had him and all was well.

Isabel was now making real headway with her new book. It was finished at last and a quicker success than the first because she was better known. Sometimes they would sit and talk quietly of these story people of hers—so real and so much alive after all.

Came the day at last when Bob came home and without a word dropped a letter into her lap. Isabel read it with beating heart.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "and you never told me—only an occasional remark, but I didn't dream it was a big—a wonderful thing like this—your invention. I am so proud of you."

She put her arms around his neck fondly. "I am very happy," she said simply. It was enough!

"I wanted to succeed for you and the kiddies," he remarked at last. It sounded commonplace, yet his heart was full.

There was something she had been wanting to say to him for a long time, but she had feared that he would merely raise his eyebrows and utter the word: "Impossible." Now she would broach it.

"Bob," she said, drawing him over to the big over-stuffed chair and perching on the arm of it, "let's take a trip around the world."

He looked up quickly. "Let's," he agreed briefly.

"We'll not have to talk to people if we don't want to," beamed Isabel.

Bob nodded.

"That's true," he returned soberly, "and I think we've got quite as much out of life so far, for not spending our time hashing over too many inconsequential nothings."

Isabel smiled. "How come?" she queried gaily. Bob grinned boyishly.

"I've noticed," he returned quickly, "that when people talk too much, they burn out the fires of their enthusiasm and zest of living quickly, and sometimes they spend the rest of their lives falling out and patching up the scraps they have—if indeed they ever patch them up. We're lovers still—and always will be, Sweetheart."

Isabel sat thoughtfully silent for a moment.

"Perhaps that's true," she returned slowly. "Yes, I rather think it IS true. But," she twinkled, "a woman must talk—even if she has to write a book—even books."

"Paper and ink are cheap," opined Bob laconically.

"And a good investment if you use them right," remarked Isabel.

"That's true," yawned Bob. "Where's that guide-book of around-the-world tours? A trip like that with the best little pal in the world is something to anticipate and remember—a new day for us, eh?"

Isabel was silent so long, Bob exclaimed gaily: "A penny for your thoughts, Sobersides."

"I was thinking," Isabel replied tenderly, "that life's new days are all made of the fabric of the todays and the yesterdays—and if you hadn't got better that time—"

She found herself suddenly drawn down and folded in passionate arms.

"The real new day dawned for both of us," he burst out impulsively, "when we each found that the other still cared in the same dear old way—and always would care—success or failure notwithstanding. THAT'S what gives a fellow heart!"

Trying To Think Up a Better One

It is reported from America that a man drowning in the sea was pushed ashore by a shoal of friendly porpoises. We understand that a meeting of prominent British fishermen has been hastily summoned to think of a better one.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

'Tis the Voice of the Schoolboy.—

These examples of "howlers" may be added to the collection already published: "All the world except the United States lies in the 'temperance zone.'"

"The sun never sets on the British Empire because the empire is in the east and the sun sets in the west."

"Finally James II gave birth to a son, so the people turned him off the throne."

"The Minister of War is the clergyman who preaches to soldiers."

"Queen Elizabeth rode through Coventry with nothing on and Sir Walter Raleigh offered her his cloak."

"Henry VIII was very cruel to Anne Boleyn and ironed her." (The history had said, "He prest his suit on her.")

"Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his merry wives."

"The king wore a scarlet robe trimmed with vermin."

"Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from York to London."

"After twice committing suicide, Cowper lived till 1800, when he died a natural death."

"The immortal William is a name applied to the former German Emperor."

"Barbarians are things put into bicycle wheels to make them run smoothly."

"A Soviet is a cloth used by waiters in hotels." (A serviette.)

"Polonius was a mythical sausage."

"The masculine of vixen is vicar."—Living Church.

Nell—Is your husband very affectionate?

Dell—He must be. He's had the same typist for quite a while now.

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After All and After All

Dreaming of a prince
Cinderella sat among the ashes long ago;
Dreaming of a prince,
She scoured the pots and kettles till they
shone; and so,
After all and after all,
Gaily at the castle ball
Cinderella met her prince long and long
ago.

Dreaming of a prince,
Sleeping Beauty lay in happy slumber,
white and still;
Dreaming of a prince,
She waited for a hundred years, and then
his bugles shrill
After all, and after all,
Woke the castle, bower, and hall,
And he found her waiting for him, long
and long ago.

Dreaming of a prince
I polish bowl and teapot and the spoons,
each one;
Dreaming of a prince,
I hang the new-washed clothes to wave
a-drying in the sun;
After all, and after all,
Great adventures may befall,
Like to those that happened once long
and long ago.

—Mary Caroline Davies

Going Abroad with Bobby Burke

ONE of the first places we are going to visit in England is the ancient city of York. One of the two walled cities of England. We can still walk around the centre of the city on the wide walls that once was its great protection, and wherever we go we can see rising above all other buildings the great towers of York Minster, one of the largest and most wonderful churches in all this land of churches. In the great lantern tower many years ago when York stood in the midst of a great forest, a lantern was hung every night to guide travellers through the darkness. In the cellar of the church, which is called a "crypt" are many wonderful relics of the old days of Britain,—part of one of the altars of the Druid priests who you will remember lived in England many many years ago—the horn of King Alfred, a great twisted thing which it would take a mighty man to blow.

The main part of this great church will hold 5,000 people, and it must be a wonderful sight to see it filled, and fluttering over head the battle flags of many regiments, some of them so old that there is nothing left of them but the warp that was used in their weaving. I have only seen so many old flags in one other place, and that is in the Hotel des Invalides in Paris in the great hall near the tomb of Napoleon. There are some small churches in York that are most interesting too—in one, there is a very interesting place called the Lepers' Squint. This is a square hole in the wall near the ground, and through this hole the poor lepers who were not allowed to go near anyone, used to watch the service inside the church. There are some tiny streets in York too, one so narrow you can touch either side of it with your hands as you walk down, and this is called "The Shambles," for it is mostly filled with butcher shops. Another interesting street is Stonegate, for up this street all the stone used in the great minster was carried from the boats in the river which flows at its foot, and it took twelve years to carry that stone, there was so much of it.

We hate to leave York, but there are so many other places to visit and yet we must before we go, run in and see the Guild Hall, which was built in the year 1400, before America was discovered. The wood in this Hall was all cut from the forest and put together without nails and yet it stands as firm as the day it was built. Within the Hall are many treasures, the silver that belongs to the city and the great gold mace, and the necklace of gold that is worn by the mayor, and the strangest thing of all, a three-cornered hat called The Hat of Maintenance. This hat is worn by the treasurer of York, and he is allowed by a special act of parliament to wear it in church or before the king. This privilege was granted him many years ago on account of some service he rendered. The hat that had served for many years was finally so worn out and moth-eaten, that when King George visited York a few years ago, he presented them with a new hat, very gorgeous with red velvet and ermine. The mayor of York, like the mayors of other English cities wears

always on occasions of state and when he is at city council meetings or receiving visitors, a great scarlet robe with a handsome fur collar, and round his neck he wears the gold chain of office, so that he is a very grand official indeed. In the great city of London the Lord Mayor when he is elected rides in a golden coach to the first meeting of the Council and he is followed by a procession which is known as The Lord Mayor's show, so you see being a mayor in England is quite a fancy position.

From York we take a long journey into the country around Stratford, that little city known the world over as the birth-place of the world's greatest dramatist, and the man who has made such beauty of the English language, Shakespeare. It is a little town, Stratford, almost buried in trees, and so peaceful and quiet beside its lovely river that it is restful, even to spend a few hours there. On one of the main streets is the brown timbered house where Shakespeare was born. Here is the quaint old bed, the wide fireplace, the cupboards, the dishes, the chairs and tables that were here when Shakespeare was a little lad going to the village school and making a nuisance of himself just as you do sometimes. Here too in upper rooms are the first copies of some of his writings, and many letters and other things very interesting to those learned people who make a study of such things. Across the fields is the thatched cottage, standing in its lovely garden where Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's wife lived with her father and mother. Here in front of the fireplace may be seen the bench where the young people sat and talked under the watchful eyes of father and mother Hathaway. In the town is the church where Shakespeare is buried and the ruins of the theatre where his plays were once presented, but which a few years ago was burned down. Now people all over the world are contributing money to build a new and more beautiful theatre so that for many many years to come Shakespeare's plays may be given in Shakespeare's town by the very best actors

and actresses it is possible to get. If you have never read or seen any of Shakespeare's plays I hope you will begin now to read them, and you will find that hardly a day passes that you do not hear or say some words that were once written by this country lad who lived in this quiet village not so many years ago.

From Stratford we go on to Warwick. You have all read stories in which the Earl of Warwick played a great part, and you know that it is a great name in English history. Here among trees and veiled with ivy lies the castle which for hundreds of years has been the home of this family. Within the castle part of which we are allowed to visit are lovely and valuable pictures, painted by great masters, furniture old and beautiful, a gun room filled with weapons of all kinds, with ancient armour, and strange things meant to kill. Outside in the gardens dozens of peacocks strut around, waving their gorgeous tails, and wide old trees spread far enough across the grass to shelter a picnic party. You could dream many dreams and write stories without end about the old walls and beautiful gardens of this ancient castle.

We leave Warwick for a still more ancient pile, one that suffered destruction at the hands of the ruthless Cromwell, for our next stop is at Kenilworth, the castle that Sir Walter Scott made famous in his story of Amy Robsart and Queen Elizabeth and the false Earl of Leicester. At the red ruins of Kenilworth is an old guide who once was an actor and he tells us with many words and gestures how the great Elizabeth came to visit Leicester, how she and her glittering court swept up the courtyard and the noble staircase, and entered the great hall, which now has no floor, but still shows the lovely windows and the monster fireplace that once lighted and warmed this noble room. We can still climb the crooked stone stairs, and peer into the cramped dungeons, and prison cells in the towers where many people spent a great part of their unhappy lives. Across the lovely fields around we can picture the gorgeous hunt that

swept into the forests of Arden close at hand, prancing horses with cloth of gold and embroidered saddle cloths, with ladies mounted on them side-saddle, and wearing plumed hats and sweeping gowns and many flashing jewels; and men who for hunting wore silks and velvets, and lace and high soft leather boots, and jewelled gauntlets. The ruined towers of Kenilworth are filled with stories too, and we might stay and listen to the old guide for many hours and wander by ourselves, book in hand, around the grass-grown rooms, but the evening is coming and we must reach Oxford to find our beds for the night, and be ready for more beauty and more history in the morning.

To Boys and Girls

WHOM do you love among your schoolmates? Not those who throw stones at innocent animals; not those who break and destroy fences, trees, and windows; not those who wish to quarrel and fight; but you do love and respect those who are kind, gentle, and unselfish—the peacemakers.

Weakling cowards boast, swagger, and brag; the brave ones, the good ones, are gentle and kind.

Cultivate kind, gentle, loving thoughts towards every person and animal; and even plants, stars, oceans, river and hills. You will find yourself growing more happy each day.

—Luther Burbank

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A newsy letter from Ida Eichmeyer of Vegreville, Alta. telling about her enjoyable holiday. Mary McLaren, 4 Boscobel Block, North Vancouver, writes about her holiday. Mary Tobin, 533-22nd Avenue West, Calgary, Alta., makes a hobby of writing to girls and boys in various places and countries, and would like to hear from some of the Cornerites. She mentions particularly Gertrude Shannon and Ella Deback, who had letters in our May issue. Mary is 15 years old. There is no obligation attached to being a Cornerite, Mary. All are welcome. Esther Howes, Box 14, Millet, Alta., writes about her pets—two kittens, a calf, a colt and a horse. You are a very fortunate girl Esther to have so many dumb friends. Daphne Wallace, Box 325, Westboro, Ont., who is 12, would like to hear from some of the Cornerites. Welcome Daphne as a new member, and we hope you will soon win one of our gold buttons, but this month you only had eight correct answers. G. T. Oysteryhe, Box 60, Hamton, Sask., sends a verse in about harvest. Shirley Pennington, Wauneta, Nebraska, sends in a poem on the four seasons. Read plenty of good poetry Shirley, and keep on trying. Selma Bjorh of Teulon, Man., writes about her pets and her flowers. Selma loves nature but is rather lonely sometimes as she has no sisters and would like to hear from some of the members of the Cosy Corner. Hope you will like the button you have won this month, Selma. Edna Leaver, Preeceville, Sask., sends best wishes to the Club and a little prayer she was taught at Sunday School:

Dear Jesus look down from above
And fill my little heart with love,
And bless me every single day
And make me kind and good alway.

Mary E. Annand, 1302 Gladstone Road, Calgary, Alta. sends the following little verse:

The Recipe

Round an' round an' round we go,
Pour molasses sweet and thin,
Put a pinch o' ginger in;
Butter it an' roll it, an'
Put it in another pan;
Bake it crisp and brown, and then
Out jump twenty ginger men.

What's Wrong With This Picture

There were only twelve mistakes last month, but no one got more than eleven right. Nine Cornerites had eleven correct, and as this is the last of this competition for a while we are going to give the whole nine, buttons. The fortunate ones are: Morley Fisher, Sprout Lake, Via Alberni, B.C.; Selma Bjorh, Teulon, Man.; Jane Abbott, Goudy Road, Ladner, B.C.; Winnie Davis, Box 714, Kelowna, B.C.; Allan Fisher, Bowden, Alta.; George A. Cooper, 225-22nd Street, Prince Albert, Sask.; Eileen Boomgaarden, Box 115, Estlin, Sask.; Borden Fisher, Bowden, Alta. Someone who forgot to sign their name but gave their address as 308-10th

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

They once roamed over our plains in great numbers, but today they are found only in a few of the National parks and Zoos. Carefully cut out the pieces and see if you can place them together correctly

Street E., Saskatoon, Sask. Write and send your name and your button will be sent. The things wrong with the picture are:

There are two kinds of fruit on the same tree.

Girl's cuffs do not match.

Child would not be wearing galoshes if the day was nice enough for picnic outdoors.

Little girl has only one sock on.

Handle of basket is only fastened at one end.

There is only one cup cake on plate and there are four in party.

Plate is half rough edged and half smooth.

Boy has half bow tie and half long tie.

Woman's hair is a darker shade on one side of her head and lighter on the other.

One row of weaving is missing in basket.

Woman's collar is not the same on both sides.

Woman's sleeves do not match.

My Treasure Hunt Diary

The Treasure Hunt is all over now and I am getting quite excited when I think of all the wonderful treasures I am going to read about in the next few weeks, for the Cornerites will doubtless have discovered all kinds of wonderful things. For the best diary there will be a prize of a Brownie camera, and for the second best a fountain pen. There will be gold buttons too for the next six good diaries.

Cut Out Puzzles

How many of you girls and boys like cut out puzzles? We are printing one this month for you to try. No prize will be given as we think you are all clever enough to piece it together correctly. See if you are as clever as we think you are

Puzzle Paul's and Merry Mirth's Jewel Poem

We'll deck the bride's fair neck and wrists,
With lovely jewels of—
The bridegroom's father, Mr. Hamber,
Gave him lovely jewels of—
Of all the jewels I most admire,
The brilliant sparkling blue—
They work all day for ear and eye funds,
And in the evening wore their—
Where the brooklet turns and whirls,
Ethel found a string of—
Amidst the ruins of stones and bricks,
Lewis found rare—
Going over to his grandpa's,
Arthur found a ring of—
We put our money equal totals,
In securing brilliant—
Some put money in the movies,
But Mine's in India's cave of—

Familiar Quotations

By Puzzle Paul and Merry Mirth
Forward but Backward
(Spell each word backward.)

"od otnu srehto sa d'uoy evah meht od ot uoy."

"ot eniht nwo fles eb eurt."

"eht srats dna sepirts reverof."

"eerht sreehc rof eht deR etihW dna eulB."

"ekirts elihw eht nori si toh syob."

"erehw ereht si a lliw s'ereht a yaw."

"lla taht srettilg si ton dlog."

"emoR saw ton tliub ni a yad."

WISHING

By Albert Wilton

*I live in the land of Comfort
On the pathway to the sun,
I am happy as the day is long
Till the shadows blend in one;
I am rich as I could wish to be,
Because I have my dreams,
As my bark sails o'er the Wishing Sea
To the goal of all my schemes.*

*I know not the feeling of envy,
I wear not the harness of greed,
For I go where my wish may send me,
And laughter and song will lead;
I have no care for the morrow,
Nor look the backward way,
For my need brings my wish to follow
The hope that I find today.*

*I live in the land of Wishing,
'Tis a happy month of June,
Tho' I wandered thro' the vale of sighs
And I sadly played its tune;
I am rich, but not in coins or power,
But still, with all it means
I will claim my hope from ev'ry hour,
For the sake of what is seems.*

Pinkity Winkity

The Fairies' Gifts Bring Good Luck to the Low Green Valley

By Marion Wathen Fox

NOW, when Pinkity Winkity was on her way home from taking food to her brothers who minded the sheep in another part of the valley, she became tired and sat down by the side of the road to rest, and—if she didn't go to sleep.

A noise awakened her. She jumped up and rubbed her eyes and looked about to see what the noise was. She thought she must be dreaming, for there, coming along the road, was the most beautiful carriage she had ever seen, drawn by four milk-white horses, and with a fine coachman sitting up in front. She knew it was no one in the low green valley, for all the people there were poor people. On it came, and was soon close upon her. By this time she knew that what she saw was not a dream, but real. The carriage stopped. The coachman got down and opened the carriage door. Then Pinkity Winkity saw that inside sat a very beautiful lady dressed in magnificent clothes.

"She must be a Princess," thought Pinkity Winkity—and indeed she was.

"Come here, little girl," called the Princess.

So, timidly, Pinkity Winkity went to the door of the coach, and the Princess said:

"Little girl, can you tell me if anyone in this valley has lamb's wool to sell—beautiful lamb's wool? I want the very best and finest that is to be had in this part of the world, to make my mother, who is very sick, a mattress for her bed. All the mattresses we have bought seem to become hard and hurt her, so, as she is in bed most of the time, we have decided to try and make her a very soft one. Can you tell me where to find some beautiful, beautiful wool?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Princess—thank you, at my very own home we have the softest and finest lamb's wool in the whole valley," explained Pinkity Winkity. My brothers keep sheep and my mother washes and picks over all the lamb's wool herself. We have bags of it in the room at the top of our own little home. Mother was hoping that some day she might sell it to someone who wanted it for something very nice and particular—and we are so poor we should love to sell it."

"Why, how nice that I met you," smiled the Princess kindly. "Come into the coach with me and tell me just where you live, and we shall drive there at once."

So, into the lovely coach climbed Pinkity Winkity, and away they drove.

Of course Pinkity Winkity's mother was very much surprised to see Pinkity Winkity coming home in the lovely carriage drawn by four milk-white horses and the fine coachman sitting up there in front. She came out to meet them, and Pinkity Winkity introduced her to the Princess and explained matters. So, into the little house went the Princess.

"I'm sure you must be very tired from your long journey," said Pinkity Winkity's mother to the Princess. "I shall be very much honored to get you a cup of tea and a plate of scones if you would condescend to eat our humble food."

The Princess thanked her and said she would be very glad to do so.

"Pinkity Winkity, get down the fairy teapot," requested her mother.

My, how the princess opened her eyes with surprise when she saw the lovely teapot! And when she drank the lovely tea that came from it she said she had never in all her life drank such beautiful tea or seen such a lovely teapot. So Pinkity Winkity told her the story of the teapot, and while the Princess was drinking the tea and eating the scones she showed her the doll that could blow its nose and told her its story.

The Princess was very much interested and excited when she heard these strange stories, so that she forgot about the lamb's wool.

"Will you sell me the teapot," she asked anxiously. "I believe there is not another like it in the whole world—it is surely fit for a palace. And—oh, I should

so love to buy that wonderful doll for my little girl! Whoever before heard of a doll that could blow its nose! PLEASE sell them to me. I shall give you whatever you ask for them."

You shall have to ask Pinkity Winkity for them, it was she who got them from the fairies—but I'm afraid nothing will ever induce her to part with them," said Pinkity Winkity's mother.

"Oh, Mother, don't you remember I told you the fairies said their gifts would bring me good luck—and perhaps it's to come through the Princess!" exclaimed Pinkity Winkity. "Dear Princess, may I really ask for anything I like for them? even if it's a big, big thing?"

"You may indeed, dear child, for I am determined that I just must have them."

"There is just one thing I would part with the fairies' gifts for—please, Princess."

"Speak what is in your mind, child, and be not afraid."

"It is—a mill, to build on our stream; a mill to make the wool from our sheep, and from all the sheep in the low green valley, into cloth and yarn. We have no mill in the valley and the people who live here are so far from the big outside world! We nearly all live by our sheep. You see my father, had he lived, meant to build a mill, but when he died my brothers were too young to know how to look after the sheep right, though they tried so very, very hard. And Mother was sick such a long, long time. So, if you'll build us a mill on the stream, near our house, please Princess, I shall be very glad to let you have my doll that can blow its nose, and, if Mother will part with it, the pink china teapot. They really should be worth a great deal of money, for, as you say, there are no others like them in the whole world."

Pinkity Winkity's mother was very much ashamed to think her little girl had asked the Princess for such a big thing and such an expensive thing to pay for just a doll and a teapot—even though the fairies had given them to her.

But the Princess was only too glad to do as Pinkity Winkity wished, having set her heart on the doll and the teapot; and then she was such a good Princess and such a kind Princess that she really wished to help the people in the low green valley. So, the very next week she came back and brought men to build a mill, and took the teapot and the doll home with her, and also bought all the lamb's wool. So Pinkity Winkity and her mother, and Henry and Joseph became very rich, and the mill brought happiness and prosperity to all who lived in the low green valley. Pinkity Winkity's family built a lovely new house, and sent for Bright Eyes and old Joel to come and live in their nice little old house. And twice each year the Princess came in her lovely coach drawn by the four milk-white horses and with the coachman sitting up there in front, and took Pinkity Winkity and her mother to visit at the Palace and see the doll that could blow its nose, and drink tea from the pink china teapot.

A DEVOTED HUSBAND

The Seattle Star says that William Tyson, an Idaho trapper, found that an unlucky coyote had escaped with the trap and a heavy stone drag. He watched for the trail of that drag for weeks. One day looking down into a little glen, and only one hundred feet away, he saw a female coyote wearing his trap and drag, and with her mate close at hand. Many uneaten pieces of rabbit around her showed that the male had been bringing her food during the long period of her suffering and helplessness.

No End to Auto Improvements

With a new rubber bumper it is said that a motor car running thirty miles an hour may strike a tree without damage to the car, which, of course, indicates that it could kill a pedestrian without jarring the driver. — Vernon News.



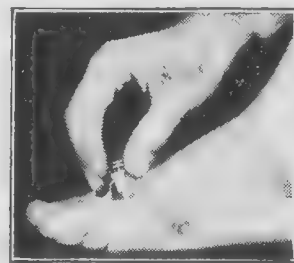
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Continued from page 32

head until it occurred to me that perhaps it had something to do with the Stone Age when we were all a lot of monkeys more or less. "Sure, then, wasn't it a monkey we all descended from?" as old Dan, our porter at the Art Institute used to say. Anyway I kept on listening.

Suddenly there was a sacrilegious snore just behind me and I turned to see a young man with his head lolling over on the seat-back and his mouth wide open. Poor fellow; had he found it as boring as all that? But a girl sitting next to him smiled at my sympathetic glance.

"He was out late to a dance last night—I mean this morning," she whispered by way of explanation and with a slight giggle.

"Requiescat in Pace," murmured another youth nearby. "These lectures are the very deuce—they interfere so with one's hours." He yawned in sympathy with his colleague.

I caught the yawn, and blinked sleepily myself. It was a soothing atmosphere in which to rest—the half-gloom and the droning voices of the dons, with only an occasional shuffling of notebooks in the auditorium—and I can recommend it to those who suffer from insomnia. It's better than church! Finally though, I thought I'd speak to the girl behind, whose friend was in the "arms of mурphy" and ask her where Professor Benson was. So I turned around and commenced to work up to the question, casually-like.

"I thought Professor Crowe had a very fine delivery," I remarked in a whisper. "He sounds as hoarse as—as his name."

"That's Professor Homer Dunn," she said, looking at me in some surprise.

"But no relation to Nearly Dunn," submitted the youth on her other side—not the one who was snoring—and he spoke with ineffable sadness and weariness. It was quite heartrending.

"Oh," I remarked blankly. "What's he here for?"

"He's lecturing on the anthropoid Ape, you know," replied the girl, taking her pencil from her ear to catch a note on the fly, as it were.

"But I thought—then for goodness' sake, where am I?" I demanded, aloud. "Isn't this the Physics Building?"

"Yes, but you're in the Annex. I guess you took the wrong turning at the stairs," she answered.

I ask you, was it excruciating?

As you may imagine, I was utterly petrified for a moment and glancing at my wrist-watch I saw that I'd wasted three-quarters of an hour already and missed my opportunity for meeting the great-and-only professor. Arthur would never forgive me. Worse, he had a perfectly legitimate excuse now for kidding me mercilessly. I should criticize other people for breaking dates, eh? Couldn't I just hear him? That teasing drawl of his, and the twinkle in his eyes. Who was I? etc., etc! Little Miss Punctuality, eh? Ha, that was a good one!

Sighing, I thanked the student briefly, explaining to her that I was practically a stranger to the campus, and I rose, stirring up quite a little commotion by knocking three hats from as many laps and then stumbling twice in the dark on the steps. The two professors looked disconcerted, annoyed, even hurt, I fancied, and I was the humble cause of their holding up the autopsy on the monkey for fully three-and-a-half minutes. One of the ushers hurried toward me to inquire if I were ill and he indicated the nearest water-filter.

I finally achieved the outer air and a measure of privacy. But I didn't even try to find the right hall now. In the first place I was thoroughly mad and disgusted and in the second place it was past five o'clock. So, shorn of a good deal of my former self-confidence, I started to walk slowly down the campus toward the car-line, my mind busy formulating a nice smooth excuse to give Arthur. I'd tell him I hadn't been able to make it, after all . . . No, he'd read the fib in my eyes. Besides he might have caught a glimpse of me somewhere. That wouldn't do . . . Should I tell him I'd chosen the monkey lecture purposely?

No, for he'd ask why the sudden interest in apes, and accuse me of not keeping my promise anyway! That would hardly do either. Better tell the truth—it wasn't such a strain on the memory.

JUST as I turned the corner by the museum I saw a rather forlorn little old gentleman approaching. He was a lonely figure against the vast background of massive and towering stone walls and the expanse of park stretching away behind and since we two seemed to be the only humans anywhere about I had a kind of fellow-feeling for him, I suppose. I must have smiled at him a little. He had a white beard and was a trifle stooped. As we drew nearer together I noticed that he kept bending over every few minutes, tapping the ground carefully with his cane and peering closely around his feet. He looked up, smiled vaguely at me and I stopped and quite naturally inquired if he had lost anything.

"Yes, my glasses," he replied.

"Shall I help you look? I do hope they haven't been trampled on," I said.

"Oh, they're in their case," he told me. "Do you see anything of the sort about? Your eyes are sharper than mine."

I spied them directly. They were undamaged.

"Thank you, my dear young lady," he said so gratefully and clutched the precious case. "I'm lost without them, you see. I should have put them on directly I left the hall. But I got talking with a number of people and forgot. I have an indoor pair and an outdoor pair—the former for reading."

"Were you at the lecture by Professor Walsingham-Crowe?" I asked the old gentleman, impulsively. "And is it still going on?"

Perhaps I might even yet make it and so provide myself with a perfect alibi by slipping into a back seat before they reached the doxology! However, it was not to be.

"I was at the lecture," the old gentleman said, polishing away at his glasses with his silk hanky, "but it's over now. I have just come from it."

"Oh, dear!" I sighed, and the sigh was a blend of disappointment and relief—if you get me.

And then, the first thing I knew I was telling that nice old gentleman all about my misadventures in the Halls of Learning. He was very attentive and so sympathetic. He nodded and smiled and said:

"Sometimes I get lost myself."

I don't know what got into me for I'm not one of those naive individuals who confide in perfect strangers but somehow I found myself going on to explain about Arthur and me, our hopes and plans and even a tiny bit about our misunderstandings. He was such a benign and fatherly old man and he actually seemed to like me.

"I know of the young man," he said with a nod. "A splendid fellow. Great future before him, I've heard them say. My best wishes to you both, young lady."

Now wasn't that perfectly lovely?

I fairly glowed, while delicious thrills chased themselves around my heart. No-body can imagine how I love to hear Arthur praised.

"I hope," the old gentleman continued, "that you'll be able to find the right hall next time." He lifted his cane and pointed it out to me carefully, adding that I ought to have taken the left turning at the stairs.

"There ain't gonna be no next time," I declared with vigor, and as you perceive, in an extremely lowbrow way. "I didn't want to go in the first place. I feel like a fish out of water anyway among all these terribly learned people. I—I never feel that it's really blood that runs in their veins—except Arthur's of course—and between you and me, sir, I don't believe they get any real joy out of life. Do you?" I added seriously.

At this he smiled slightly, but sobered again.

"Well, well, perhaps you're right—perhaps you're right," he admitted with a sigh and a nod.

Are you Interested in Canada's Financial Condition?

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DOLLARS AND CENTS

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"Take yourself," I went on, being personal but as respectful as possible, "you're not a highbrow either, I'll bet. I don't suppose you particularly enjoyed that old lecture you just came from. I think lectures are perfectly ghastly things and—ought to be done away with!" All my bottled-up resentment came pouring forth. I must have appeared very like a very young and naughty and ignorant little hoodlum, but I didn't care.

He smiled at me quizzically. "What would you substitute for them?" he asked, gently, then without waiting for me to reply he went on: "However, you're right about my not having enjoyed the lecture. As a matter of fact I found it a trifle nerve-racking. The students were more restless than usual and the place didn't seem to be ventilated very well, today. Or perhaps it's merely that I'm getting old. I fancy so. I'll be obliged to resign one of these days."

"Oh, here's Arthur coming now!" I cried, suddenly and joyfully. "Stay a moment and meet him, won't you? You're sure to like each other."

"I'm quite positive of that," the dear old chap said promptly, and beamed all over his blessed old face.

TOGETHER we watched the approach of the tall figure of the Youngest Don as he came swinging toward us under the leafy maples, and while, naturally, I couldn't guess what my companion was thinking, my own impression was that never had Arthur looked more like a Greek god—this too in spite of my secret conviction that his trousers probably needed pressing and that in all likelihood he had ink-spatters on his vest. But in his eyes as he looked at me I read welcome, and what at the moment I interpreted as laughter ill-suppressed. He was evidently going to "rub it in" with no unsparing hand.

"Drat that old lecture. I'll never hear the end of it," I murmured, as I felt myself growing pink.

"Well, well, you didn't miss much, perhaps," the old gentleman observed with what would be described, no doubt, as a philosophical smile. It was a very sketchy one—a very sketchy one. I'm past my best, I fear." He drew a sigh.

I looked at him, and I daresay my mouth was open. What did he mean? He saw that I was dumb, I guess, for he proceeded to clarify the situation.

"This excellent young man of yours will make a very able successor," he said. "The Chair is his whenever he wants it."

Now wasn't that utterly breath-taking? I ask you. Truly, I nearly passed out.

Here I'd been talking to the great-and-only Professor Walsingham-Crowe all the time and never twigged it! Could I have sunk through the ground? Could I give you my word I could have taken a nose-dive straight through the solid earth to Australia. And all the fine, studied speeches I had intended to make—the wonderful impression! I'd been going over and over the things I'd say, to do Arthur credit, and I'd practised the grand manner 'n everything. It was too fearfully devastating. But before I had time to think what to do or say next, if anything, Arthur had come up and seized my hand.

Turning to my nice old gentleman he said: "Has she been trying to make a good impression on you? I gave her instructions."

The Professor shook his head decid-

edly and tried to look stern and professorish.

"No," he said, "she's been trying to make a very bad impression on me—and she hasn't succeeded."

And that perfectly unbelievable old darling reached over and pinched my cheek.

"Dear, I'm awfully sorry and all that," Arthur began, in that melting way of his that invariably precedes an apology, "but the fact is I was detained at a—"

"Now, now, young man, give us a puncture-proof alibi this time," the Professor cut in brusquely. "Remember how long this young lady has been waiting around here for an absent-minded beggar that never winds his watch."

I suppose I must have sent the blessed old pet a look that was partly beseeching and mostly grateful for he winked slyly at me, with the eye that was on Arthur's off-side. He wouldn't give me away, the wink said.

"Yes, I know," Arthur was properly contrite. "Really I was detained—had fully intended being here. It is this way—"

"Tut, tut. Run along you two," the Professor said, with an air of asperity that didn't match his smile. "Clear off, before I cut you out, young fellow. I've practically fallen in love with this young lady myself. Have always been partial to blue eyes and golden hair, and what's more I fancy she doesn't exactly dislike yours truly. Do you my dear? . . . Ah, well, I may be resigning the Chair but let me assure you I feel as young as I ever did. That is, sometimes."

He twinkled at us for a moment, then waving his cane and shaking his head he was about to trot away—in fact he had wheeled and gone several paces—when he suddenly appeared to remember something else.

"About that trip we're taking in August—" he said to Arthur in a confidential way that sort-of left me out, if you get what I mean.

I stepped aside, thinking that possibly the old gentleman would prefer that I shouldn't listen-in. He came up quite close and seized one of Arthur's coat-lapels.

"You—you mean the world-trip?" Arthur fairly stuttered in his excitement.

"What other trip would I mean?" he countered. "I just want to say that I hope you get yourself safely married before that. You hear? Yes sir! Safely and snugly married. For this young woman is coming along with us. Sort of a honeymoon trip, if you like—eh, my dear?" He turned to me and drew me right up beside them. "That's all I wanted to say. Make it August first, because we sail on the fourth you know." Then with another wave of his cane he was gone.

I ask you, wasn't he perfectly priceless?

What more is there to tell? Except that I was rendered practically speechless for at least four-and-a-half minutes—and by that time we were on the car on the way to dinner at our favorite little chop-house. I confided to Arthur in a tone that must have carried to every passenger present that I had revised some of my ideas about highbrow people.

"That's fine, dearest," he returned. "It never pays to be prejudiced, you know, and it's invariably the exception that proves the rule. As Epictetus put it—"

But my lowbrow complex it seemed just had to reassert itself.

"Let's hurry and eat so we can go to a movie," I broke in loudly and happily.



They change so quickly!

*And memories fade so soon . . .
Snapshots taken now will be priceless
in years to come*

It has happened to you, perhaps.

You've seen little Junior as a gurgling, roly-poly infant with no teeth, not much hair, and uttering the cutest

but most unintelligible sounds. You think of him as the occupant of a high-chair, a baby-carriage, or a Kiddie-Koop.

Then suddenly he sheds all these, sheds them as completely as a butterfly sheds its cocoon. He's talking, walking, eating—very much like folks twenty times his age. A new independence shines in his eyes. The Junior of a few months ago is gone never to return.

For quite a while Mary Jane is a giggling, lisping, dimpled mite to be hugged and kissed and cuddled by adoring grown-ups. Her utter joy on receiving a new and beautiful doll . . . her complete despair on breaking an old and cherished one . . . she's just a dear little baby and you feel as though she always will be.

But, presto! Mary Jane turns into another person. Dignity enters her life. She begins loving her teachers more than she loves her dolls. The significance and importance of Clothes dawn on her eager mind. She undertakes some of the household tasks. She's an entirely new Mary Jane.

It is then that you begin looking over all the snapshots you've taken. Almost always you wish (when it is too late) that you had taken more. And as the years pass this wish grows stronger, because those snapshots you did take continually become more precious.

You learn how difficult it is to remember your children as they used to be. They change so quickly . . . and memories fade so soon! What a wonderful reward you get for using your Kodak . . . often one little snapshot



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A World Without Rows

POLITICS and parties are bound to be pretty frequent subjects of conversation in this country, as in every other country. In one such conversation recently, the saying of Sir Henry Maine, in his famous book, Popular Government, that "political parties are due to the inherent combativeness of human beings," was quoted—"sentiment" (to complete the quotation) "which is as universal as humanity." There is, no doubt, a great deal in that saying. But there is more to be said about parties and politics than that. As to the innate combativeness of human beings, it is certainly responsible for many things in this world. Even the most peaceful persons can take a keen delight in watching a display of combativeness. Pacifists will call a vigorous advocate of their principles "a fighter for peace." A man who never gets into any kind of a row is regarded as only half-alive. What a dull world it would be if there was never any sort of row in it!

Millions of People

WHEN we read in the newspapers the news from China, how many of us in this vast Canada of ours, whose greatest need is millions of people—not from China, needless to say, but of the right kind—realize how populous that vast country on the other side of the globe is! The Chinese Post Office survey in 1920 found the population to be 427,679,000, exclusive of Mongolia, Sinkiang and Tibet. The total is considerably greater than that now. If all the people in China were to start marching in Indian file, to pass a fixed point, one by one, day and night, the procession would never come to an end. Long before the last of those living today had come within many years' march of the fixed point, the new generations coming on all the time and constantly increasing the total number would be all the time making the procession more than never-ending.

Rainbows

ONE of the greatest of English poets wrote that his heart leaped up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky, and that with his eyes uplifted to it he felt the reverence and trust of his childhood come back to him. We cannot produce rainbows in the sky at will. But we can by an effort take our mind away from under the sky of gloom and discouragement and turn it to things that will inspire us with hope and courage and help us to shape our thoughts in accord with the supernatural meaning of life.

Women in Emergencies

THE attempt of a hold-up man to make a raid on a branch bank in Detroit a few weeks ago was foiled by the cool quick-wittedness of one of the two young women clerks behind the counter. The newspapers have recorded recently two like cases of feminine presence of mind. A surgeon who is a friend of The Philosopher cites these cases as additional proofs of a favorite belief of his in the superiority of women to men in self-possession and capability. He even believes that the time will come when there will be more women than men among surgeons. "In an emergency," he says, "women con-

trol themselves more intelligently than men and use their brains more quickly." He says further that he remembers seeing medical students in attendance at operations keeling over and lying about until revived by nurses in training who had time to attend to them. He may be exaggerating a little in that. But it is undeniable that women are constantly giving proof of self-control and of clearheadedness in emergencies. They are in closer touch with the real actualities of life than men.

A Good Rule

THERE are in most communities individuals who somehow find themselves often tangled up in some kind of quarrel or row. If you are to believe their protestations, it is never their fault. A very good rule for keeping out of unpleasantness yourself is to be polite, of course, and agreeable to such people, treating them fairly, but being careful not to let yourself get involved with them.

This Various World

ONE of the oldest recorded sayings of a thinker is that of a Greek sage, that no man bathes twice in the same stream. The river is always changing. So is the bather. There are many matters in regard to which it is true that the man who for the sake of what he calls consistency clings to an opinion is, without knowing it, suspended from a hook which has ceased to exist. It is not wise to be too positive. "I thought it was her, and she thought it was me," says the shepherd in one of Hardy's tales, "and when we came near, it weren't neither one of us." There is in that absurdity something worth thinking about.

Stars, Men and Microbes

PEOPLE who have lived only in Great Britain find Canada a country of great distances. But all these things are relative. When we soar on the wings of astronomical knowledge, we learn that there are stars with which our globe compares as a small pea with a very large pumpkin. And when you read in a scientific book about atoms, you feel like a giant. And consider how powerful microbes can be! Largeness and smallness are all in the point of view.

Slimness or Curves

SIR THOMAS HORDER, Physician-in-ordinary to the Prince of Wales, in a lecture recently before a medical society in London, attacked vigorously what he called "the starvation fad," which, he said, has done serious injury to the health of many people by lowering their reserves of strength and their powers of resistance, especially since the dictates of fashion throughout the world have made slimness a thing greatly to be desired not only by women but by men as well. The wise person, when he reads such an authoritative outgiving, remembers having read declarations no less authoritative by medical men of high degree in favor of restricted dieting, and is more than ever confirmed in his belief that each of us must decide for himself, or herself, on such matters. Moderation and reason are the truest wisdom in regard to the relative desirability of curves and of straight lines in the human figure, as in regard to everything else.

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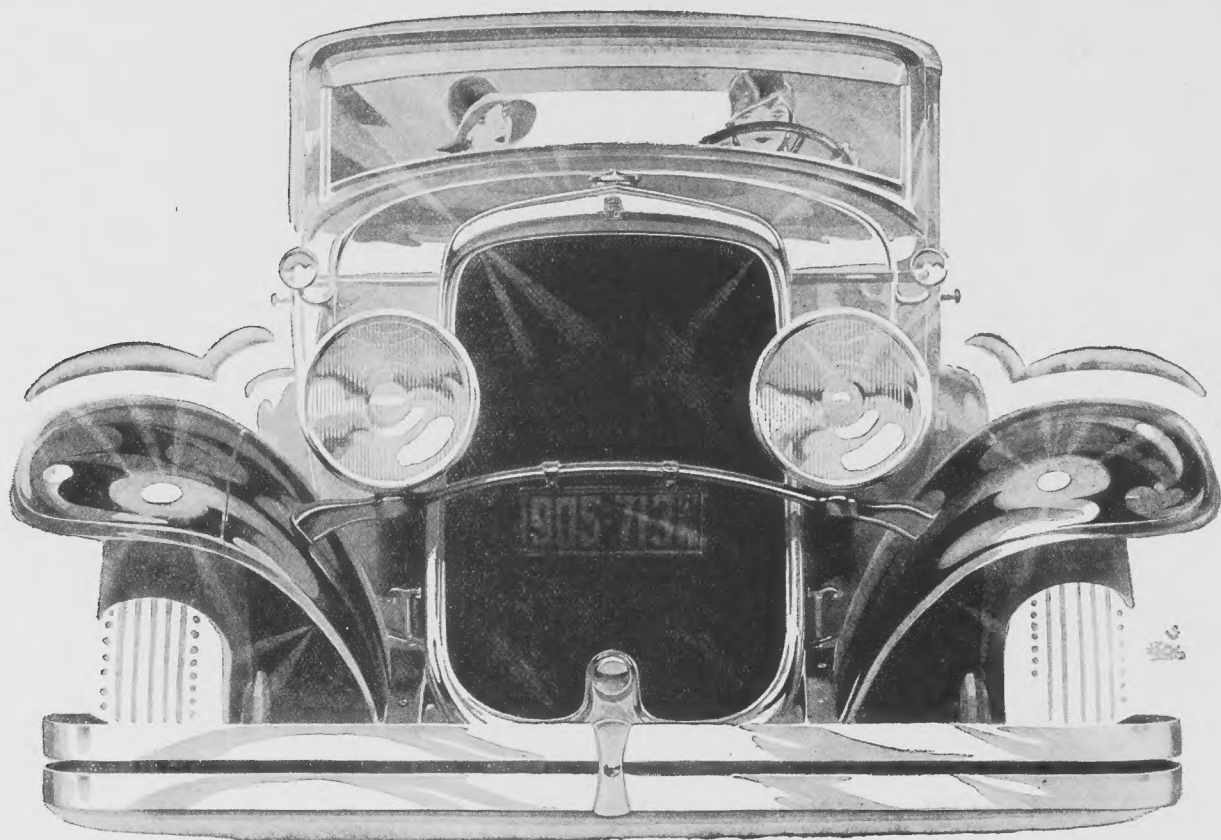
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What the World is Saying

A Tip from Nature

Man's ears are not made to shut. His mouth is.—Prince Albert Herald.

Why So Few Flappers Freeze

"Freezing is, after all, largely mental," writes a psychologist.—Ottawa Citizen.

Ye Editor Records an Impression

Lipsticks have done a lot to popularize color printing.—Nanaimo Herald.

Some of Us Should Test This Out

Sir Edward Ross, the British scientist, says that the brain loses nothing by a lot of work.—Montreal Gazette.

"Save the Surface" is the Slogan

In the old days they used to kiss and make up. Now the make up comes ahead of everything.—Guelph Mercury.

Also It Can Talk

"Money Matters" says a headline in a financial weekly. It certainly does.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Unless It's an Applied Complexion

Physicians now say that crying is good for the complexion.—Vancouver Sun.

But Not for Scoring "Grand Slams"

New passenger aeroplanes, we read, are equipped with card tables.—Toronto Telegram.

Maybe His Wife Made Him Write It

An English writer makes the declaration that "A tyrant wife is a blessing to any man." He is so positive about it that he seems to speak from knowledge.—Peterboro Examiner.

A Requisite in Old-time Fiddling

Once there was an old-time fiddler who had his leg taken off at the knee. After that he could not tap his foot so he had to give up playing the fiddle.—Lethbridge Herald.

Everything Goes by Comparison

Time was when there used to be stringent bylaws and regulations to protect pedestrians from reckless bicycle riders. It would be a real pleasure now to be knocked down by merely a bicycle.—Toronto Star.

Many Such Haven't Since Benzine

As a fire precaution measure, it is suggested that gasoline be colored so that it may not be mistaken for coal oil. But what about the people who use coal oil for lighting fires in the kitchen stove?—Selkirk Recorder

There Are Many Left on Dry Land

There are a lot of suckers in Meaford these days. But they are all in the Big Head river. That is a warning to the high-pressure salesmen.—Meaford Mirror.

Hence the Caste System, No Doubt

The American girl who was recently married to the Rajah of Indore, having first embraced the Hindu religion, says that we Occidentals can never understand that religion, because it is universal love.—Seattle Times.

Looking Backward

An old-timer was saying the other day that he does not remember ever seeing when he was in Winnipeg fifty years ago an ox and Red River cart stalled at the corner of Portage and Main on account of running out of gas.—Fort Frances Times.

Death-daring Publicity Seeking

Spectacular suicide at Niagara Falls mistaken for a "stunt," says a headline. Merely a reversal of the usual publicity stunt process which often virtually amounts to suicide.—Montreal La Presse.

A Need of the Times

After exhaustive study of the situation from every angle, we have come to the mature conclusion that the crying need of the times is a vehicle you can ride up town, clap on the haunch and tell to run back home.—Vancouver Province.

A Quick-sighted Retriever

A dog was recently operated on in London for the recovery of a gold collar button which it had swallowed. He must have caught it just as it was scuttling across the floor to hide under something, just in the way collar buttons do on this side of the Atlantic. In England, by the way, they call them "studs."—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

The Right Kind

Our idea of a companionate marriage is one which has reached its golden wedding day.—Quebec Evenement.

Friend Wife, Please Note

A stitch in time does more for one's peace of mind than a whole paper of safety pins.—Nelson News.

But Not Where the Knee Is

One of the new fads is the ankle corsage. We had almost forgotten where the ankle is.—Kitchener Record.

How About Losing Weight?

One of the most unjust things ever said about women is that they are poor losers.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Some We Get Tastes Like It Now

A German chemist predicts that in the future there will be a great production of food from wood.—Keewatin Enterprise.

Well, Aren't They Doing Them

It was said that bobbed hair would give women more time to do a lot of things.—Medicine Hat News.

Grasshopper Wisdom

Jumping to conclusions is about the only mental exercise that some people ever take.—Smith's Falls Record-News.

What of "Sturdy Oak" Men

Some of the old-time "clinging vine" type of women have daughters who are of the "rambler rose" type.—New Westminster British-Canadian.

A Slight Affair

There isn't much to an evening dress now except the hooks and eyes.—Regina Post.

But Not As Others Think Of Him

Man may now see himself as others see him and hear himself as others hear him.—St. John Times-Globe.

Such Kitchens May Yet Be

Some girls would make wonderful cooks, if they could find kitchens that could be run by steering wheels.—Buffalo Express.

No Difficulty At All About That

Many Main streets were once cow paths. You seldom see cows on them any more, but you can see plenty of calves.—Kansas City Star

If So, He Doesn't Know Women

A Paris milliner has designed a hat which, he claims, will suit every type of women's face and head. But does he imagine that all women would wear the same hat?—Ottawa Journal.

A Long Yump, All Right

An admirer of President Coolidge has sent him a case of new laid California eggs. A Swedish correspondent writes in that he thinks that's carrying yokes too far.—Fargo Tribune.

He Might Think Differently Now

Napoleon said there was no such word as can't, but then he never owned a mechanical cigar lighter or tried to strike a match on a cake of soap.—The Pas Herald.

Picked the Wrong Mark

A motorist has had to pay a fine for running over a pig. A warning to car-owners not to treat pigs like ordinary pedestrians.—Montreal Herald.

And There Are Others

A London man who bought a bullet-proof car when he went to live in Detroit had both his car and all the money he had with him taken by hold-up men. An argument for staying in Canada.—Chatham News.

High Powered Stuff

An effect test for corn whiskey is recommended. Place a ten-penny nail in the liquor and leave it for a day. "If the nail comes out rusty," the newspaper concludes, it may be fit to drink. If it becomes bent in the middle you had better leave it alone.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An Out-of-date Phrase

Now that both the House of Commons and the House of Lords have passed the so-called "flapper bill," those who opposed it so strongly have, at any rate, the consolation of knowing that, unless there is a revolution in fashions, it will not result in "petticoat government" in Great Britain.—Toronto Globe.

It Explains a Good Deal

A film producer at Hollywood says that the children employed in his productions often suggest ideas to him.—Washington Star.

A Matter of Easy Observation

Waists may still be elusive but everyone knows now where the knees are.—Saskatoon Star.

We Must Often Give Them Reason

We often laugh at the doings of animals. But animal psychologists now say that many animals can laugh, too.—London Times.

That Schoolgirl Complexion

Nature may make mistakes, but she never arranges the bloom of youth near the nose on one side and close to an ear on the other.—Duluth Herald.

Young and Old Wear 'em Short

"The ancient Greeks wore short skirts," says an archaeologist. An ungallant critic remarks that there are ancient Britons who do the same.—London Opinion.

A Few Aren't Sure Yet

Time flies. Only twenty years ago two-thirds of the population were wondering how to pronounce garage.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

A Sure Crop, Apparently

When the statistics are in, it will be found that this year, as in preceding years, reckless automobile drivers will have reaped a bumper crop of pedestrians.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Or, Perhaps, Even Younger

"How will women look in 1950?" asks a magazine. About three or four years older, maybe.—Calgary Herald.

Not Those Schoolgirl Complexions

Quite a lot of paint is being misused. The back sheds could stand it better than some of the front gables we see to which it has been applied.—Hamilton Spectator.

Another Problem in China

What we would like to know is who ever figured out that there should be 97 pieces in a 97-piece dinner set?—Galt Reporter.

Adding Another Burden to Life

A Hawaiian has invented a ukulele that can be heard "half a mile away." It doesn't say whether he got life or deportation.—Victoria Colonist.

The Banana Has Caused Many Falls

And now the question is being raised whether the fruit which Eve took a bite of and then had Adam sample was an apple or an orange.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Teaching Italy What's Swat

Mussolini has issued a decree for the abolition of house-flies in Italy. The Dictator is evidently not afraid to tackle anything.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

No "Winning by a Nose" Then

In days of old, men made much money following the horses. N.B.—They kept both hands on the plough handles.—Indian Head News.

Intelligent Orators Don't Do This

The less intelligent an audience is the more loudly it cheers the orator who says it is intelligent.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Those Very Thoughtful Photos!

The lighter the man's head the more he has to support it with his hand when he has his picture taken.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Why Not Apply This More Widely

U.S. army mules are being debrayed by veterinary surgeons of the Iowa State College. By taking the bray out of a mule it will not reveal itself to the enemy. But unless the mule's driver is decussed, he surely will.—Edmonton Journal.

To Say Nothing of Spondulicks

Among 30,000 specimens of money displayed in a New York bank were a Venetian bazzo, a Spanish castelano, an Indian chuckrum, a Tripolitan manbut, a Turkish yuzluk and a Polish zloty. New Yorkers had difficulty determining the value of the coins until bank officials explained in plain English their relation to our simoleon, shekel, plunk, cartwheel or buck.—Minneapolis Journal.



Is happiness made at your kitchen sink?

IT IS such fun to do all the nice little extra things—to delight the children with ginger-bread men—to have hot biscuits, a flaky pie, or a rich, spicy cake as a surprise at dinner. But so impossible when your time is filled with weary household tasks. That is why women prefer **"Standard"** One-Piece Sinks. There is a **"Standard"** Sink just the right size, the right height, the right style to make your work easier. It means that you can do more for others because you have more time—more leisure—more energy—a freer mind. And these bring happiness for all the family to share.

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